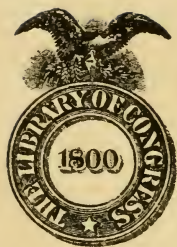


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A

HISTORY OF IRELAND,

CONTAINING

A COMPENDIOUS ACCOUNT

OF HER

Doles, Afflictions and Suffering,

WITH A DIRECT REFERENCE TO HER

POLITICAL RENOVATION:

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE

REIGN OF RODERICK O'CONNOR,

HER LAST MONARCH, DOWN TO THE TERMINATION OF THE
EVER MEMORABLE

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE,

AND FROM THENCE TO JANUARY 1st, 1854.

IN EPIC VERSE.

BY JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN.

First Number.

Immortal hands have made this earth to roll
The very hands that made the human soul.

For all the faults herein I am to blame,
No other bard had touched the sacred lyre
If there be merit, merit I do claim,
Or any burnish of poetic fire.
Poets have faults, but neither scrip nor purse,
Than any other crime poverty is worse.

PITTSBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1854.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by

J E R E M I A H O ' D O N O V A N ,

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for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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INTRODUCTION.

A MAN who is unknown to popularity, or whose literary productions have not received the sanction and approbation of literary men, should be cautious in issuing any thing in the form of a written production, before an enlightened and discriminating community. He should possess a large share of literary attainments, together with an admixture of natural talent, as a collateral aid, in order to place his reputation as an author, beyond the reach, or in other words, inaccessible to the envy of reproachful criticism and calumny. In Europe, a man who is confident he possesses the aforesaid combination, and wants to become known as an author, quakes, fearing the sarcastic, severe and reproachful criticism of literary men. European writers, who become celebrated by means of extensive erudition, sublime ideas, and indefatigable efforts, have been assigned by distinction, seats in the temple of fame; and such elevation has been affirmed and ratified, by the approbation of an admiring community; those men, not thinking of the rubbers, impediments and difficulties they met with themselves, are jealous of other adventurers, who aspire and thirst for the same elevation, and would rather retard, impede and contaminate the progress and proficiency of other adventurers, than accelerate them. It is not the case in our land of freedom; a man possessing the feeble elements of literature, and is inspired by the presumptuous hope of signaling himself as an author, has no such difficulties to meet with. The learned men of our country carry an eye of liberality, together with a delicate feeling, and although that eye is clear-sighted, it is blind to censure, severe criticism, and obnoxious remarks; and if his production be burnished with anything like cleverness or ability, it is embellished

to saturation, with recommendatory remarks, and receives the unanimous sanction and approbation of the competent, literary and scientific men of our country. In anticipation of this encouragement and favor, I have attempted to draw historically, and in poetic verse, a picture of ill-fated Erin, the land of my birth, once the land of strangers; once the land of mirth, festivity, song, music and poetry; once the land of love, lore, abundance and hospitality, and once the land of saints; but, alas, at present the land of sorrow, pestilence and starvation, caused by the perfidious legislation of despots and strangers; now the ribald's jest, scoff, laugh and scorn of every uncultivated genius, whose faculties have been untouched by the influence of neither liberal nor limited education, or historical burnish, that could sufficiently inform him of Erin's former splendor and greatness, and the cause of her present degradation. An Irishman, or any other countryman, writing her history, and possessing the fine and delicate feelings of human nature, and having been conversant with the woes, afflictions and sufferings of the Irish people, since the time Strongbow and his myrmidons polluted and ulcerated her shores with the track of their feet, will make use, in spite of every laudable restraint, perhaps of uncharitable language, as he is precipitated by an admixture of feeling and indignation beyond the boundaries of a charitable description, but exaggeration is impossible, as it is not in the power of language to exaggerate in description, the cruelty exercised by the English government on the Irish people, for centuries past; or since English dominion eclipsed and contaminated the heavenly brilliancy of national self-legislation in that unfortunate country. The English government fill and fatten on the spoils of perfidious cruelty, as a savage and ferocious beast does on the flesh and destruction of the animal it devours, nor is this cruelty limited to the Irish alone; it is visible and severely felt in

all nations that they conquered; the plague spot is there incurably, and will continue so whilst under the control of that government. English historians and others might think this history chimerically digested, or the result of a raving imagination, saturated with the foul breath of prejudice and hereditary animosity; but it is no such a thing, as I have quoted nothing but the honest testimony of Protestant historians, irrefragably founded on facts, and therefore cannot be doubted. Ireland had been discovered three hundred years after the deluge, which is proved by the authenticity of the Book of Invasions; but the permanent settlement of the whole island, had been accomplished by Milesius the 5th, adventurer, in the year of the world 2756. Here the sterling investigation of some eminent historian who signs himself Hibernicus, of that unfortunāte country. From the landing of the Milesians to that epoch in the annals of Ireland, 1172, a period of 2240 years, Ireland flourished under her own laws, as a blooming rose under the dews of Heaven. But scarcely had the foot prints of the usurper polluted her shores, than her lovely valleys were changed into a literal Golgotha. The happiness of Ireland during her own legislation, is beautifully portrayed by her own gifted Goldsmith, in the following couplet:

“A time there was ere England’s griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.”

I have omitted a dedication, or any thing like a lengthy preface, until the numbers are completely finished, and under one cover. As a preliminary, I will quote an extract from Mr. Mooney’s history of Ireland, and will, also, give his own words, which will elucidate the matter clearly, and show the first step towards the subjugation and fatal overthrow of that unfortunate and ill-fated country: “Dermot M’Murrough O’Kavenough, King of Leinster, nursed a passion for Deagerville, daughter of the King of Meath, and though she was subse-

quently married to O'Roark, Prince of Breffney, or West Meath, yet their mutual affection was not extinguished by the separation consequent thereon. At length an opportunity offered which brought matters to a crisis. It was the practice in those ages for Princes to go on long journeys to holy retreats, in the performance of religious pilgrimages. O'Roarke had gone to Lough Dherg, a religious retreat in the north of Ireland, which was consecrated by St. Patrick, and which was frequented for several centuries by greater numbers than even the Holy See itself. In the absence of O'Roark, M'Murrough, the Leinster Prince, carried off Deagerville to his own Castle of Ferns, in Leinster. On the injured husband's return, his feelings, and those of his friends, were worked up to a high pitch of anger; his first act was to complain to the Monarch Roderick; this he did in a letter. By the adultery of a woman, Troy was sacked, razed and annihilated, and by the same cause, Ireland was prostrated, as it invited into the country a flock of rapacious and hungry vultures; and Ireland has been ever since a prey to the treachery and irresistible force of daring and relentless invaders."

Let no man think that these invectives, denunciations, or as some would term them, sarcastic reproaches, are directed towards the English people as a mass, by no means. As a mass or collectively, I respect them; individually I admire them; these invectives are directed only to the pernicious, outrageous and ungracious government of that country, and will continue, while Providence will spare me, invariably directed towards that mass of corruption, until that body will display some signal act of contrition, for all the injuries they have done mankind in general, and to my countrymen in particular. Then, and not till then, will my invectives cease; this my fixed and inflexible resolution.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

MAC MURROUGH then was a provincial king,
The source and parent of the direful spring,
Caus'd woes unnumbered to succeed and flow
From a tyrannic and despotic foe.
On that fair isle, which was the isle of saints,
Until the serpent sow'd in it complaints,
Which had polluted its superior soil,
And yet he holds it for ignoble toil.
All that thro' Mac, and his unlawful dame,
It is disgusting to insert his name ;
Mac nursed a passion for a Prince's wife,
Which proved the cause of all debate and strife ;
And when her husband for devotion's sake,
A tour of penance did devoutly take,
Where kings and princes did alternate meet,
And joyfully they would each other greet ;
Through holy zeal exchange a loving kiss,
The sign and token of devoted bliss,
This holy practice did at once destroy
The feuds ejecting a celestial joy ;
Before the Prince returned to his house,
A lustful king seduced his lawful spouse,
Seduced his wife and brought her to his place—
The guilty pleasure wrought his own disgrace.
The Prince returned—how sad his state must be ;
Then contemplating his sad destiny ;
What sad emotions, when he saw his place
Had been divested of its former grace ;
How sad his heart—how sorrowful his state—
Himself a saint, his wife a reprobate ;

Who stained her marriage, broke her holy vow,
 And soil'd forever her angelic brow.
 Naught to console him but a broken heart,
 That felt the anguish of dishonor's dart.
 A fiery furnance in his bosom blazed,
 When sympathisers on his person gazed;
 This blaze was fed, though he was not to blame,
 By pride commingled with disgrace and shame;
 His pride was noble, not that kind of pride
 That empty coxcombs can't deny or hide.
 A heinous thought of an unholy crime,
 Absorbed his studies for a length of time;
 Pride impelling to avenge and bleed,
 And holy thoughts forbidding such a deed;
 In this sad state convulsed he stood engaged,
 A wounded prince and by a king enraged,
 Whether or not, he'd take the villian's life—
 The sinful king who had seduced his wife;
 Tho' still revenge oft prompted him to do
 An act outrageous and revengful too;
 But still a holy thought did supersede
 The call of vengeance in the time of need.
 He sent a letter to the king, now hear
 It read as follows to his heart and ear:
 "My lord and leige, and monarch of this land,
 Before this time I know you understand,
 The sad misfortune and intrinsic woe
 I feel, I bear, and now I undergo;
 I know, great sire, that an imprudent wife
 Should cause no quarrel or excite no strife;
 That holy aid, should supersede the whole,
 And teach submission to the human soul;
 Still, and with all, if unresisted be,
 Such vile transgressions, where's a man to flee?
 The Chief himself, great sire, is not secure,
 If Kings from Princes may their wives allure;
 The subject will transgress against his lord
 Whene'er temptation will a clue afford;
 And now, great sire, I do of you demand,
 Who has the power, and can that power command,

Help and assistance to avenge my cause,
 'Twill keep unsullied all our marriage laws.
 Revenged I'll be of that polluting king,
 And that seducer will to justice bring;
 • For his seduction and immoral crime,
 That with your aid, and give that aid in time,
 And yet that wretch, that hellish King, O! Chief,
 Must end his days in solitude and grief.”
 The King and Monarch sounded the alarm,
 And every Chief had nerved his mighty arm,
 In haste assembled a tremendous host
 To chase the viper from the Irish coast.
 They met, they marched, determined to engage,
 Convulsed and strangled with amazing rage,
 Mac Murrough said he would defend his post,
 Against the force of this invading host,
 Whose leaders were the Monarch and the Prince,
 To whom Mac Murrough gave the sad offence;
 Mac Murrough soon was discomfitted then,
 As being deserted by his leading men;
 And when he saw how things would likely be,
 A wretch deserted, he was forced to flee;
 He lost his lands, his province, and his place,
 And had in lieu, but sorrowful disgrace;
 His darling fled, no longer in his care,
 To spend her days in penitence and prayer,
 She spent her life within a holy cell,
 Inaccessible to the imps of hell;
 Pious and good, she spent her future time,
 To make atonement for her former crime.
 Dermot then, resisting heavenly laws,
 Engaged a monarch to espouse his cause;
 Disgraced, dishonored, he was forced to flee,
 And steer his course across the raging sea;
 So great appeared in magnitude his crime,
 That naught could cancel, nay, no length of time;
 Time could only aggravate the sore,
 And make it still accumulate the more.
 There was one help, and that he'd have to do,
 To feel contrition and compunction too,

Give up his prize and turn unto his God,
 And fear the vengeance of his chastening rod;
 That he refused, and held to his disgrace,
 Which brought destruction on a noble race,
 Who suffered all the misery and woe
 They could expect from a despotic foe.
 In this sad state he first and foremost thought,
 That all restrictions were not worth a groat;
 That holy vows he could resist and break,
 Without contrition for his darling's sake.
 Mac Murrough then, determined on a plan,
 To aid his efforts and his grief to fan;
 Remained in Bristol but a little time,
 Concocting schemes to mitigate his crime,
 And there resolved upon a direful thing,
 To ask assistance of a potent King;*
 The fourth who reigned, tho' reigning with renown,
 Since bastard Billy swayed the English crown,
 That king who did with vengeful spleen deface,
 The Saxon laws and all the Saxon race.
 King Henry then in Normandy had been,
 Without the comfort of his royal Queen;
 The audacious King who was compelled to fly.
 Thought it no harm to fabricate a lie,
 To him revealed his sorrows and his grief,
 As being ejected by a potent Chief;
 He told the King by this precipitate flight,
 He wanted succour to maintain the fight,
 Declared his loss, and how he fled from thence,
 By the injustice of a King and Prince;
 Concealed his crime, which is no great surprise,
 And still confirming with lamenting sighs.
 The wretched King when succor did implore,
 Was adding guilt to all his guilt before.
 O! King, said he, with a convulsive groan,
 You see me banished from my royal throne!
 O! mighty King, be pleased to tell me when,
 You'll place this exile on his throne again.
 When Henry heard his sad lamenting news,
 His grief, his trouble, and his sore abuse,

* Henry II.

He offered aid then to regain his throne,
 Which changed at once his sad desponding tone.
 "Your case is sad," said he, "if all be true,
 There is no pity half so great as you ;
 To force you hence must be a sad disgrace,
 A wandering exile from your royal place ;
 In course of time, now be it understood,
 With force effective I will do you good."
 Whether Henry heard the cause of his defeat,
 I cannot now with certainty relate,
 But, if he did, come, reader now declare,
 The greater rascal of the royal pair.
 Then Dermot spoke, "My Lord, my Liege and King,
 My case at present won't admit the thing ;
 Delays are hurtful to my future bliss,
 When we consider such a case as this,
 If you're unfit to help me now at once,
 I think my Liege there is another chance ;
 Give me permission 'mongst your subjects all,
 To raise a force that will attend the call,
 When I proclaim that I am banished hence,
 To such I'll make an ample recompense.
 Before this time my province is laid waste,
 My state compels me to prepare in haste,
 My throne is raz'd, and to augment my woes,
 My subjects scattered or destroyed by foes,
 Therefore, my Liege, from certain signs you'll find,
 That long delays will leave me far behind."
 Henry gave his approbation, so
 As to encourage every one to go,
 He issued forth a proclamation then,
 To chieftains, soldiers, and to daring men ;
 It ran as thus, its worthy of some note,
 I'll strive if possible his words to quote ;
 "Here is," said he, "my signature and seals,
 To all in England, Normandy and Wales,
 If there be found among my subjects all,
 Any or many, who'll attend the call,
 And help this King now to regain his place,
 May have the assurance of my royal grace ;

He has been banished by unjust decrees,
 And for assistance and protection flees ;
 'Twould please me well if you'd declare as men,
 You'll place this exile on his throne again."
 When Dermot then his sanction did receive,
 Then how to act he did at once conceive.
 He sailed immediately to Bristol back,
 And sounded trumpets for the dire attack ;
 There, unsuccessful Dermot seemed to be,
 Although full fledged with great authority ;
 He got no help, or no assistance there,
 As no one would in his adventures share,
 Dismayed, discouraged, from such adverse gales,
 He took his passage for unlucky Wales,
 There at last misfortune crowned his cause,
 And helped the exile to compose his laws.
 There Earl Strugal of the Norman race,
 A chieftain, soldier, did his cause embrace,
 Who for his strong agility and might,
 Or being successful in some daring fight,
 Was Strongbow called, who meditated aid,
 And had in lieu these regulations made.
 They made arrangements with egregious art,
 And each determined to fulfill his part,
 So foul a compact ne'er before had been,
 So vile, so hellish, or so full of spleen.
 The parties drew the sad conditions then,
 And signed they were by two ungodly men.
 To act more strenuous, the ungodly pair
 To their fulfilment, did ungodly swear
 To keep unbroken all conditions made,
 With acts perfidious and a timely aid.
 The wicked plan and the unholy vow,
 Would stain and tarnish a Satanic brow ;
 The hellish pair I do sincerely tell,
 Would scandalize the very imps of hell.
 I will endeavor to describe the pair,
 Who work'd together with assiduous care.
 The one a King, and loaded with disgrace,
 The other a Chieftain of the Norman* race.

* The English are Normans to a man.

Great spoils and riches Strongbow was to get,
 When on his throne the banished King would sit;
 And if the King should die before his aid,
 Then, master, monarch, owner he was made;
 And more than all, the King did then engage
 To give his daughter, at a proper age,
 In wedlock bands to Strongbow, to complete
 The former guilt that did them reprobate.
 When all was fix'd, the King, without delay,
 To Erin's Isle had measured back his way.
 No sooner landed on the Irish shore,
 From thence the traitor was exiled before,
 Than did O'Roark, his dire immortal foe,
 Prepare himself to strike the mortal blow.
 The banished King, the injured prince to please,
 Had begg'd for mercy on his bended knees;
 A fearful tremor agoniz'd his frame,
 Which showed his guilt, his blemish, and his blame.
 But all in vain, O'Roark determined then
 To kill the wretch, or drive him back again.
 Surrounded thus, he thought it was his time
 To feign contrition for his heinous crime.
 Th' penitent wretch, with hypocritic tears
 That flow'd spontaneous from his inward fears,
 Displayed such grief before the assembled foes,
 That feeling men had felt for all his woes,—
 Declared himself, with horror and dismay,
 A guilty King that would the Church obey,—
 Atonement make—for every vile offence—
 To God, the Monarch, and the wounded Prince.
 A clergyman, of eloquent address,
 Whose power successive had the power to bless,
 And felt afflicted at his wretched state,
 Offered himself his woes to hebetate,
 And sought at once the Monarch and the Chief,
 Then to allay and mitigate his grief.
 The Church attempted, with her usual grace,
 And wishing to obliterate disgrace,
 With heavenly meekness then did interpose
 Between the wretch and aggravated foes;

They all withdrew, unwilling to declare
 Their sad intention, whilst the priest was there.
 All shuddered still with an amazing rage ;
 The strong, the bold, the warlike, and the sage,
 Who had agreed the struggle to decide,
 By throwing him headlong in the briny tide.
 Yet, and withal, a pious man's control
 Subdued their passions, and appeased the whole.
 The priest withdrew, and to the Monarch went,
 As peace and harmony were his intent :
 Implored of him to stop the direful spring,
 And yield protection to the wretched King,
 Who feels much grieved, and great contrition shows
 By marks exterior, from interior woes.
 Do good for evil, is high heaven's decree,
 And when we do, the saints rejoice to see :
 Our former stains are cancelled, and their date
 When love is put a substitute for hate.
 'Tis true, my liege, we're all to evil prone,
 But vengeance does belong to God alone ;
 Therefore, forgive, and angels will rejoice ;
 For well they know you'll make the better choice.
 These words terrific sounded in his ear,
 And struck the Monarch with a heavenly fear ;
 He seemed awhile to think, and meditate
 On present time and on a future state,—
 But soon concluded to control his rage,
 And hear the counsel of a pious sage,—
 That earthly pleasure was a transient blast,
 Compared to bliss that would forever last.
 He said he'd send for the insulted Prince,
 And try to reconcile the sad offence ;
 And if the Prince will justify the course,
 He'd peace prefer, and would dismiss his force.
 And as his wife a penitent had been,
 And would remain a penitent unseen.
 He thought it better to allay the strife,
 Than cause the guilty to resign his life.
 When thus agreed, to reconcile the thing,
 The priest returned unto the wretched King.

To seven hostages then bound had been,
 To stem the current of amazing spleen.
 He said he would a yearly tribute bring,
 And be submissive to the reigning King;
 And to atone for his transgressing deed,
 Which was a blemish to his faith and creed,
 One thousand ounces of pure silver brought,
 To give the Prince as to appease his wrath;
 And any sacrifice he'd freely make,
 To holy laws, and for devotion's sake;
 And then agreed to any thing they'd say—
 Which proved to Ireland an unhappy day.
 If then, they threw the villain in the tide,
 Then every thing would afterwards have died.
 The case, as thus, was settled and arranged;
 Though being before unsettled and deranged.
 The King,* the share of his dominion lost,
 By approbation did receive at last;
 Then every ripple calmly settled down,
 And smiles ejected each disgusting frown.
 It would be well if things continued so,
 'Twould make a friend of each rebellious foe;
 The direful spring of anger 'twould allay,
 And banish wrath and angry strife away.
 Oft skies serene, and sunny hours had been
 Dispersed and scattered by a cloud unseen;
 And heavy tempests drive along the plain,
 Sweep all the forest and destroy the grain:
 The wretched traitor, to provoke the sore,
 Had made things worse than they had been before.
 The blighted, blasted, and degraded King,*
 The cause and parent of the direful spring,
 With acts perfidious he commenced unknown,
 As soon as settled on his fallen throne.
 He sent O'Regan† to require the aid,
 According to the stipulations made,
 To Strongbow, then, to meditate the case,
 And spur his chieftains to obtain the race.

* Mac Murrough.

† O'Regan, his Secretary.

And to avoid suspicion, he should come,—
 Not with the whole,—but now and then with some ;
 For fear the Irish would detect deceit,
 Destroy his troops, and scatter all his fleet.
 Now, who could think a son of that fair Isle
 Could hatch such malice, or possess such guile?
 The Isle of saints, in each historic page
 So fair, so famed, so named in every age,
 Could yet produce a traitor of his dye.
 Alas! it did; and such I can't deny.
 He sold his country, and his daughter too,
 To alien blood, and to a hateful crew.
 The deeds were bad for which the wretch was curs'd,
 He made bad worse, and worse he made it worst.
 Then Strongbow did as he would wish to do ;
 He sailed across with an invidious crew,
 And landed quietly on the Irish shore :
 That fatal landing, how all men deplore.
 That day her mourning Erin did prepare,
 And wears it yet, since he had landed there.
 But ere its long, her bridal robes shall be,
 Of snowy satin fringed with liberty.
 'Twas in spring, and in the month of May, [1169.]
 When warblers carolled an amusing lay,—
 When the fairy Isle was clothed all in green,
 The English fleet on Erin's coast was seen,
 To number Archers, Esquires, and each Knight,
 That came together to maintain the fight,
 No more than seven hundred men were there,
 To help the King and his degraded heir,
 Who went to meet them with a mounted force,
 And daring pilots to protect his course.
 The father followed with two thousand more,
 And met the Harpies on the Irish shore.
 Their first attempt was to destroy the town,*
 Of ancient date and very great renown.
 The Wexford men were always good and great,
 They fought well then, and better fought of late.†

* Wexford

† In the last Rebellion, the Wexford men displayed much skill, ability and valor.

Their great display upon the Irish soil,
 Demanded something to requite their toil:
 Incased in armor, handsome, bright and new,
 Was every one of the adventurous crew.
 They thought at once the two to overthrow
 With one determined and decisive blow.
 When they attempted to ascend the wall,
 An Archer, Esquire, or a Knight would fall;
 By which, at every well directed blow,
 A man was kill'd by his indignant foe.
 The siege had lasted three successive days,
 And polished mails emitting shining rays.
 They were repulsed, and sounded a retreat,
 Till one bold chieftain burned all their fleet,
 And left no means at all for them to fly,
 But fight the battle—else inglorious die.
 The Bishop came, with all the clergymen,
 And brought the fray to a conclusion then,
 And sweet devotion offered in its place,
 The cheering offspring of celestial grace.
 No sooner did the Bishop interpose
 Between the townsmen and invading foes,
 Than all the clergy did at one prepare
 To offer up a peaceful, pious prayer,
 Which put an end to all unholy strife,
 And stopp'd the practice of destroying life;
 They made each man to his allegiance turn,
 That did before with anger inly burn.
 The traitor then had promised to divorce
 Invidious aid from all his native force,
 And be contented without fear or frown,
 If he would get possession of the town.
 They all agreed, and opened wide the gate,
 And gave permission to the reprobate.
 He then walked in, and found that he had been
 In full possession to display his spleen.
 The traitor entered through the massy gate,
 With all submission due to royal state.
 Pale, trembling, then, dear Erin had to lie,
 That fatal step had fated her to die:

Her own dear son that gave the fatal stroke,
 And made her bear a slave's ignoble yoke.
 How long, indeed, she will continue yet
 To wear her yoke, and robes as black as jet.
 But th' time will come when things will not be so ;
 With robes still fairer than the driven snow,
 She will be seen in all her royal state,
 Her sighs and sorrows then must dissipate ;
 She'll touch the Harp, and sing that Erin's free,
 And all her sons have got their liberty.
 Mac Murrough then, with all his force and aid,
 A visit to the neighboring chiefs had paid ;
 Subdued the whole, committed every crime
 I could unfold, in either prose or rhyme.
 His fame extended, terror was his name,
 Until the nation kindled in a flame.
 And then O'Connor, Monarch, Chief and King,
 Soon did the traitor to submission bring.
 He raised an army twenty thousand strong,
 Of warlike heroes whom he marched along,
 And soon defeated all pretensions made
 By King, by natives, and by foreign aid.
 The dastard King,* as usual, had recourse
 To do by art, what he could not by force :
 With guileful tears that did appear to flow,
 He begged the Bishop to avert the blow ;
 And then declared, and made a solemn oath
 To obey the Bishop and the Monarch both.
 He swore the oath—the better to record—
 Before the holy altar of the Lord :
 He'd live in peace, and pay the tribute due,
 And be submissive to the Monarch too.
 His eyes with tears, his heart with sorrow filled,
 And felt contrition for the number killed.
 The Bishop said the eleventh hour would do,
 And thought the dastard was sincerely true.
 O ! with what ease will wicked rogues impose
 On pious men, who cannot be their foes.

* Mac Murrough, King of Leinster.

This hellish fiend, and the invidious foe,
 Whene'er the Bishop did avert the blow,
 Though promised him then to dismiss his aid,
 And all arrangements for this purpose made.
 Determin'd still a foreign aid to call—
 Defeat the Monarch, or a victim fall;
 And for that end a correspondence kept
 With foreign foes, when honest men had slept :
 Invited Strongbow with a specious fleet,
 The King and aid in Waterford to meet;
 That part possessed would crown the present cause,
 And bid defiance to the Monarch's laws :
 Then march to Dublin, and that place subdue,
 And that was all they would have need to do.
 All this completed, with a little more,
 Would save the harbor and protect the shore.
 'This is the way the traitor proved again
 A lasting stigma to all honest men.

- These sad directions to a guileful foe,
 Left Erin's Isle in misery and woe.
 A specious fleet had sailed along the coast, [1170.]
 Well trimmed, and managed by a warlike host,
 Who took no time to try for depth or sound,
 Till sure protection in the harbor found.*
 When Strongbow came with a ferocious crew
 That kept destruction all the time in view,
 He met the King with all his native aid ;
 And then, according to arrangements made,
 Combined together ; they declared their aim,
 And for what purpose they together came,—
 Demanded then possession of the place,
 The native Irish, and the Norman race.
 The King commanded, and directed all
 To raise the siege, and batter down the wall.
 The odious viper of satanic hue,
 The man of sin and disobedience too,
 The fiendish villain made them there destroy,
 With Vandal hands, the second fated Troy.

Then all its treasure and amazing wealth,
 They got by plunder and rapacious stealth;
 The place subdued, and in possession kept,
 As being reduced when honest men had slept.
 Such dreadful havoc in a Christian age,
 Could not be told in this historic page.
 Like wolves ferocious that destroy the flock,
 And then the efforts of the shepherd mock,—
 That break the fold when thoughtless shepherds
 sleep

Devour the lambs, and then devour the sheep;
 Relentless howl, when each ferocious beast
 Is filled and glutted from the guilty feast,—
 With savage growl defy all power on earth,
 Because being savage from their very birth.
 Just so, elated by the direful deed,
 Were native rebels and a foreign breed.
 To cap the climax, and to make things worse,
 And bear the burden of a double curse,
 He gave his daughter,* heiress of the King,
 The fairest lily of a flowery spring—
 In wedlock bands to Strongbow to maintain,
 'Midst heaps of women and of children slain,
 In slaughtered piles were heaped upon the ground,
 And heaps promiscuous mangled there were found.
 A sumptuous feast had solemnized the glee,
 And merry songs had graced the jubilee.
 Those vile invaders are a sad disgrace,
 And glaring stigma to the human race.
 The die foretold another trip to take,
 And one more effort they were doomed to make.
 They joined at once in the unholy cause,
 More bent on murder than to gain applause;
 Away they hied, for Dublin they were bound,
 By paths remote, unknown, that they had found,
 For all the passes, with a mighty force,
 The Monarch watched to interrupt their course.
 Aware of this the vile rebellious foe,
 To shun the danger and avoid the blow,

* Eva, or Eve.

Through woods and wastes without the least delay,
 With noiseless steps they had made out their way,
 And ere the Monarch was apprized at all,
 They were entrenched around the city wall ;
 Demanded then to get admittance there,
 Or else to conquer they would soon prepare ;
 The answer was, let your prodigious host,
 Prepare at once and make no haughty boast ;
 We bid defiance to your childish threats,
 Preferring action to your long debates,
 As all privations we will undergo,
 Rather than submit to a detested foe.
 Come on, get ready, make no long delay,
 You'll find much hardship to maintain the fray ;
 No sooner said, than, altogether done,
 And Chiefs gave signals to begin the fun.
 They soon commenced, and dreadful was the fray,
 When they contended without much delay ;
 Each hero standing on a fearful post,
 With Hector hands could batter down a host.
 The Fates decreed that neither side should yield,
 But still contest the glory of the field ;
 Both parties then without the least repose,
 Did, sword to sword, and man to man oppose ;
 Each Chief engaged in this terrific fray,
 Thought not of death, but of a sovereign sway,
 Impelled by rage and principle of hate,
 Against the King, the direful reprobate,
 Whose perjured vows and acts of such disgrace,
 Invited robbers of the Norman race,
 Whose dire aggressions with unusual haste,
 Made dreary deserts and laid cities waste ;
 When they attempted to assail the wall,
 A lifeless robber would reveal the fall.
 Repulsed, defeated, and subdued were they,
 By matchless heralds on that dreadful day ;
 Still a vile traitor gave the fatal blow,
 Subdued the place and gave it to the foe.
 The Archbishop then to settle the dispute,
 With holy zeal and christian fortitude,

Then went himself there to allay the strife,
 As peace was better for securing life;
 Peace he thought would set the spirit free,
 To gain full bliss for all eternity.
 Between the parties then did meditate,
 And strove in peace the strife to regulate;
 But foreign foes and a degraded King,
 Were the two pillars of the direful spring.
 Forgetting honor when they made a league,
 Though oft it mentioned for the vile intrigue,
 No oath, no law, no honor could them bind,
 A lawless crew, ungenerous, unkind,
 Ungodly, headstrong, rash, rebellious, vile,
 No man can justly otherwise them style,
 The sons of strife, dishonor and disgrace,
 The King had been, and all the Norman race,
 Whilst the Archbishop meditated peace,
 The prowling wolves were panting for the fleece;
 And in that hour, when least expected too,
 The cruel wretches and satanic crew,
 To arms fled, then to destroy the place,
 Like hungry wolves, regardless of disgrace,
 With fearful havoc and destructive rage,
 Destroyed unmercifully, every age,
 The youth, indeed, that did to manhood grow,
 The babe, the mother, and the father too;
 And sparing none in the unholy strife,
 Who begged for mercy to prolong his life,
 Till saddening groans and agonizing cries,
 Would draw whole rivers from lamenting eyes,
 Except from Vandals of satanic sway,
 Bad works directed in damnation's way.
 The Archbishop* saw by treachery the fall,
 Of all surrounded by the city wall;
 With hurried pace he sought the reigning Chief,
 To him investigated all his grief,
 Revealed to him his misery and woe,
 As reckless Vandals struck the fatal blow.

* Laurence O'Tool, Archbishop of Dublin, and the most literary man in Europe at the time.

I hope, said he, you'll counteract their laws,
 And get connected with the present cause,
 And raise an army or prodigious host,
 To drive the vipers from the Irish coast ;
 Encourage, call, command, and legislate,
 With sovereign skill, and do not hesitate,
 Or else the case, attended with delay,
 Will mar your will, and blight your sovereign sway.
 Devouring wolves with a tremendous force,
 Will soon your crown and dignity divorce,
 Therefore prepare, and do not lose an hour,
 And use the rod, or else you'll loose the power.
 The heedless King with some reluctance then,
 Had issued orders for enrolling men ;
 The petty Kings in great confusion were,
 And home dissensions signalized their care,
 Each Chief contending with exulting pride,
 To swell the current and rebellious tide,
 Resistless, strong, unwilling then to yield,
 And each a hero in the stormy field,
 A small offence would be a fatal blow,
 To any branch of either Mac or O'.
 The root, if touched, would wither all the rest,
 And wound the feelings of the haughty breast,
 A clanish murmur would reverberate
 From lofty mountains, to exterminate
 The foul aspersion of an ancient Chief.
 The trial short, the execution brief.
 The man should die, or else atonement make,
 Or some submission for the error's sake.
 But Irish pride could no obedience yield,
 When thirst of glory called him to the field,
 Impelling him to show superior might,
 Without e'en thinking whether wrong or right ;
 A fierce commotion would efface the stain,
 And all such nonsense for the want of brain.
 'Tis strange, indeed, that such a warlike race
 Could be so slack, in a tremendous case.
 The weakest Chief could muster and could raise
 A greater force than would allay the blaze,

Destroy the foes who came in quest of gain,
 Or plunge them headlong in the briny main.
 But this one thing, which is well known to all,
 A house divided can't but surely fall:
 Without a union, our sad destiny
 Is to be in bondage, when we should be free.
 The Monarch could not coincide at all,
 Nor yet comply with the Archbishop's call.
 He added prudence to obedience too,
 And tried what patience afterwards would do.
 He seemed unfit to regulate the spring
 And warlike actions of each petty King;
 Though all were subject to his high command,
 He would not venture them to reprimand,—
 As he much doubted the sincerity
 Of rabid rebels, who could not agree.
 Amongst themselves perhaps a union make
 To break the yoke and all allegiance shake,
 Defy the Monarch and resist his laws,
 And give no aid to help the present cause.
 So wisdom taught him to be very mute,
 Till rebel Chiefs had settled the dispute.
 His patience seemed to be entirely spent,
 As home contentions had already rent,
 And dire distractions did assunder part
 The peaceful tenor of the Monarch's heart.
 The Chiefs contending in their usual way,
 To mount the summit of unbounded sway,
 With strenuous efforts tending to defeat,
 Soon sought the field to settle the debate;
 Thinking still, they soon could overthrow,
 The rash attempt of an invading foe,
 Without, alas, without a wound or scar,
 And thought it nothing but a border war.
 At length the King determined to withstand
 The headlong fury of the lawless band;
 Then called on all obedient to his will,
 Possessing might and a superior skill,
 To quell the efforts and the direful spring,
 Of Norman robbers and a graceless King,

Unite together in the common cause,
 And be obedient to the Monarch's laws.
 A union soon would terrify the foe,
 And quell the strife without a single blow ;
 Disperse that band whose actions would disgrace
 The wildest savage of the Indian race ;
 A mob destructive to all happiness,
 And to all laws that God had made to bless ;
 The spring, the source and fountain of all fraud,
 Despised at home, and more despised abroad,
 Whose works of mercy and devotion are,
 Now murder, plunder, treachery and war ;—
 A baneful blight and everlasting curse,
 To health, to peace, to religion and purse,
 To morals, manners, and each holy deed,
 Though such repugnant to their faith and creed.
 Though much oppressed the Monarch then had been,
 By lawless lions in the shape of men,
 Whose frequent quarrels and unbounded rage,
 No seer could settle or reputed sage.
 The bugle sounded then to marshal all
 Who were obedient to the Monarch's call,
 And to defeat a vile ferocious band,
 Whose hellish acts had blighted all the land.
 The King advising every one to pause,
 And join together to support the laws,
 Each patriot then to rally round his throne,
 And its protection would protect his own :
 Prepare themselves to stem the dire affray,
 And help the King to drive the foes away :
 And any cause would stay the prosecution,
 Would purchase death and seal our execution.
 'Twas all in vain, the Monarch, Chief and King,
 Could not prevail or moderate the sting ;
 Could not convene a vast prodigious host,
 By council, caution, or presumptuous boast.
 Still to his aid a certain number came,
 Then to preserve his dignity and fame ;
 An overmatch for a disgraceful King,*
 The lustful parent of the direful spring ;

* Mac Murrough.

And every robber of the Norman race,
 In quest of plunder left his native place,
 If well directed and commanded were,
 By skilful Chiefs that did not interfere ;
 Chiefs that would with great precision lead,
 To gain advantage in the time of need,
 Were wanting then there to investigate,
 And cause the men to break the city gate.
 But they refused or else could not be found
 Among the forces on the hostile ground.
 Without an effort to subdue the foe,
 But boastful brags and quite an empty show ;
 They there remained for weeks around the wall,
 Alike the ox that fattens in a stall,
 Effected nothing but a wild display
 Of floating banners to denote the fray,
 And so continued, till at length you'll hear,
 As being unconscious of approaching fear,
 The foe undaunted, sallied forth by night ;
 With sword in hand they did commence the fight,
 Dispersed, defeated, and repulsed them all,
 As they encamped around the city wall ;
 Though strange to tell they terrified the whole,
 And home returned every mother soul.
 Provoked, lamenting, then to interfere—
 And yet the Monarch coming in the rear ;
 All Ireland felt the fatal overthrow,
 And then determined to repel the foe,
 But woe to them, as this proved rather late,
 When they had felt in that indignant state,
 Ecclesiastics met of every grade,
 By previous acts and resolutions made,
 And in the act of sweet devotion there,
 When holy incense sanctified the air,
 They then took a comprehensive view,
 Of all the past and of the present too ;
 They scan'd the whole, as if by holy laws,
 And from the effect brought the hidden cause ;
 And for that cause they thought that heaven's decree,
 Had sent a scourge and dire calamity ;

The cause was this, as they considered then, :
 The crime of buying and of selling men.
 This crime, so heinous in the sight of God,
 Made both the buyer and the seller bad ;
 The English had their countrymen for sale,
 A crime so odious, which we should conceal ;
 The Irish bought them at an easy rate,
 To till the soil and cultivate the state.
 That such inhuman and ungodly sale,
 Makes man a brute and brutes of men for weal.
 The synod said the traffic now expires,
 And for that end had kindled holy fires ;
 Holy smoke from holy incense rose,
 To bless themselves and sanctify their foes.
 To put a stop to such transgressions then,
 As had been practiced by unrighteous men,
 For nothing else could instigate the foe,
 To cause such sorrow and unceasing wo ;
 But Heaven's decree, that does that power command,
 And poured such vengeance on this holy land.
 When all was said they all did kneel to pray,
 And in that posture did consume the day,
 Mac Murrough then and Strongbow were at ease,
 Could act, and do, and say, whate'er they please,
 Excessive glee to signify the sway,
 Was heard and seen and practiced every day.
 The game was played and heavy was the stake
 Which both the parties were inclined to take.
 Fortune is partial and capricious too,
 And often does what she ought not to do ;
 The ace, and knave, and the notorious King,
 Were on one side to fortify the ring,
 The Monarch had no heavy trumps or card,
 In such a play the case was mighty hard.
 At the result the King was not to blame,
 with useless cards he could not win the game ;
 This sudden check, so unexpected then,
 Left him no heart to try the game again.
 Unbounded glee is sometimes very brief,
 And oft ejected by desponding grief ;

Boast not of bliss, it was not sent to stay,
 A sudden change may chase that bliss away.
 A little cloud will dim the brightest star,
 And years of peace may terminate in war.
 Boast not, vain man, for fear you would complain,
 For one short hour would prove your boast in vain;
 Nor don't despair, nor let your thoughts decay,
 But bear with patience what you cannot stay.
 No station then, no high or low degree,
 From fortune's freaks cannot exempted be.
 When tempests howl, and hurricanes do pass,
 They sweep alike the lion and the ass,
 The King, the Prince, and beggarman its true,
 Each has a spring and each a winter too.
 When Henry heard of Strongbow's great applause,
 He thought it meet to counteract his laws.
 He issued forth a proclamation for
 To stop the horrors of destructive war.
 On doing so he had another aim—
 To dim the lustre of his rising fame;
 And fearing it in course of time would grow,
 In gradual progress to a sovereign show;
 He called on all submissive to his word,
 Then to desist and to put up his sword;
 Or who would not, that this would be his fate,
 To suffer death and forfeit his estate.
 When this was read by every Norman soul,
 Grief fear and panic agonized the whole,
 And every robber, nimble, light and fleet,
 Had tried the action of his springs and feet,
 As if determined to recross the main,
 To get admittance to the King again.
 They feared and trembled at an awful rate,
 Knowing the danger of their present state;
 They knew the King was willing to maintain
 The words he said, nor were they said in vain,
 Sad, silent, still, and trembling with dismay,
 Then hoisted sail without the least delay,
 To show allegiance to the stern King,
 And yet one great intelligence to bring;

As one was then intended in the fleet,
 Fix'd to relate it at the Monarch's feet ;
 The Norman Chiefs were willing to obey,
 Nor show defection by a long delay.
 One sought the King, narrated with renown,
 The jewel added to the Monarch's crown.
 The conquests made of that bewitching Isle,
 Where summer lingers and does early smile,
 Where wheat and barley, both luxurious grow,
 And milk and honey in abundance flow ;
 The rays of Phœbus decorate the scene,
 And falling dews produce perpetual green,
 No frost can nip or desolate the soil—
 And warbler's music makes an easy toil,
 No scorching heat when Sol's meridian high,
 But radiant blushes purify the sky.
 In limpid streams the trout and salmon play,
 And modest pleasures signalized the gay :
 There strangers find a hospitable home,
 And there find shelter every hour they come.
 Now Strongbow grants it without grudge or frown,
 The brightest jewel in your royal crown—
 Then of my liege, 'tis all that we require,
 Is to be exempted from your Royal ire,
 And give us leave soon to go back again,
 To join our bretheren in the next campaign.
 King Henry said, and in an angry tone—
 How can he give what is not yet his own ?
 We must admit, if we admit the fact,
 That the act that passed was an unlawful act ;
 Therefore I say that I will supersede,
 With eager haste the act already made,
 And if my subjects will resist the law,
 That hour's the worst of all the hours they saw ;
 And if your Strongbow dare to disobey,
 He'll stake his life for any proud delay.
 Enough was said to give a fatal blow,
 To a rapacious and invidious foe ;
 Enough was said, and said with such disdain,
 To check their efforts to recross the main.

When Strongbow heard this sad and withering tale,
 He thought it prudent to prepare and sail,
 And to avoid an ignominious fate,
 The sure the result of that great Monarch's hate.
 Quite unexpected when he met the King,
 His dreary winter wore the bloom of spring;
 The King then did a due advantage take,
 And gulped at once a fat delicious stake,
 Advised then Strongbow to pursue his course,
 And he would follow with a strenuous force.
 Alas! he did, and brought some thousands more,
 Whilst time will last the Irish will deplore;
 That was the time, if the Irish were at peace,
 To shear the rams and to preserve the fleece,
 When Chieftains left, who were both strong and bold,
 An unprotected and unguarded fold;
 No shepherd then, was to protect the flock,
 Or save the breed to raise another stock.
 Alas! the Irish did not interfere,
 Which left them since in bondage and despair.
 But the day will come when Normans will bemoan,
 And Godless tyrants will be paid their own.
 King Henry landed with a great display [1172.]
 Of warlike Chieftains to commence the fray,
 Unless submission to his royal state,
 Would change the tenor of impending fate.
 He added yet a fabricated lie—
 Which showed the King was not prepared to die.
 He said as thus, with an expected hope,
 He got the kingdom from the reigning Pope,
 To moralize the people, and to see
 That holy laws should not neglected be,
 That religion should flourish in the state,
 To cleanse the sinner and the reprobate;
 And cause the wayward flexibly to yield,
 And wear no mantle but a moral shield.
 These words related are the words he said,
 To me transmitted from the Pope that's dead,
 And now confirmed by the present Pope,
 To give the Bull an undisputed scope.

What awful words from an ungracious King,
 Who found materials for the lying string.
 O! what an instrument in the hands of grace,
 To change the morals of a wicked race;
 An impious King, a rash, rebellious rake,
 Who married a lady for her fortune's sake,
 Divorced by Louis from his royal throne,
 For amorous tricks to which the Queen was prone;
 And then confined her, during life, in jail,
 In irons bound, and destitute of bail;
 None dare release her till presumptuous death,
 Had proved his charge, and stopped his vital breath.
 This sinful King, pretending fits and faints,
 For venial specks within the Isle of Saints,
 To avoid a straw, he'd percolate the bowl,
 And yet a camel he would swallow whole.
 A lie's the dearest plant that ever grew,
 It grows spontaneous and luxuriant too;
 A lie can't live for any length of time,
 But whilst it does, its always in its prime;
 No one will own it, tis denied by men,
 As being the parent of atrocious sin;
 There is no maid, though modest be her cant,
 But will assist to cultivate this plant.
 In every age it grows, in every clime,
 It grows in prose, and also grows in rhyme;
 The human race are all conversant then,
 With the plant that generates the sin;
 They all detest it, in old age and youth,
 Yet all will plant it in the place of truth:
 There are exceptions, but they are so rare,
 That great excuses need not interfere.
 The King himself did propagate a lie,
 And why not he, she propagate, or I.
 King Henry was the basest of his kind,
 To truth unknown, to mercy always blind;
 No Pope did ever give him such a grant,
 He made himself the vile audacious cant.
 As such a lie he found convenient then,
 To slake the passions of the leading men;

For in them days the Monarch got his crown,
 And every thing pertaining to renown
 From the Pope, who, solemnized the grant
 With holy hymns his Holiness would chant ;
 And none then found so impious or so rude,
 Upon the grant to afterwards intrude,
 And such considered as a sacred gift,
 No King or Monarch had the faith to shift :
 For all the Christians of the human race,
 Were then protected by his holy grace ;
 One flock, one fold, one shepherd did for all,
 And were submissive to the Pontiff's call ;
 New dreams, new freaks, or new reviving grace,
 Were then unknown to all the Christian race.
 The clergy came, to read King Henry's brief ;
 Some in anger, and some, indeed, in grief.
 Some Divines had read the brief in full,
 And thought it then to be a spurious Bull ;
 They all assembled at the royal call,
 In the old far-famed legislation hall,
 Where Kings assembled with a royal grace
 Before King Harry, of a spurious race.
 Still, nothing done, intention did declare
 The laws were vain that were enacted there,
 As being uncertain 'bout the Pontiff's Bull,
 Some agreed, but not agreed in full.
 Then Henry, by a vile, presumptuous scheme,
 From tacit acts had got a formal claim,
 On a large share of that ill-fated Isle,
 Where flowers flourish and where lilies smile,
 Where gentle dews produce a sudden green,
 And blushing daisies dignify the scene.
 Henry sailed with his adventurous crew,
 When winds propitious in his favor blew ;
 He tarried not, for some anterior cause,
 And left unsettled all intended laws.
 The cause had wrestled with his conscience then,
 Despite of pleasure yet it lurked within ;
 An undigested lump of murderous* hue,
 Concealed, consuming, and tormenting too ;

* Henry being suspected to be accessory to the murder of

No ease could get from that devouring sore,
 The more he tried, it had devoured the more.
 A guilty conscience will defile the breast,
 Destroy our peace, and dissipate our rest.
 And so the King, to get some safe relief,
 Had sailed to France, to mitigate his grief.
 With conscience steeled, he did himself prepare,
 And face to face he met the legates there.
 That was the hour he felt the chastening rod,
 And feared the vengeance of an angry God;
 And there he stood, yet waiting for his time
 To make atonement for a guilty crime,—
 If not committed by himself, indeed,
 'Twas he suggested the atrocious deed.
 The legates thought that it had been the fact,
 That he excited the unholy act;
 Though all his friends were there to interpose,
 And give their aid to dissipate his woes,
 And yet he trembled, fearful of his doom,
 He knew his web was in an iron loom;
 And holy men, without a shield or sword,
 But fledged in full with the Almighty's word;
 Two men appointed guardians of the soul,
 Had marred the King, and terrified the whole.
 Therefore, it shows all efforts will decline
 When they're resisted by a power divine;
 All human strength consolidated still
 Is no resistance to his holy will.
 The King arraigned before the legates then,
 The friends of justice and the foes of sin.
 He spoke indeed with innocence and ease,
 And with expressions much inclined to please
 The cunning craft that was his guard and guide,
 Before the legates he was forced to hide,
 Although determined giant-like and huge,
 He had no room to use a subterfuge.
 The crime explained—the accusation laid,
 And no man there on either side to plead,

St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, went to France
 to meet the legates, and reconcile his conscience.

The King's smooth words to mitigate his crime,
 Made great impressions in a little time.
 He did acknowledge and declare to them,
 The saint was murdered, but, unknown to him :
 When it he heard, it made his heart to faint,
 The fatal end of the lamented saint,
 No thought, no aid, or no suggestion gave
 To help the saint to an untimely grave,
 And he was clear, according to his creed,
 Of that unholy and atrocious deed.
 No lurking guilt from it annoyed his rest,
 Or found a place within his candid breast.
 To this effect he made a solemn oath,
 Before the audience and the legates both.
 Enough was said, where was the man to cry—
 My liege and monarch tells a glaring lie.
 The legates then upon the very place,
 Absolved the King, and him restored to grace.
 During the time that Henry was in France,
 Some of the Irish seized on every chance,
 And showed repugnance, and a hatred too,
 To a ferocious and rapacious crew.
 The Irish thought the foes to extirpate,
 By sudden sallies of revengeful hate ;
 And in the strife it often came to pass
 That they repulsed them with a serious loss.
 The King had then some other things to do
 Besides abetting the invidious crew.
 His sons with ire in great rebellion rose,
 As he well knew, were his vindictive foes,
 And this commotion caused the King to stay,
 There to support his dignity and sway.
 For his own sons excited then had been,
 By a bad mother and a jealous Queen,
 Who urged them on, the Father's strength to try,
 Which gave the King another fish to fry.
 King Henry left the sweet Hibernian shore,
 Without augmenting what he had before ;
 And not one dime was added to the pelf
 Of former plunder by the King himself.

Indeed, an outward ostentatious show,
 And the submission of a valiant foe,
 Were all he asked ; and that he knew would fail,
 As such pretensions made a flimsy bail.
 He left a chief to rule and regulate,
 With mild exertions, any fierce debate ;
 And that he did by a judicious right,
 As far superior to repulsive might.
 His prudent care, and comprehensive view,
 Had pleased the many, and displeased the few ;
 Admired, respected, and beloved by all,
 Made them attentive to the ruler's call.
 The dreadful vengeance and invidious ire
 Had then abated, or did all expire ;
 By cautious care and justice at his side,
 He stem'd the storm and rebellious tide.
 For honest laws, with moderation's glow,
 Will help a friend and discomfit a foe ;
 And so continued the created joy,
 With the admixture of a base alloy.
 In wedlock bands the Monarch* gave the chief,†—
 Which had then caused unmitigated grief,—
 His beauteous daughter then to be his wife,
 In hopes this step would terminate the strife.
 Though strange to see the daughter of a King,
 In all the beauty of unfaded spring,
 To him united in her native place,
 A sub inferior of the Norman race.
 Though good the man, though great be his renown,
 Yet she was worthy of a King and crown ;
 But every thing must be considered right
 That is produced or brought about by might.
 This late connection and his great applause,
 Excited Henry to predict the cause,
 And fearing that in time 'twould interfere
 With all his interest that existed there,
 The applause then wafted on the wings of fame,
 Kindled a furnace and a raging flame

* Roderick O'Connor. † De Lacy, Lord Lieut. of Ireland,

Within his breast, which made him call at once,
 The brave De Lacy to assist in France,
 And then ascended, the unholy foe,
 That strove all happiness to overthrow,
 Their former foe, decidedly the worst
 Of all the beings God had ever cursed.
 Strongbow reigned, which was a source of grief,
 A sub, inferior, second-handed Chief,
 He ruled the Irish with an iron rod,
 And their best actions he pronounced them bad.
 His stay was brief the King of Terror's dart,
 Transpierced the demon through the very heart,
 Resistless fell, relentless was his fall,
 Then blessed by none, but mostly cursed by all.

Henry II.'s penance before his death, to make
 restitution for his former transgressions, his mind
 being agitated by the treacherous combination of
 his sons and enemies, which brought on a fever
 that terminated his existence.

The sad afflictions and unnumbered woes,
 And the attack of unsuspected foes,
 Deranged the King, and did effect a change.
 So great, so sudden, and amazing strange,
 He thought some act apart from nature's laws,
 For such afflictions must have been the cause,
 As sacred acts admit of no delay,
 But sweep resistless human strength away.
 Then to atone and restitution make,
 For frantic words and for devotion's sake,
 A lowly penitent, without a shoe,
 To ease his journey, or a stocking too,
 In pensive mood he sought the sacred shrine,
 Where mouldering lay the saint and the divine.
 Before his shrine, without a royal sheen,
 On bended knees, the penitent was seen;
 And Henry, in a penitential mood,
 Refused to drink, or partake of food.
 And then, in a humiliating tone,
 In solemn silence, he remained alone;

Alone, unknown, he felt the chastening rod,
 And fear'd the ire of an insulted God.
 Altho' a King, a tyrant and a judge,
 He meekly humbled, without strife or grudge,
 To the King of Kings: who did without delay,
 Make Heaven and earth, and light the milky way.
 The King of men had to resign his breath,
 In due submission to the stroke of death. [1179.]

*The Character of Dermott M' Murrough O'Kavanagh,
 King of Leinster.*

Mac Murrough died, afflicted and afraid,
 A wretch, deserted, hated and decay'd,
 No friend was by, to cheer the parting ray,
 That seem'd prepared to take its flight away;
 No priest was there, to dissipate his gloom,
 Or, to remind him of his awful doom.
 Impenitent he lived, impenitent he died,
 And during life, the wicked villain lied.
 His vile intrigues the sovereign Lord defied;
 And as he lived the demon surely died.

The Character of O'Roark, Prince of Brefny.

O'Roark, the brave, the injured chief and Prince,
 A warlike chieftain and a brave defence,
 Repulsed, defeated all his Norman foes,
 With might unmatched, and with resistless blows,
 Defeated them in every dreadful fray,
 With matchless courage and unbounded sway,
 De Lacy begged of him to hesitate,
 And courteous words the strife would regulate.
 As both apart to mediate withdrew,*
 From hostile bands, and an insidious crew,
 Seven bold knights had followed to the place,
 Unknown, unseen, and of the Norman race,
 Ah! then there fell, and in his own defence,
 A valiant hero and a daring Prince.

* To Tara's hill.

The Character of Roderick O'Conner, Monarch of Ireland.

This monarch was irresolute and weak,
 Pious, punctual, penitent and meek ;
 He'd give the flock, together with the fleece,
 At any time that he could purchase peace ;
 A timid King, unfit to reign at all,
 Would sit inactive in his royal hall ;
 When daring foes had threatened his repose,
 He wanted courage to attack his foes ;
 No fire had he to discomfit a fiend,
 That would attempt to discommode a friend ;
 And wanting this, he managed well to cease,
 And end his days in penitence and peace.

Richard the First ascended the Throne in 1179.

King Richard soon ascended England's throne,
 To save the crop that was already sown.
 To other parts he did his course pursue,
 As in those parts he had enough to do.
 His reign was brief ; did nothing more or less,
 Than cool the furnace of his own distress.
 His mother first, he did redeem from jail,
 As there she lay confined for want of bail,
 For giving Rosamond the poisoned cup,
 And with a dagger made her drink it up ;
 A silken clew directed where she lay,
 The jealous Queen was glad to find the way,
 The golden cup with all its mortal taste,
 She made her drink in such exceeding haste ;
 Then soon she fell, according to design,
 A beauteous victim on a jealous shrine.
 For this dire act, the King did her assail,
 And put the Queen, then, during life in jail.
 Rosamond was the fairest of the fair,
 Henry's love, and his assiduous care ;
 In spite of care and all that art could try,
 A jealous rage had fated her to die.

During his reign, he did not interfere,
 No doubt precluded by some other care ;
 But left the Irish to abide their fate,
 From robbing rebels in a lawless state.
 The die was cast, and he was forced to die—
 And wings immortal bore him up on high.

King John was immediately Crowned after his death.

King John was crowned with pomp and ecstasy ;
 No cloud appeared to desolate the glee ;—
 One thing occurred and happened in his reign,
 So good, so pleasing, and so void of stain ;
 'Twas wrung from him, and so substantial made,
 By all the clergy then in Runneymede—
 Assisted strongly by the Barons, too,
 In power were great, in number not a few—
 The sure protection to the good and free,
 The shield and charter of their liberty ;
 The noble charter and protecting act,
 Did there establish an important fact,
 That every man, by its judicious use,
 Could be protected from a vile abuse ;
 Before the Peers and in his native place,
 Were then adjudged the merits of his case ;
 If guiltless, not without another clew—
 He was acquitted and with honor, too ;
 If otherwise, he got his own reward,
 As guilty actions need a guilty card.
 Before this act, a tyrant made the law,
 From his enactments you could not withdraw.
 The King went round to regulate and see,
 Before this act of much celebrity,
 His jurisprudence had released or not :
 But he, pure justice half the time forgot.
 The villains unrestrained had been by law,
 And their defections seemed without a flaw ;
 But a decree exacted by the state,
 For any good, can never come too late—
 Came in good time to dissipate the mist,
 That hid these villains from the shaving list.

But this decree and legislative act,
 Was first established, is a noted fact,
 In Erin's Isle, when justice had her way,
 And then transplanted with unbounded sway,
 By that great King of universal fame,
 The great, the good, and Alfred was his name ;
 But at his death this act did seem to fade,
 Until renewed again in Runneymede.
 As Philip then had been the King of France,
 By birth had been, and not indeed by chance,
 The English said that he was much to blame,
 By acts disgraceful to a royal name ;
 He was no friend, but an undoubted foe,
 That seem'd determined them to overthrow,
 And mar the actions of the English King,
 With schemes arising from a baneful spring.
 When Philip heard of this audacious theme,
 No reason could obliterate the flame,
 That had been kindled in his royal breast,
 For words so guileful, which he did detest.
 He then determined, for the great offence,
 To show some action in his own defence.
 He sent a herald of stupendous might,
 Without delay, across the sea to fight,
 His spear and shield were dreadful to behold ;
 Himself a giant, terrific and bold :
 Who issued forth a proclamation then,
 To Knights, to Chieftains, and to daring men,
 If in the whole an Englishman be found,
 To come provided to the hostile ground,
 With might directed to his overthrow,
 He'll find his match and a decisive foe ;
 But, ere he comes, now be it known to all,
 It is decreed, the Chief will surely fall ;
 Beneath my sword, the bleeding victim dies,
 For your insulting and audacious lies.
 This announcement made them all to quake ;
 And none was found that would attempt to speak.
 They wanted time to meditate and muse,
 Whether to accept, or whether to refuse.

The fame of this tremendous bully, then,
 Terrified their giants, and dismayed their men ;
 And none in England would withstand a blow,
 From this magnanimous and gigantic foe.
 " The King seemed vexed, and he could find no chief
 To fight the foe and mitigate his grief ;
 Enquired of all, " Could there a man be found,
 To face this herald on the hostile ground ?"
 No answer made, they all appeared as mute,
 As none was there to end the dire dispute.
 After a pause, a man did then reply
 Among the crowd, the King was standing by,
 " There is a Chief of a stupendous size
 That lies in jail, will surely win the prize ;
 An Irish Chief and prisoner of state,
 Go call him hence and open wide the gate,
 With might unmatched, and one directed blow,
 He'll be the death of your tormenting foe.
 Lose no time, I am sure he will obey,
 You'll ruin your credit by a long delay."
 The King exclaimed, " Now let the Chief appear,
 And we'll provide him with a sword and spear :
 If he the French Goliath will defeat,
 We will present him with a rich estate."
 The herald came, and wonderful in size,
 And heard the errand without much surprise ;
 He told the King he would withstand the blow,
 And was quite certain he'd defeat the foe ;
 " Tell him," said he, " that I will face to face,
 Decide the combat to his own disgrace ;
 And also tell him, money he must take,
 To pay his ferriage 'cross the Stygian Lake ;
 Or if he wish to steer the other way,
 On bended knees let him devoutly pray.
 I know the Isle that gave me life and birth,
 The brightest gem of all the isles on earth,
 Will say I fell by some unlucky chance,
 Not by the Giant they have sent from France.
 If I do fall, it must be so decreed,
 That in the ring an Irishman shall bleed :

But mark my words, that in the awful strife,
 This boasting herald must resign his life ;
 On blustering threats I look with great contempt,
 His life he'll forfeit in the bold attempt."
 The King then said, "Go tell him of his fate,
 Or his repentance will appear too late.
 Say you as thus, don't hesitate at all,
 For in the combat you're decreed to fall ;
 A Chief we have that could with ease destroy
 The mighty Hector that defended Troy ;
 He threatens hard, he fears no human shade,
 And he'll dissect you with his steely blade ;
 It's made of that, encounter if you dare,
 A sad defeat is all will be your share ;
 Therefore be sure, you must resign to fate,
 A final forfeit in the dire debate."
 The day arrived, and thousands did resort,
 To see and witness the inhuman sport ;
 The Irish Chief, there towering o'er the rest,
 Without a shield there to adorn his breast,
 Just like an oak, that overtops the wood,
 The valiant Chief in sullen silence stood ;
 A sword suspended to the Chieftain's side,
 Whose blade was sheathed in a lion's hide,
 He looked ferocious, with a heavy brow,
 And cried aloud, "Where is your champion now ?
 I am prepared to meet the boasting foe,
 And cleave in two, with one descending blow,
 That roaring lion of tremendous fame,
 Who is no Chief, but only Chief by name ;
 Let him appear and all advantage take,
 He'll stake his life for any slight mistake."
 A herald cried "the Chief won't interfere,
 He'd find it hard to gain admittance there,
 Within that ring a victim he should fall,
 Then it is better he should never call ;
 It was more prudent to prepare and go,
 Than meet with death from an unequal foe."
 The King rejoiced to hear such words expressed,
 And then his herald in these words addressed—

"Now godlike Ajax of those modern days,
 You highly merit and deserve our praise :
 As the champion fled and ventured not to fight,
 Show us some sign of your stupendous might ;
 Here is a post, we placed it here at will,
 And placed thereon a helmet made of steel ;
 Oft fifty men had sat beneath its shade,
 We left the limbs, but here the trunk is laid,
 Try what impression will one single blow
 Make on the helmet ere these Chiefs will go ;
 We have no doubt, but wish to see at length,
 Some signal sign of your stupendous strength."
 The Irish Chieftain drew his Irish blade,
 When e'er the King had his oration made ;
 He grasped it hard and raised it high in air,
 As if determined then to wield it fair,
 And with the force of one descending blow,
 He cut the helmet made of steel in two ;
 With the second blow the shining blade he sunk
 Into the post, or in the wooden trunk,
 That seven stout men could not exonerate
 The beaming blade from its deep buried state,
 Until the Chief himself released it with a pull,
 And that display had satisfied the whole.
 The King had soon like other Kings to go,
 And fly this vale of misery and wo.

Henry Third Ascended.

In Henry's reign the Irish then were found
 In every battle to be gaining ground,
 And gaining all in former battles lost,
 With little strife, and very little cost.
 When he had died as other Kings likewise,
 Immortal wings, his spirit through the skies
 Had wafted hence, to a celestial sphere,
 If here well acted, he fares the better there.

*Edward the First came to the Throne in the year
1272.*

In Edward's reign it was the enacted law,
Which they considered without stain or flaw,
That if a man who lived within the pale,*
And always covered with a coat of mail,
Could kill a man of Irish race or blood,
The deed was strenuous, and considered good ;
Or if a villain did insult a maid,
And stain her virtue, if alone she strayed ;
Then Edward's laws protected the foul fiend,
And him considered an unerring friend ;
And other acts too dreadful to relate,
The greatest savage would abominate.
An awful vengeance would the fiend pursue,
To take his life, as nothing else would do.
In Edward's reign, a Scottish Chief arose,
Who proved a scourge to all his English foes,
Who with his claymore, made of polished steel,
Could cleave the stoutest to the very heal ;
Caledonia's son, the bravest of the brave,
A noble Chief that had a soul to save,
Repulsed, defeated, with a little aid,
Bold Edward's troops and all his grand parade ;
No Chief had he could be but as a fly,
When daring Wallace was convenient by.
'Twas gold and bribes, and a deceitful friend,
Brought famous Wallace to a fatal end ;
He was the bravest in his time and place,
Of all the Chieftains of the Christian race,
Nor could proud Edward ever overthrow
The worthy Wallace, his undaunted foe.
A friend and foe that did the Chief subdue,
O ! what a purse he did receive in lieu.
Another act that adds to his disgrace,
And throws a blemish on the Christian race ;
The ancient Kingdom by the name of Wales,
Had been subdued by England's fiery flails ;

* English jurisdiction, or boundary.

Llewellyn fell from well directed blows,
 To rise no more to aggravate his foes.
 His Chiefs were scattered or destroyed by Ned,
 No Chiefs were there, for all the Chiefs were dead.
 No Bard was left to animate in rhyme,
 The coming heroes of a future time.
 No Bard was left then to commemorate,
 But Edward butchered, and consigned to fate;
 And all historians of the present race,
 Could not debauch or aggravate the case.
 Edward went to Caledonia straight,
 With spleen created and unbounded hate,
 A captive made the Monarch, Chief and King,
 And other nobles then did captive bring;
 Some confined, who fell within his power,
 In a dark, loathsome, solitary tower,
 The King and others he detained for sport,
 Within the limits of his costly court;
 Caledonia stripped of every Bard and Chief,
 And left the rest in misery and grief;
 He brought from hence the stone of destiny,
 On which were crowned, when Irishmen were free,
 The Irish Kings, and this inscription bore,
 When Princely Feergus had it taken o'er,
 From the Isle of Saints, when he went o'er to reign,
 But back, alas! it ne'er returned again:
 "Fate's deceived and Heaven decrees in vain,
 Or where they find this stone the Scots shall reign."
 These lines in Irish were on it engraved,
 And in Westminster ever since is saved;
 Now, that broad stone, with these sweet words is
 blest,
 That Edward brought a captive with the rest.
 When Wallace fell, then Bruce came on the stage,
 A daring hero and a noted sage;
 With valiant clans, and Highland Chiefs at hand,
 Defeated Edward and his daring band,
 Just as a hawk a flock of sparrows fright,
 Which find a refuge in a sudden flight.

Bruce the brave, with Highland Chiefs could boast,
 Of chasing Edward and his mighty host.
 Proud Edward fled, when fortune proved unkind,
 Unlike Lot's wife, he did not look behind ;
 In flying from Bruce he did not wish to halt,
 As living bodies will require no salt.
 The Irish then invited Bruce to reign,
 And they as subjects would his laws maintain.
 As Bruce determined on the overthrow
 Of an invidious and perfidious foe,
 He then concluded that he would obey,
 The voice of friendship without much delay.
 Accordingly he called his Highland clans,
 Who seemed obedient to his views and plans ;
 Then sent his brother with six thousand men
 And each to each, was very near akin,
 To that fair Isle,* where Flora can't repose,
 But adding beauties to the blooming rose.
 For this intrusion 'gainst outrageous Ned,
 His awful cries would terrify the dead.
 The Scots and Irish soon together met,
 And for their meeting there was no regret.
 The conjunction made a very great display,
 Of warlike heroes of unbounded sway.
 But when they met and made this fair compound,
 Soon Edward's men were seen upon the ground.
 The Scottish Edward brought but little force ;
 The men were brave, and very good of course.
 They, with the Irish, in the hostile field,
 Had thrash'd their foes, and made their foes to yield.
 For three successive years, the direful rage—
 Marked by historians on historic page—
 Continued on, depopulating still ;
 The commission was, depopulate and kill ;
 Till Edward† fell, in a decisive fray,
 Deceptive fate had fated it that day.
 Though Edward‡ claimed a victory, no doubt,
 In ghastly heaps his men were lying about.

* Ireland. † Edward Bruce. ‡ Edward, King of England.

In previous battles, Bruce victorious led ;
 And all his army acted as he said ;
 In every battle he defeated, too,
 Until the last, which bore another hue,
 Wherein he fell a victim to the plan,
 And active efforts of a single man,
 Who forced his way with a prodigious knife,
 Or something else, with which he took his life ;
 No sooner did, than he received his brief,
 Which stretched him lifeless by the dying chief ;
 He bit the ground in a spasmodic state,
 The full reward of his infernal hate.
 Though this affliction caused a sad defeat,
 They could not brag, the very side that beat.
 This occurred in second Edward's reign,
 Whose guilty passions had destroyed his brain ;
 But death had called, and all his cares redrest,
 His labors ceased, and he withdrew to rest.

Edward the Third's Reign.

In Edward's reign, the worst of laws were made,
 And all digested by his royal aid—
 No Englishman, let him be course or fine,
 Could wed a Lady of a Regal line,
 If she were Irish, or of Irish blood,
 So the law read, and so he understood,
 Unless his doom he'd wish to antedate,
 From acts arising from infernal hate ;
 Or if he would assume an Irish name,
 He then was branded with eternal shame ;
 His lands he'd forfeit for this simple crime,
 Nor could he get them in the course of time.
 If he adopted a Hibernian dress,
 For such a crime he got the same redress ;
 Or if by chance he spoke an Irish phrase,
 Condemned and banished was he all his days ;
 Or if a Liegeman entertained a Bard,
 For such an act, the crime was very hard,

Death was his share, and that's the prize he'd draw,
 If he submitted to the Brehon law.*
 Yet, and withal, in spite of Edward's nose,
 The Irish still were his immortal foes;
 And any act that he could legislate,
 They would break through, and would not hesitate.
 That Edward reigned, all honest men deplore,
 Whose direful acts made good the acts before,
 So vile, so hateful, and so cruel were,
 And all digested with assiduous care.
 The law declared an Englishman may take,
 A native up for self-protection's sake;
 If he had been unwilling then to go,
 To shoot him down the same as any crow;
 Or if together, there had been a score,
 No matter made the number, less or more,
 Going to either fair or market then,
 They were declared to be seditious men,
 Full of spleen and vile, undying hate,
 Combined together to destroy the state;
 Unless a Liegeman were detected there,
 And well distinguished by his clothes and hair,
 Or some external mark that would display,
 They were entitled to pursue their way;
 All fell victims to a superior force,
 For that one simple, inoffensive course.
 When swinish butchers had defeated them,
 Their heads they carried to the town of Trim,
 And them affixed on elevated stakes,
 As merry pranks, or some facetious freaks,
 Directed them to consecrate the day,
 In this unholy and unrighteous way;
 For this abhorrent act, they showed no cause,
 But thought it good, as sanctioned by the laws.
 The fatal acts decreed the fatal fall,
 They lived, they cherished, and obeyed them all.
 For Irish heads they found a ready sale,
 Within the limits of the little Pale;

* An Irish law.

A heavy tax was levied on the state,
 To pay these villains at the dearest rate ;
 But all in vain, the butcher in the strife,
 Was almost certain to resign his life,
 And when he went his neighbor's head to find,
 He very oft had left his own behind.
 Such odious laws devoid of luck or grace,
 Impelled to action, all the Irish race.

Richard the Second's Reign. 1377.

During the reign of this potentate too,
 Appeared some stripes of an infernal hue ;
 He did not seem more lenient than the rest,
 By bitter feelings that convulsed his breast ;
 If the Irish did, at any time at all,
 Combine together, every one and all,
 They'd slay the monsters long enough before,
 Or drive them homeward from the Irish shore.
 But this strong union was too long delayed,
 Till all their strength and energy decayed,
 Just like a sinner in a sinful state,
 Who finds repentance sometimes rather late.
 If the Irish sought their vindication, when
 The robbing demons in the shape of men,
 Had landed first, as to contaminate
 All virtuous actions in that ancient state,
 They would be free and terminate the war,
 Instead of being in bondage as they are.
 The Irish then, disliked King Richard's laws,
 As being defective in effect and cause ;
 No safety found inserted in their code,
 'Gainst plunder, murder, treachery and blood.
 They soon made Dick his fatal acts deplore,
 As they took back, that which was lost before.
 Tho' Dick were pining from excessive toil,
 But still, he thought he would secure the spoil ;
 He came himself, with thirty thousand men,
 Them to retake and repossess again

The lands he lost together with the rest,
 To bring contentment to his royal breast.
 But this again proved mockery and show,
 Some chiefs submitted to avert the blow,
 But a great chief, with a selected band,
 Who seemed determined to preserve the land
 From the grasp of an invidious foe,
 Or sleep in death forgetful of his woe.
 He spoke as thus to his intrepid band—
 “You see these locusts will pollute the land;
 The dastard Chief that will attempt to flee,
 May hide his face forever more from me,
 Let them not think we’re swallows made to fly,
 We’ll stand, we’ll fight, we’ll conquer, or we’ll die.
 Let it be said by heroes yet to come,
 For our defeat they paid a heavy sum;”
 Then with a burst of universal glee,
 These words they cried, “With you we all agree,
 Let Richard come with his invading force,
 We’ll drive him back, and intercept his course;
 Within the limits of this spacious wood,
 You’ll find his force will do but little good;
 Chief, be you certain,” was the joyful cry,
 “We’ll be victorious, otherwise we die.
 Rather than fly from Richard’s daring host,
 We’ll sleep in death unconscious of his boast.”
 Sure enough, when Richard did advance,
 He thought his foe would have but little chance:
 Just as a lion bounding from his lair,
 The King appeared with an intrepid air;
 He fiercely sought the wild and spacious wood,
 Where lay the foe, as he had understood,
 And there met Art with heralds made of steel,
 Who gave directions to his men to wheel,
 And face the foe to discomfit them all,
 And then let valor commemorate the fall.
 And so they did, till the invaders thought,
 That all they’d gain would be too dearly bought.
 This was the second time that Richard came,
 To fan the furnace of a fiery flame,

Which Art had kindled with unbounded zeal,
 And fed the furnace with a trusty steel,
 Made Richard think he met a sturdy foe,
 And so he proved to be exactly so.
 He begg'd of Art then to comply in peace,
 And let hostilities entirely cease ;
 Obedience show, and in submission yield,
 And then will friendship in this hostile field
 Unite us both—obliterate the strife,
 You'll be my friend, and I'll be yours for life.
 Ask what you will, if I can it command,
 That you shall have, here is my royal hand.
 Such mock pretensions passing to and fro,
 Between the King and his immortal foe.
 Then Art replied, no threat can make me yield,
 No sword, no spear, or no enormous shield,
 Or no delicious word will make me stay
 This beaming blade that's panting for the fray.
 My Knights are ready, though we are but few,
 Still brave and active, candid, bold and true,
 We'll leech you sire, within this spacious wood,
 And suck the venom from your royal blood.
 The King, surprised when hearing this rebuff,
 And thought that Arthur was as bold as cuff ;
 His state compelled him to withdraw his men,
 And place the sheep within the lion's skin.
 On his retreat, both on his front and rear,
 The Irish hung with such assiduous care,
 Destroying his men, confusing all his ranks,
 The King unthankful for such warlike pranks ;
 From this small band he suffered a defeat,
 And lost some thousands in his last retreat.

King Richard returned to Dublin ; and before he
 arrived in that city, he and his army were in a de-
 plorable condition. His troops were harrassed and
 dispirited. Art, or Arthur Mac Murrrough and his
 terrific, magnanimous and unconquerable band,
 amounting to three thousand men, still hanging on
 their rear, and in all other directions, cutting off

thousands of the King's prodigious and ferocious army. However, the king seemed determined to return again to renew the battle, and to attack and exterminate, if possible, Mac Murrough and his invincible band, as the King had been reinforced from England at the time, by the resolute and invulnerable Albamarle, whose skill, courage, discipline, and military approbation were considered equivalent to an army. But Divine Providence ordered it otherwise. The celebrated Bollingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, organized and excited at the same time, a rebellion in England, to wrest the crown from Richard's brow—and in which he succeeded. He was crowned King by the British Parliament, sitting at the time, by the title and appellation of Henry the IVth. This sudden and unexpected renovation in human affairs, hastily demanded the King's presence in England. From whence he never returned afterwards, to subdue the Irish, who remained still unconquered. He first landed with thirty thousand men; and secondly, with fifty thousand; and after draining his coffers, spending enormous sums of money, and losing thousands of his best troops, he did not add one shilling to his revenue, or one acre to his English plantations.

The reign of Henry the IVth requires no comment; as no remarkable occurrence happened in his time, but the beheading of the great Earl of Desmond, for some family intermarriages. But an Irish chief, at the time, of the name of Art Mac Murrough, one of the hereditary Princes of Leinster, had been affectionately situated in an English lady's estimation. A lady of the highest order, of great merit, distinction and dignity, who, in spite of all legislative enactments and restraint, married him, which was a cause of introducing marriages indiscriminately between both parties, and obliterating in a manner all detestable and odious distinction between them. Henry the VIth's reign

requires no insinuations ; neither does Henry the VIIth's time on the throne require much investigation, as it passed away without any material alteration in Irish affairs, or without making any considerable attempt to retard the proficiencies of the Irish, who still remained unchangeable and unconquerable. At that time the English jurisdiction and authority, had been reduced to a mere skeleton in Ireland ; although the internal divisions and commotion between Irish chiefs, had been violent and desultory at the time, which precluded a strenuous and consolidated union between them. The reader should peruse attentively, since the time of Alfred the great, the actions and proceedings of the Kings, lords and nobles of England, forming an aristocratical body of haughty, overbearing, treacherous, impious and despotic tyrants, with few exceptions, until the present day, and he will be astonished that kingly power and presumption were not obliterated or more limited throughout the whole world before the American Revolution, and particularly in England. That England produces great men, great comets, luminaries, and stars of prodigious magnitude and splendor, cannot be denied. In every department of life that man is destined to fulfil, they have displayed their talents conspicuously. The divines of England became remarkable for their sanctity and devotion. The approbation of her statesmen, in a political point of view, has been considered irrefragable. In jurisprudence her lawyers and judges ascended to the summit of their profession. Her bards, poets, historians and mathematicians could not be superseded—notwithstanding one grain of refined cruelty arising from her legislative enactments, would disgrace and cancel all the shining burnish, brilliancy and ornament on English escutcheon, and bury forever her most splendid acquirements and adventures, in the pond of abhorrence, or in the stream of oblivion. Gentle reader, look back

since the death of Alfred to the reformation, and perhaps you will say that a reformation was necessary. Did it make a change for the better? No; it made morals, habits and legislative actions of the aristocratical party worse. Did the reformation make the people, morally, spiritually and practically better? Did it assist individually, or collectively? It is for you, gentle reader, to judge.

We must acknowledge Henry the VIIIth had been the Father of the Reformation. Luther, only perforated a gimlet hole. But Henry applied his Archimedean lever, and let loose the flood gates of the reformation. All that have been acquainted with his character, must believe him to be a monster in crime and cruelty, perfidy, treachery and tyranny; full of wrath, froth, frolic, and abomination. Henry excelled all his cotemporaries in his attachment and devotion to all evil—nay, all the atrocious and incorrigible villains that came before or after him. The Czar of Russia is an angel in comparison to him; though the Czar unscrupulously and unmercifully mangles and tortures innocent women, and others, devoted to Christian charity, he spares his own women, and are spared by his confidence and affection; but the case was diametrically opposite with Henry. He murdered his own wives, and if we attribute, infallible, certainty, to historical facts and traditionary legends, he murdered his own daughter Ann Boleyn. Notwithstanding the near affinity, it did not save her; it did not render her inaccessible to his infernal lust and unnatural connection. She had been his wife and his daughter; therefore, Henry surpassed the Neroes in wickedness and abomination. Now, if a crucified God, after his invisibility, left us without an infallible guide, until Henry, the son of perdition, discovered in his new theory the right passage to salvation; and that he became the infallible guide to direct us in matters pertaining to the true religion—the Christian religion is nothing but

a farce ; nay, a delusion. Or, if he left us for a moment after his ascension, or invisibility, without a guide, would be incompatible to his promise and suffering. I am no theologian—such treasure is beyond the reach of my superficial imagination ; but I am something of a metaphysician—and so is every other man who makes right use of his reason ; and this testimony has been extracted from me with a good deal of reluctance, by the odious and uncharitable epithets applied to the Catholic Church, by men, and gentlemen of splendid attainments, that must certainly have known better. This is the reason that prompted the explanation.

Henry the VIIIth's Reign, A.D. 1509.

Henry's reign no pen can well define ;
 Though being the offspring of a regal line ;
 And to provide him with a holy torch,
 He was intended for the Mother Church ;
 For all then bearing of a Christian name,
 Believed that Church and lived within the same.
 One fold, for ages, had supplied the whole,
 To banish sin and sanctify the soul ;
 One Lord, one faith, and one redeeming grace,
 Had been professed by all the Christian race,
 'Till that perfidious and disgusting King
 Had roiled the waters of eternal spring :
 Then every cobbler got a gracious call,
 He dropped his lapstone and his pond'rous awl
 'Twas Henry led and Henry taught them all.
 When this young king ascended on the throne,
 All hearts rejoiced together with his own :
 A pious Prince, accomplished of his years ;
 To dry the orphans' and the widows' tears :
 A noble, prudent and a youthful sage,
 And staunch supporter of declining age.
 Such was expected from his future reign,
 Such was the hope, but all had hoped in vain,

But oh, how soon a renovation came,
 To brand the Prince with everlasting shame.
 Before the change, and his satanic spleen,
 They thought it prudent to provide a Queen
 For this great Prince, who in his eighteenth year,
 From friends or foes had nothing then to fear;
 Beloved, respected and admired by all,
 Had been this Prince before his hellish fall.
 He married a Princess without blight or stain,
 The royal daughter of the King of Spain,
 And then united were the bride and groom,
 In close communion in the Church of Rome;
 What ease, what peace, what happiness of mind,
 They both enjoyed, 'till Henry proved unkind;
 Till Ann deprived him of his peaceful rest,
 And love unlawful settled in his breast.
 With one broad sweep disgraced his royal house,
 Enjoyed his Ann and put away his spouse.
 For eighteen years the tyrant then had been
 In wedlock bands united to his Queen;
 No sinful tortures did pervade his breast,
 Destroy his peace, or dissipate his rest,
 Until at last he saw with much surprise,
 Both heaven and earth in fair Ann Bolyen's eyes.
 He mused, he sighed, and with surprise did stare,
 On all her wiles, for many a wile was there,
 Her graceful steps in her fantastic dance,
 She showed the King, and all acquired in France,
 Until the brute and lustful reprobate,
 Had loved his Ann and banished his old Kate.
 The Court of Rome he wanted to divorce
 Himself from Kate and let him have his course,
 To wed his Ann unmindful of his kin,
 He loved, he cherished, and he loved again,
 But all in vain, he found no friends in Rome,
 To grant such license to the hellish groom.
 Well then old Harry did not hesitate,
 He married Ann and banished his poor Kate.
 As he no longer did expect or hope,
 No kind compliance from the reigning Pope,

He ruled himself, and with an iron rod,
 And bid adieu to all the laws of God.
 Saint Peter's keys suspended to his string,
 Which made the tyrant then be Pope and King;
 And such was granted by the British laws,
 The King the effect, Ann the hidden cause,
 And after all, devoid of fear or hope,
 The horrid brute had made himself a Pope,
 Defied his God, his maker and his might;
 The law declared that every thing was right.
 Yet he thought that Ann defiled his bed,
 And for that thought poor Ann had lost her head.
 The King had then a very gracious friend,*
 A keen, intriguing, demonstrating fiend,
 Whose thirst for wealth had cancelled holy care,
 And aimed at nothing but the Papal chair.
 A greater villain cannot be in hell,
 For noted villains he could buy and sell;
 His craft and talents did the demon raise,
 To the summit of meridian blaze;
 The beastly King he would let loose or tie,
 Just as his lever seemed inclined to ply;
 He was the King's machine, his time and clock,
 And helped to bring Ann Boylen to the block;
 She lost her head, and that in dire disgrace,
 But soon another Queen supplied her place.
 But God who saw his secret thoughts aspire,
 Soon quelled the vengeance of unhallowed fire,
 The King arrested the infernal fiend,
 And so remained unconscious of his end,
 Till death had nip'd with one decisive blow,
 The vile, perfidious, unrelenting foe.
 This shows at once, our state in every hour,
 When in subjection to a tyrant's power,
 Death is nigh to give the fatal blow,
 Whene'er the tyrant says it must be so—
 One hour may gild us with unbounded praise,
 Or one short hour may terminate our days;

* Cardinal Wolsey.

Therefore vain man, the safest way's to be,
 Each hour prepared to face eternity;
 Make all things straight before that dreadful day,
 For here or there you'll have the debt to pay:
 Earthly dross can't buy a heavenly place,
 Without the aid of some internal grace;
 Down below, the usurer is driven,
 And up ascends the beggarman to heaven.
 When Wolsey fell, another lark* appeared,
 That neither God, nor any man had feared,
 Who wrote a book to justify divorce,
 And urged old Harry to pursue his course;
 No doubt the King, a recompense as large,
 Had given Cranmer in his holy charge;
 He held the keys, and all dominion too,
 In Church and State, to magnify the few
 Who did adhere to the established laws
 The King got made to justify his cause;
 Though Cranmer spliced the King and Ann before,
 Just at the block he said she was a whore,
 And that her marriage had unlawful been,
 And by all means she could not be a Queen.
 Not long before, since he had made the fit,
 And proved his point indeed by holy writ;
 And so the work went on, with force and haste,
 The Queens were bad or otherwise unchaste,
 Beheaded many through revenge and ire,
 'Till female blood had made a reservoir,
 O dear, how well the gentleman could hit,
 The surest passage to perdition's pit.
 But this vile imp† had got a headlong fall,
 And paid to Mary afterwards for all,
 When Ann, the King had to the slaughter led,
 And by his laws condemned to lose her head,
 A cruel wretch with an uplifted axe,
 Required of her to pay the fatal tax,

* Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, promoted to this dignity by Henry.

† Cranmer.

And with one stroke he made her head to fly,
 The hateful King had fated her to die.
 She left one pledge behind, a blessed dove,
 And spurious offspring of unholy love,
 And when poor Ann was writhing on the block,
 Old Harry thought to raise another stock;
 'Twas when he saw with unremitting pain,
 The killing glances of angelic Jane;
 The match was made and every thing to please,
 And Cranmer spliced them with the greatest ease;
 She died, did well, or else her life she'd stake,
 To get a duck for the adulterous drake,
 And from the assortment in his poultry box,
 He fed deliciously the dainty fox;
 But oh, how Cranmer knew his time and place,
 At every feast he said a solemn grace,
 And every time he would oblige the King,
 To tie the knot or to untie the string,
 Another pullet would supply the place
 Of the last killed and branded with disgrace.
 When Jane was dead, he then applied to Ann;*
 He knew she wanted a superior man.
 His former wives she knew had little luck;
 But, still, old Harry was a strenuous buck.
 When Cranmer came to give the King his aid,
 No time was lost before the match was made.
 For seven long months they lived as man and wife,
 Though not without some very serious strife.
 She had no faults that he could tell or name;
 But his love cooled, and that was all the same.
 The pliant Cranmer, with his potent breath,
 Divorced the pair as if divorced by death.
 Then, Harry parted his angelic Ann,
 And sent her off to seek some other man.
 But oh, my friends, the King was not a coward,
 He next consulted his sweet Catharine Howard,
 A handsome dame possessing every grace,
 With great attraction in her blooming face.

* Ann of Cleves, Anno, 1539

Soon Cranmer came, and in a gorgeous style,
 The King much pleased with the Archbishop's smile,
 He tied again the beastly reprobate,
 With much content to his beloved Kate;
 'Twas well, if things had long continued so,
 But mortals have no happiness below.
 Some curious thoughts had entered Harry's head,
 As heretofore about his marriage bed;
 Suspiciously he viewed the marriage state,
 Of rakish, roguish, roving, ranting Kate,
 And as she failed in raising him some stock,
 He had consigned her to the fatal block,
 Where the old wretch, with one descending blow,
 Cut off her head to terminate her woe.
 That stopped old Cranmer in his usual course,
 To give the King another sound divorce.
 Courageous Henry wooed another Kate,*
 The sixth and last that put him out of date;
 The Godless tyrant and inhuman brute,
 Commenced with her another fresh dispute.
 Before his death, he thought to antedate,
 The dreadful doom of his angelic Kate,
 But death approached to end the sad dispute,
 And lifeless left the vile disgusting brute.
 Now reader think, and try, can you define,
 The church he built, or can it be divine.
 Now holy writ declares without dispute,
 A tree corrupted, bears corrupted fruit;
 As Henry lived a beast, he died a brute.

Another character appeared on the stage of activity during King Henry's reign; and not to place his name in the catalogue of reformers, would be a culpable omission. The individual to whom I have reference, was Thomas Cromwell, a better instrument in the hands of an unprincipled tyrant, to carry out the work of desolation and devastation, could not come within the stretch of his imagina-

* Catharine Parr.

tion. He surpassed all men in acts of perfidy, barbarity, cruelty and invention. He outstripped the English nobility in the chase of emulation. His craft and ingenuity, threw a halo of dazzling brilliancy around him, and around all his operations, which contaminated all the efforts of his competitors. He eclipsed his cotemporaries in the King's estimation, as the planet Jupiter does any of its revolving satellites. Henry, the chief and arch reformer, sent Cromwell to inspect the monasteries, such then were the depositories of education, devotion, and immovable virtue, and such, had been the shelter and protection of the widow and orphan, and after his return to Henry, he gave such a horrid account of that virtuous and religious body, that Henry gave him toleration to plunder and murder that virtuous people, indiscriminately; regardless of sanctity, condition, age or infirmity. No doubt, he and Henry consummated the plan, before inspection. The task was finished by Cromwell, with dispatch, vehemence and intolerance, for which he received the thanks and approbation of Henry. He was detested by the Lords and Nobles of England, not for his atrocities, but for the prerogative he had from the King. Being under the King's protection, he was inaccessible to their meditated destruction. Cromwell sprung from an obscure parentage, the brightest jewel in his pedigree is, that he was the son of a blacksmith, but in dividing the plundered spoil between himself and the King, through that self avariciousness, which is natural to man, Cromwell kept an extravagant share to himself, which displeased the King, and hastened to bring Cromwell to the block. The day of retribution came; Divine Providence, that demolishes wicked operations, silenced the gentleman. Henry looked with an evil eye upon the magnitude of his riches, sent him to the tower, and afterwards to the block; the just reward of his invention and cruelty. Now, dear reader, take candidly into con-

sideration the works of the Arch Reformer and his co-laborers in establishing the Reformation, and say whether it can be divine or otherwise. Luther, a Dominican priest, who violated his vows of chastity, charity, honesty, humility, obedience, celibacy and devotion, and caused Catharine De Bore, a professed Nun, whose vows were nearly equivalent to Luther's, to do the same; and look on the other hand, on Henry the VIII., who, impiously, wantonly, and presumptuously, after decapitating his wives, assumed the dignity of Pope—then ask yourself, can the English Reformation be a Divine institution, or not. Henry and Luther are the hinges, or, in other words, the Peter and Paul of the Reformation.

Edward the Sixth's Reign.

When Henry died he left a Royal heir,
And placed him under the assiduous care
Of a protector, to direct his youth,
And train his Edward in the ways of truth.
But, be it known, that Eddy was no sage,
As wanting something of ten years of age.
When Edward's mother had been put to bed,
Then to bring forth the Royal monster Ned,
Some wreck of Nature caused poor Ned to lie
In his close cave, which made the mother die:
When the Doctor saw the inevitable state,
He then reported her approaching fate;
And told the King how matters then had been,
That he could save the child, or else the Queen,
But, in spite of aid, the case is really so,
To save the Queen, the child will have to go;
Therefore, my liege, the case you may decide,
We'll cut the baby from the mother's side;
The King replied, "Now use your utmost care,
To save if possible my royal heir;
If it be an heir, it will me highly please,
He can inherit these, my heavenly keys;

He'll rule triumphantly both church and state,
 Behead his Queen or hang the rebrobate :
 Gut, cut and torture, let the work be done,
 And so it will, if it be his daddy's son ;*
 The royal babe you save, or else you fly,
 It is allotted that the Queen shall die."
 Then sure enough, the Doctor, like a Turk,
 Returned quick, and went at once to work ;
 Approached with confidence the royal bed,
 Despatched his Queen, and saved his little Ned ;
 A tiny thing, and of a puny race,
 With a small head, and very little face.
 Nature, then, in mourning, wore a scarf,
 For making Ned a diminutive dwarf ;
 But all defects were only made to please,
 When the King gave Ned his new angelic keys,
 Some blacksmith made, and of the brightest steel,
 And which extended to poor Neddy's heel.
 What present happiness and future hope,
 Could be expected from this little Pope ?
 Then, the Pope, together with the Duke,
 Made serious laws would make a donkey puke.
 They were assisted by good Cranmer too,
 Who married Dick, till everything was blue,
 As new inventions did require a change,
 When rusty metals operated strange—
 O ! the new creed and articles were bad,
 And those that framed them must be raging mad ;
 They went to work as to amend the whole,
 To set things right, to sanctify the soul ;
 The law was made with very little strife,
 That every man may take a blooming wife ;
 That lying alone was destitute of grace,
 And no assistance to the human race ;
 And then with more than ordinary brass,
 They did reject the sacrifice of mass.
 This, of course, was pious Cranmer's choice,
 Without a nay or a dissenting voice ;

* Henry's son.

'Twas passed and sanctioned by the holy trine,
 And then, of course, 'twas ratified divine.
 Then Cranmer had indeed a hidden frow,
 Of German stuff, that did a mountain grow,
 Whom he brought o'er and packed her in a box,
 The wily, knavish, and notorious fox.
 He bored the lid, that ventilating air,
 Could have access to every corner there.
 He feared his frow would suffocated be,
 For want of air while crossing o'er the sea.
 She felt so snug within her narrow cage,
 A proper place, agreeable to her age ;
 But when the sailors did the ship unload,
 As one stout case the place of her abode,
 Was so constructed, that a waggish tar,
 That found no pleasure but in cries of war,
 Attracted notice, and he fain would know,
 The place of living of the German frow ;
 By its construction, thought it was designed,
 For something strange that was in it confined.
 The sailors all at once did condescend
 To set the box upon its very end ;
 When Jack had fixed the box upon the quay,
 Her head was down—her heels the other way :
 But lo ! what then, some groans were heard inside,
 That added murmur to the rushing tide ;
 Then Jack cried out, " There is a something here,
 That men and angels have a need to fear.
 The lad's unchained, and left the lower place,
 And fixed himself within this curious case ;"
 " I say," cried Jack, " As we are now in port,
 We'll set him loose and have a little sport ;"
 He struck the case with one tremendous blow,
 And outward fell the huge, prodigious frow.
 Then, there she lay, and seemed without a breath,
 The sailors ran and terrified to death ;
 Poor Cranmer watched her with the greatest care,
 And to restore her made a handsome prayer ;
 No wonder, then, he would renounce for life,
 The church would keep him from a handsome wife,

The pliant crew and sacrilegious trine,
 Were Ned's protectors and the old divine,
 Did all they could to antedate the doom,
 And Godlike virtues of the church of Rome.
 But all in vain, she cannot err or fall,
 As being protected by the Lord of all ;
 For now she is, as she was heretofore,
 And so remain she will for evermore.
 The ungrateful villain and invidious Duke,
 Whose daring deeds had merited rebuke ;
 The baneful, guileful, hateful, hurtful fiend,
 Had been forsaken by his nearest friend.
 Warwick wrought to terminate his days,
 And marked his actions and his erring ways ;
 And well succeeded in his grand design,
 To make the Duke his guardianship resign ;
 He was imprison'd in a loathsome tower,
 And there divested of his pride and power,
 He there remained to muse and meditate,
 On all the acts that brought him to that state.
 The church he robbed, the priest and pious monk,
 And every virtue under him had sunk.
 Every one his misery did mock,
 Till fate consigned him to the fatal block,
 A lasting warning and a proper guide,
 To men inflated with imperious pride.
 Edward's reign had terminated soon,
 Who left behind his papa's heavenly boon.
 He had been guided in the ways of sin,
 By hasty, brutal and rapacious men.
 Though, then the Duke was his pretended guide,
 An odious monster on the other side ;
 Polluted all, and leavened every lump,
 Who always played a very heavy trump ;
 Though well he played and understood the game,
 Though green his laurels, and though great his fame ;
 He was apprised of his approaching end,
 That blazing faggots would consume the fiend.
 He died full fledged with every vile disgrace,
 O ! one great villain of the human race.

The death-like Edward of a puny size,
 Showed signs and wonders in his face and eyes.
 His hollow cough, and shortness of his breath,
 Had indicated his approaching death.
 Then, Northumberland, with pretended fear,
 Approached his bed, but could not force a tear ;
 Said he, " My liege, as you will soon decay,
 Bequeath your crown to comely Jenny Gray.
 All our works Queen Mary will deface,
 And our new church will have no sign of grace :
 Now, Bess you know, is Catholic at heart
 She'll do her best, and act the roguish part,
 Unless you do contaminate the will,
 Of your great sire, with consummated skill.
 Your holy keys will get a doleful doom,
 And all will turn to the church of Rome.
 Let Jane enjoy with gratitude of heart,
 Your keys and kingdom after you depart."

The dying Edward had complied withal,
 To save his church from a disgraceful fall.
 They sent for Mary and for spurious Bess,
 The virgin Queen whom God did never bless ;
 Then to arrest them when within their power,
 And then to convey them to the loathsome tower ;
 Confine them there, or bring them to the block,
 For their attachment to the holy rock.
 Whom God appointed in his heavenly dome,
 The first great shepherd of the church of Rome.
 Ah ! Bess did change, the pleasing, pliant dove,
 And spurious offspring of unlawful love.
 Arundel sent some noble, cautious stranger,
 To warn Mary of approaching danger ;
 He also said, that Jane to her disgrace,
 Had been elected in Queen Mary's place ;
 And also said, that Edward had been dead
 For three long days, still nothing yet was said,
 To mar their pleasure, if arrested were
 The royal pair who were expected there,
 And at her peril to reverse her course,
 And find a refuge from some other source.

Enough was said, then Mary raised the cry,
 That she'd be Queen, or otherwise she'd die;
 That Lady Jane intruded on her crown,
 And cast on her a supercilious frown,
 Demanded justice, destitute of spleen,
 To aid her efforts and to make her Queen;
 No vile intrigues can e'er derange or kill
 My father's laws, or abrogate his will.
 She rode in haste, and did to Suffolk go,
 To brave the efforts of her daring foe.
 And her proclaim the Sovereign and Queen,
 Free and divested of despotic spleen,
 The day before they had decreed the sway,
 And good election of their Jenny Gray,
 Their answer back was far from being sincere,
 Still all their efforts could not bring despair.
 She stood determined and courageous too,
 Against the faithless and perfidious crew,
 In spite of fraud, and of corrupted men,
 They crowned Queen Mary and rejected Jane.
 Mary was beset on every side,
 By a ferocious and rebellious tide
 Of wayward, warlike, vicious, daring men,
 The spacious fountain of egregious sin,
 The army, navy, and reformers all,
 Were then determined to complete her fall;
 Cranmer laid the deep destructive plot,
 But in his viles the viper had been caught.
 His new made creed he did at once forsake,
 When blazing faggots at the burning stake
 Brought death in view, 'twas then the viper cried,
 "O Lord of mercy, my transgressions hide,
 To Thee I cry, for all thy mercy's sake,
 To look with pity on this blazing stake;
 I am a sinner of an awful dye,
 For mercy! mercy! I sincerely cry:
 I broke thy laws and disobeyed thy will,
 I knew 'twas wrong, but persevering still,
 I tried to trample on thy holy church,
 And quench the halo of thy radiant torch;

Let every sinner now attend and gaze,
 On this sad awful and tremendous blaze,
 The just reward of all unrighteous men,
 Who practice error and encourage sin ;
 And here I die to my eternal shame,
 'Midst blazing sheets and floods of raging flame ;
 Pray all good christians for Jehovah's sake,
 To grant me mercy at this burning stake."'
 I hope they did, and if repentance came,
 He paid for all in that tremendous flame.
 Was Mary better than her darling sire,
 When she approved of that consuming fire ?
 Could not she let the erring man to live,
 And not to take the life she could not give ?
 She was the get of the infernal lad,*
 And by inheritance she should be had.
 The Queen approved of his atrocious fate,
 Or made him perish in that awful state.
 Then Mary's reign had terminated soon,
 And left no issue to enjoy the boon ;
 She thought it better then to walk with ease,
 Than hear the clanking of the modern keys.
 She had deserted that forlorn hope,
 And threw the blessing on the reigning Pope,
 Such by succession had a right to be,
 In the possession of the holy see,
 And all attempts to make another fit,
 Would prove to be another counterfeit.
 Her papa's keys no longer could she trace,
 By backward steps, than to his royal grace,
 Who got them made according to his plan,
 For the protection of his comely Ann ;
 The change of Queens had brought them into play,
 And they possess them to this very day.
 The simple maid, how solemnly she saith,
 Now I am Queen, defender of the faith,
 And show no blush for such a spurious act,
 Proves nature's frail, to be a certain fact,

At her demise, the crown transferred to dress
 The angel brow of sweet angelic Bess—
 As robbing churches and destroying the poor,
 Had been the object of that graceless wh***.

Queen Elizabeth's Reign.

When Mary died she left no heir behind,
 But a dear sister of a spurious kind—
 With force and fraud depicted in her face,
 A spurious get and destitute of grace.
 In Edward's reign, the hypocritic Bess
 Would always wear a very simple dress,
 She was the protest of the highest grade,
 That sung his hymns and prayed as Edward pray'd ;
 A stiff, unbending protestant had been
 The gracious, godly, and unerring Queen,
 When Mary did ascend the royal throne,
 Then her sweet lute did yield another tone ;
 The new fledged carmorant—a modern creed,
 They clogg'd together in the time of need,
 Will soon dissolve into perpetual gloom,
 And naught can flourish but the Church of Rome.
 The Lord of Hosts to it succession gave,
 In spite of hell it stands substantial—save
 Few withered limbs that fell by some mishap,
 Dry, rotten stuff, and destitute of sap—
 These words she said, and with devotion too
 Then struck her breast and prayed till all was blue.
 The pious Bess could change with every wind,
 And execrate the point she left behind—
 She prayed like Edward in his palmy days,
 And turned with Mary when he lost the keys.
 At th' very thought of any venial sin,
 To show how Bess would be affected then,
 She built a church within her royal house,
 The virgin Queen that never was a spouse,
 A pious priest officiated there,
 With heavenly zeal and free from worldly care ;

In every way he taught her how to rule,
 But Bess indeed had been a stubborn mule,
 She seemed inclined to act as he had said,
 And much disgusted at her brother Ned,
 For his false creed, and the attention paid
 To it through folly, by the royal maid ;
 On bended knees she prayed with fervent hope,
 To damn poor Ned and bless the reigning Pope ;
 But oh ! my friends, she soon forgot the whole,
 And strove herself to sanctify the soul.
 The virgin Queen with such amazing speed,
 Had cancelled Ned's and made another creed,
 When foreign Kings declared that she had been,
 A lawful Sovereign and a British Queen ;
 Full up of joy, and of exalted hope,
 She sent an Envoy to the reigning Pope,
 To know at once what was the sovereign doom,
 Pronounced on her within imperial Rome ;
 The Pope refused then to proclaim her Queen,
 Which had excited an amazing spleen
 In Betsy's heart, and in its inmost core,
 To think her mother had been made a wh*** ;
 Though her great sire had passed a legal act,
 That proved conclusively the very fact.
 Another act appeared in Mary's reign,
 To the effect that she could not be Queen.
 The Pope declining, caused a great alarm,
 And showed that Betsey was a bastard born.
 With rage unbounded and exceeding haste,
 She tied a fillet round her slender waist,
 There hung her keys which cast a brilliant glow,
 And made herself an independent foe,
 Defied the Pope and all his heavenly laws,
 His solemn scruples would not suit her cause ;
 His long succession she would overthrow,
 With one indignant and decisive blow,
 She had her keys and made so well to fit,
 The massy gate of the infernal pit ;
 No imp in hell hatched malice half so great,
 As the lustful, hurtful, hateful reprobate.

The Pope refusing to give Bess his aid,
 Provoked exceedingly the royal maid ;
 She thought it better to renounce the church,
 Than rest contaminated in the lurch.
 Another case that aggravated Bess,
 And on her mind so heavily did press,—
 The beauteous Mary who was Queen of Scots,
 Kept her quite busy in contriving plots.
 The Queen of Scots was also Queen of France,
 Who, by right, had much a better chance
 To sit as Queen upon the British throne,
 For spurious Betty I am sure had none ;
 She was grand-niece indeed to wicked Harry,
 Who had six wives and yet a mind to marry ;
 She liv'd a christian in angelic bloom,
 And in communion with the Church of Rome.
 O what mishap the Queen of Scots did try,
 Yet branded Bess had fated her to die.
 To tell her woes requires a heavenly muse,
 Whose soothing song would make us to peruse
 Her sad afflictions in a heavenly dress,
 And all inflicted by ungodly Bess.
 No other imp excepting Bess alone,
 Whose heart was callous or was made of stone,
 Could be so cruel to the worst of foes,
 Or use such means to aggravate her woes,
 Insult, misfortune, and increase distress,
 But the unrighteous and ungodly Bess,
 Who took delight, and to her own disgrace,
 In the afflictions of the human race.
 The Queen of Scots was married to a Prince,
 And heir apparent to the throne of France ;
 It is inserted on historic page,
 She was the Venus of her sex and age,
 He died regretted and beloved by all,
 Who heard lamented his untimely fall.
 Then home to Scotland beauteous Mary came,
 Strewed with laurels and unfaded fame ;
 Convulsive factions had deranged the place,
 And clip'd the pinions of harmonious peace ;

Knox had preached his reformation there,
 The pious monk was certainly sincere ;
 Though Bess and he had widely disagreed
 In framing then an everlasting creed,
 They both conspired to fabricate the doom,
 And sad destruction of the Church of Rome.
 Her subjects then in great rebellion rose,
 And in succession woes succeeded woes ;
 Then Mary fled in hopes to find redress,
 And safe protection from her cousin Bess.
 Alas ! the Queen was disappointed there,
 As being arrested like a hunted hare,
 Confined, immured within a lonesome jail,
 Reproached, insulted, destitute of bail,
 She there remained for nineteen years in dread,
 Till godless Betsey did cut off her head,
 Contrived afflictions still enduring there,
 Yet soothed down by penitence and prayer,
 Her pure devotion o'er the fatal block,
 Allayed the venom of the awful shock ;
 With hands uplifted, and no silence broke,
 Still praising God, until the fatal stroke
 Cut off the head of Mary, Queen of Scots,
 Who fell a victim to designing plots.
 Such was the Queen who made a holy creed,
 To save poor sinners in the time of need—
 Such was the honest and unspotted Queen,
 The pious virgin destitute of spleen,
 Such was the Queen who had Saint Peter's keys,
 Fixed and suspended to her silken stays ;
 If God allowed her to enjoy her place,
 'Twas for the good of all her suffering race,
 For by long suffering, we may purify
 Our sinful acts, and be prepared to die.

Whitaker, the Protestant historian and divine,
 made the following remarks :—" The legal murder
 of Mary Queen of Scots, that took place on the
 8th of February, 1587, a day of everlasting in-
 famy to the English Queen who had no sensibility

of tenderness, and no sentiments of generosity; who looked not upon the awful verdict of history; and who shuddered not at the infinitely more awful doom of God. I blush, as an Englishman, to think this was done by an English Queen, and one whose name I was taught to lisp in my infancy, as the honor of her sex, and the glory of her Isle."

When Harry ruin'd, the Abbeys every where,
Wherein the needy get their usual fare;
In wretchedness the creatures had to roam,
Friendless, helpless, heartless, without a home,
No friend was left to mitigate their grief,
No Priest, no Monk, no other pious Chief;
The vicious Queen had passed a penal law,
Authorizing agents, every place they saw
Such rambling bands, to punish and subdue,
And show no mercy to the wandering crew;
Gut, rack and torture, let such be the fate
Of every rambler who annoys the state;
With red hot irons brand them on the skin,
So as you'll know them if they beg again;
And don't attempt to spare the other sex,
Whose groans of pity would a christian vex.
But if such creatures will admit my creed,
With great abundance you supply their need;
But be you sure they do with ecstasy,
Admit my laws and my supremacy.
A penal law she passed against the creed,
Or new made faith with her's that disagreed,
As some new doctrines overreached the mark,
And killed the growth of every holy spark
That Bess invented, for preserving grace,
In her new creed, they kicked them out of place;
Her strange compound, as Knox and others too,
Who thought her articles would never do.
But Bess inclined angelically then,
To stop the prating of such daring men;
The final laws, compelling them to be
In due submission to supremacy

Which Betsy claimed, and had St. Peter's keys,
 As good credentials to her satin stays.
 They dare not pout, but always should express
 That holy angels had assisted Bess.
 The haughty tyrant and relentless foe,
 Had then suggested a decisive blow;
 The vile, pernicious, and unhallowed maid,
 Called in four Bishops* to her sacred aid,
 Commissioned them, her own supremacy
 Then to maintain, and force her stern decree.
 Not Rome alone, but every purblind owl
 That hoots and halloos for his neighbor's fowl,
 Who'll dare oppose, or preach against my creed,
 You make him suffer for the heinous deed;
 If he'll pursue, and other creeds abet,
 He'll fall a victim to this royal pet.
 The Bishops went, and with a Vandal torch,
 Not made of pine, or any kindling birch:
 But, stern decrees to hang—not hesitate—
 All ranting preachers that annoy the state.
 That did deny the Queen's supremacy,
 Were launched at once into eternity.
 Religion's a thing that should not interfere,
 As most men guard it with devoted care.
 'Tis with his Maker man must rise or fall,
 To you no matter how he thinks, at all,
 Be this your aim, and do maintain it still,
 Love you the man who loves his Maker's will,
 And tries to do it with affected zeal,
 Perhaps he acts as he does inward feel;
 If he be wrong, don't you intend to force
 The stubborn man into another course;
 Every man should have his conscience free,
 Keep clear your own, and let his conscience be;
 If your advice he ask, be you sincere,
 Further you have no right to interfere.
 The saints of God were all the time in gloom,
 And praying protection for the Church of Rome;

* I suppose the Bishops were of her own consecration.

There was no safety or no other chance,
 But either die, or emigrate to France.
 The Queen, who shook in a convulsive fit,
 Unchained the Hydra in the lower pit,
 Let loose the lad among the human race,
 And oft director in her royal place.
 He was her guide, companion, and her friend,
 The damned, infernal, hellish, hateful fiend.
 Some awful fear and persecution then,
 Destroyed, deranged, and persecuted men
 Of wealth, of fame, of honor, and of weight,
 That left them dead, or made them desolate ;
 A Queen ferocious with satanic spleen,
 Impious, vile, dogmatical, and keen,
 Displayed no mercy, but soon filled the tower
 With noted saints who came within her power ;
 First she tried the experimental rack,
 And placed the victim on his tender back ;
 Three feet beneath the oaken frame, she bound
 Her trembling victim on the level ground,
 And raised him then, with ropes of certain length,
 With great contrivance, and amazing strength,
 His hands and feet extended to the frame,
 And screwed with levers to the very same ;
 He there remained as if he were insane,
 Without a drink to hebetate his pain ;
 Then asked some question by the hellish crew,
 Which were unsolved, and which he never knew ;
 Such being displeasing to the wicked den,
 The bones were started from their sockets then,
 And so remained emaciated fast,
 Till he expired in agony at last,

Elizabeth and Ireland.

When Bess destroyed the saints she had at home,
 She thought it prudent then at once to come
 To this conclusion : That she would defile
 The faith and morals of the Emerald Isle ;
 That bastard Queen sent o'er her bastard creed,
 Either to convert them, or to make them bleed ;

A spawn that oozed from Pluto's dark abode,
 Each a devil, but a pretended God,
 All preaching error in the strongest tones,
 With eyes uplifted, and convulsive groans;
 Strange contortions they displayed, and wrath,
 And clamorous words had made the saints to froth;
 They cried aloud that Betsy had been Queen—
 A saint interior, with angelic mein,
 Who was appointed, from her heavenly birth,
 To hold the keys, and guide us all on earth.
 She calls on sinners, ere they do miscarry
 The spurious daughter of old wicked Harry,
 To join at once her own immortal creed,
 And to be happy that is all they need;
 "You'll have peace on earth, won't be tossed or
 driven,
 And after death you'll surely go to heaven."
 O! gracious God, eternal, good and great,
 How could you leave us in that awful state?
 Wayward wanderers in old age and youth,
 Without a glimpse of thy eternal truth;
 For fifteen hundred years we were astray,
 Till Martin Luther had found out the way,
 Though wicked Harry were the Engineer,
 Who levelled all and made the passage clear,
 And left behind a scorpion of his spawn,
 To keep his keys within her snowy lawn.
 Where are the saints, or what has been their doom,
 The martyred heroes of the Church of Rome.
 Six counties then were subject to the Pale,
 And all exertions heretofore did fail,
 To place the rest in subjugation too,
 In spite of all that government could do.
 All Englishmen, of Irish birth indeed,
 Were then opposed to her erroneous creed.
 She called a Parliament, but all did fail,
 It only hurried a tremendous gale;
 Nought could she do to mitigate the spleen
 That they had cherished for the spurious Queen,
 For her intrusion on a holy cause,
 By wicked, dreadful, and infernal laws.

One creed, till then, supplied the human race ;
 On all the globe there was no second place.
 One God, one faith, one Shepherd, and one fold,
 Sufficed, till then, for both the young and old ;
 No idle drones had lived in whited hives,
 Till Harry made them by beheading wives ;
 Though he and Edward had their creeds defined,
 Both were altered, and by Bess refined.
 No wonder, then, the Irish would refuse
 So strange a creed from coming into use.
 The gracious Queen, if I may call her so,
 Used every art to aggravate their woe ;
 But on destruction she had called aloud,
 In every place where there had been a crowd.
 She wished herself for every kind of gain,
 When she had heard of each bespangled plain—
 Elysian groves, where gods immortal stray,
 And wood-nymphs frolic when inclined to play ;
 The purling rills that there perpetual flow,
 And scenes of pleasure mitigating woe,
 Compelled each stranger who had seen the land,
 Or placed his foot upon the golden strand—
 To spend his days by an attracting charm,
 In Erin's Isle, remote from future harm.
 Therefore, I say, to each who risks his life,
 Or leaves a sweetheart, mother or a wife,
 That verdant lawns or flowery meads must pay,
 This, my assurance, ere you go away.
 Whate'er you vanquish of that beauteous soil.
 Must pay the soldier for his daring toil ;
 Spare no creature, neither young nor old,
 That won't my creed with ecstasy uphold.
 But, you proclaim that every man is free
 Who will accept of my supremacy ;
 Such fine expressions from a Junior Pope,
 Exciting courage, and inspiring hope
 In Dennis, Daniel, Jimmy, Jake, and Bob,
 And every donky, then to kill and rob.
 All at once the cobbler dropped his awl,
 And much astonished at his sovereign's call,

Allured by gain he thought to take the field,
 Encased himself within a specious shield;
 The tinker too, and greedy cook, could find
 No rest or peace, if they remained behind.
 A host of locusts, ready to defile,
 Had sailed to land and rob on Erin's Isle.
 When landed there, the locusts did devour
 The sweetest things, for there was nothing sour;
 The new-made creed they preached with ecstacy,
 And—sure enough—the Queen's supremacy.
 The great O'Neill had been the polar star,
 And Sampson's pillar of the Irish war.
 The haughty Queen had sent then to O'Neill,
 Her crafty Knowls, to see could he prevail,
 With a proposal from perfidious Bess,
 Though guilt and guile were couched in her address;
 Yet, varnished o'er with an alluring hope,
 She meditated nothing but the rope;
 And which that Prince suspected would have been,
 If he submitted to the godless Queen.
 Then Knowls spoke thus: "Great chief of all the
 north,
 Of valor, honor, dignity and worth,
 My gracious Queen directed me to tell
 She does admire you, and respects you well,
 O! mighty Prince, of an illustrious race,
 And blazing comet of your native place;
 And, more than that, she will confer on you
 More titles, honors, riches,—and, in lieu,
 She does require that you'd submission show,
 That mutual friendship may together grow.
 To your success directed all have been,
 The mighty efforts of my gracious Queen."
 Then spoke the Prince: "How dare your Queen
 insult,
 I say that time will show the dire result;
 To my own laurels she could add no more
 Than long succession has conferr'd before.
 Go, tell your Queen her force will have to fly,
 Or all O'Neill will subjugate, or die."

The Queen had known O'Neill would not give way,
 Or e'er acknowledge her unlawful sway,
 Or yield obedience to presumptuous Bess,
 Who spoke so feelingly in her address.
 She then detached a strong, effective force—
 As she had failed in every other course,
 And found that carresses would not prevail—
 Then to attack the illustrious chief, O'Neill.
 These troops, so loyal to the British crown,
 Had fixed their quarters then in Derry town,
 And then prepared to strike the fatal blow,
 Would prove destructive to a mighty foe.
 O'Neill at once determined to defeat
 The vile intruders on his own estate;
 Convened his men, and led himself the way,
 And proved successful in the dire affray.
 The foreign foes who came to Derry then,
 Were nought but demons in the shape of men,
 Of the Church of God they made a magazine,
 And the saintly inmates* turned out had been.
 Against this sacrilege, and great offence,
 Great God himself had taken a defence;
 And such poor wretches He in wisdom taught,
 What all their sins and wickedness had brought
 Upon themselves. Without a spark or coal,
 The Church exploded and destroyed the whole.
 Each fiend expired that had been then unblest,
 And the vile Colonel† perished with the rest.
 A dreadful strife existed then between
 (Which gave advantage to the godless Queen,)
 Two mighty chiefs of high renown and fame,
 Which aided Bess in her disastrous scheme.
 Two noble chiefs, of high Melisian blood,
 That nought polluted since the direful flood,
 Were then at war, tremendous to relate,
 The spleen impending was of ancient date.
 As bitter feuds from various channels flow,
 And oft a friend has turned out a foe;

* Priests and Monks.

† Randolph.

O'Donnell, aided by perfidious Bess,
 Restrained O'Neill, and left him in distress.
 The mighty Prince had been constrained to go,
 And seek protection of an ancient foe.*
 The unfaithful Scot had offered him his aid,
 And all pretensions to protection made;
 Too soon, alas! the Scot was known to lie,
 Th' ill-fated Prince he fated then to die.
 A host of men dispatched the Irish chief,
 'Twixt life and death the time was very brief.
 Then, there fell a Prince without disgrace,
 The best and bravest of the human race,
 Whose name, inserted on historic page,
 Stands unsullied in this present age;
 And he'll continue till the end of time,
 The boast of Erin, that condemns the crime.
 O'Neill no sooner was considered dead,
 Than murderous chiefs had then cut off his head,
 In hopes of gain, or through some other spleen,
 It was presented to the godless Queen,
 Or to her deputy, her favorite toy,
 Who had received it with exceeding joy.
 Stuck on a pole the head was seen from thence,†
 Of that illustrious, noble Chief and Prince.
 How hard, indeed, it is now to relate,
 That he had met with such untimely fate.
 A Prince, descended from a kingly race,
 The strength and bulwark of his native place;
 The Prince no more, but in remembrance held
 By every chieftain not inclined to yield.

* O'Neill, as being attacked by O'Donnell, M'Guire, of Ferraugh, and Elizabeth's troops, was so hemmed in that he sought protection among the Scotch. Before this time, he killed their Chief in battle, James M'Donnell; and, secondly, he took his brother, Surly Boy M'Donnell prisoner, and afterwards gave him his liberty. The Scotch were assembled, at this time, in northern Cloneboy, under the command of Alexander M'Donnell, A. D. 1567. They were in number 700 men, and to their utter shame and ignominy they dispatched the Chief, and sent his head to Elizabeth's deputy.

† In Dublin.

Another Chief of that illustrious race
 Had been selected to supply his place ;
 The appointed Chief, with careful plans, did show
 His great exertion to defeat the foe.
 Whilst thus preparing to renew the fight,
 With force effective, and redoubled might ;
 When thus engaged, a sad design or chance
 Restrained the Chief, that he could not advance,
 As he was shot, which did the Chieftain maim ;
 A casual act, or some designing aim
 Had then prevented the unsetting star
 To face the foe, or carry on the war,
 Till time restored him to his former state,
 Vigorous, active, warlike, good and great.
 The Chief appear'd, and willing then to go
 And face at once the vile intriguing foe ;
 Such bold designs intimidated all,
 As such denoted their immediate fall.
 The deputy sent his commissioners then,
 The best and wisest of his leading men,
 To establish peace—obliterate the strife,
 And spare the husband for the faithful wife ;
 This put an end to all impending fate,
 That seemed to threaten and destroy the state.

*Thomas Smith, an Englishman, and the Queen's
 Counsellor.*

Avaricious Smith, though having gold in store,
 Seemed discontented without having more.
 He heard his countrymen were getting rich,
 As more wants more, and more is not too much ;
 He asked the Queen, would she permission grant,
 To his own son, that did permission want,
 To plant himself within that fairy Isle,
 And, like the rest, to fatten on the soil.
 She gave consent, and yet her blessing too,
 To junior Smith and his advent'rous crew :
 With this injunction, to observe with care
 The Book of Books, her Book of Common Prayer,

A heavenly guide to yon celestial vault,
 She culled, she drained, and left without a fault.
 Smith hoisted sail, and when the shore espied,
 And viewed the motion of the rolling tide,
 Where singing sirens, dissipating care,
 Are seen in myriads every moment there,
 With flowing tresses of a golden shade,
 Each half fish, and the other half a maid.
 Excessive joy had made him then to boast
 Of all the beauties of the Irish coast;
 And so well pleased, and so rejoiced was he,
 That with his bulls he held a jubilee,
 Expecting then to fatten on the land,
 He jumped with joy upon the golden strand.
 Smith expected, when he sailed from Dover,
 With all his bulls to feed on Irish clover.
 But, being divested of prophetic aid,
 He placed great stress on what his Mistress said;
 Too late he found his calculations vain,
 And soon he wished he could return again.
 But then he found, with all his human freight,
 That wish he wished, was wished for rather late.
 A daring Chieftain, of a regal line,*
 Opposed the bulls with all their kindred kine,
 Repulsed, defeated, routed all the crew,
 And Smith, their leader, the bold Chieftain slew.
 He lost his life then to increase his store,
 And found the blessing Bess bestowed before
 Of little use, as to increase his purse,
 She gave no blessing but a heavy curse.
 Unhallowed hands uplifted o'er his head,
 Sent him below, and showed the man was dead.

I will give you an extract from the historian Mooney, which shows the cruelty exercised, by an English governor, on the Catholics; and by his son as well as himself. It is revolting, but true. He has quoted it from an English historian: "Francis

* Brian Mac Art O'Neal.

Cosby, being appointed governor of Leix, ruled that country as a tyrant. His son, Alexander, equalled him in cruelty, and wreaked his vengeance on inoffensive Catholics, for the hard treatment he received from O'Moore. Having convened a meeting of the principal inhabitants, in the Castle of Mollach, under pretence of public welfare, he had them all murdered by assassins posted there for the purpose, violating thereby all honor and public faith. One hundred and eighty men, of the family of O'Moore, with many others, were put to death upon this occasion. This cruel and bloody tyrant took such delight in putting Catholics to the torture, that he hanged men, women, and children, by the dozen, to an elm tree that grew before his door, at Stradbally, where he resided. He subsequently lost his life at the battle of Glendaloch."

Just at that time, the Munster men arose,
 Who were no friends, but very bitter foes.
 Fitzmaurice^{*} died, the brave intrepid Chief,
 Which plunged his country in excessive grief;
 To heal her wounds, he had reclined his head,
 And in her cause he fought, he died and bled.
 His memory lives, not in oblivion's shade,
 But in sound hearts, that oft for him have pray'd.
 Another Chief supplied the vacant post,
 Whose valor only would defeat a host;
 He was appointed for the enterprise,
 By great Fitzmaurice, ere he closed his eyes;
 A better Chief could not supply the place,
 Or give affliction then a better grace;
 The Munster heroes then together stood,
 Slightly sheltered by a shady wood;
 The deputy sent a strong detachment then,
 To force the Chief and all his valiant men,
 To quit his post or bring them face to face,
 And try his courage in his native place.

* A Southern, or Munster man.

The Chief at once appeared in bright array,
 As if determined to decide the fray.
 The fearless band had watched the guileful stranger,
 And seemed regardless of approaching danger.
 After a pause, they all concluded so—
 That they would perish or repel the foe ;
 Great Desmond then, or otherwise the brave,
 Said “ Death is better than to live a slave ;
 Grasp your steel and strike the fatal blow,
 Here comes the haughty and perfidious foe,
 Let that base Queen, who is a curse to all,
 Hear with sorrow of their doom and fall,
 Record the fray that happen’d near this wood,
 We’ll wade knee deep, this day, in human blood.”
 His men then cried, “ We will maintain the day,
 Or here we perish ere we run away.”
 The fray commenced, and dreadful was the hour,
 When man met man, with a tremendous power,
 Plied sword to sword, with a directed skill,
 And lance to lance, with an intent to kill ;
 The first attack unfavorable had been,
 To the Irish Chieftain and his valiant men,
 But soon reversed, as will be understood,
 By some conceal’d within the umbrageous wood,
 Each as a lion, bounding from his lair,
 Attack’d the flank and caused destruction there,
 Prophetic sounds from Irish Chiefs did tell,
 That Pierce and Herbert* both together fell ;
 Heaps of slain in every place was seen,
 With purple gore and crimson crested sheen,
 In wild despair few of the strangers fled,
 And left the rest to mingle with the dead.
 How oft this Chief† had fought in front and rear,
 And where he fought there was destruction there.

* The Captains of Elizabeth’s army.

† Desmond, this place, I think, has been the inheritance of a branch of the great M’Carthy family, and perhaps Sir John himself has been a M’Carthy too, but this I am not able to prove conclusively, and therefore, I will let it remain in obscurity, until I will be able to elucidate the matter more clearly.

The fall of him and his untimely fate,
 I find distressing to investigate ;
 His foes he oft subdued, and made them fly,
 Still, after all, they fated him to die,
 Marked by vengeance and vicissitude,
 He met from all at last ingratitude.
 Compelled to roam, a friendless Chief was he,
 Remote, unknown, alone, his destiny.
 Like some bright moon, can't on its planet gaze,
 When other bodies intercept the blaze ;
 Few faithful friends accompanied the Chief,
 To cheer his mind and mitigate his grief,
 Until surprised by an invidious foe,
 A spawn ascended from the pit below ;
 The cursed crew did then consign to fate,
 The good, the brave, the noble, and the great ;
 To London bridge the villains nailed his head,
 A sad example to disgrace the dead.
 The fall of Desmond caused a great alarm,
 And left the rest exposed to every harm,
 The poet Spincer had devised a plan,
 The most destructive to his fellow man,
 Which engendered pestilence and woe,
 And dreadful famine every where did grow,
 Devouring locusts did destroy the land,
 And made it barren without lime or sand,
 The withering blight communicated then,
 By foes, by strangers, and ungodly men,
 With hellish blasts, and an infernal spleen,
 Imbrowned the verdure and defiled the green.
 The Irish, then, had every thing to bear,
 In hardship's mazes, and misfortune's snare.

An investigation of the excruciating tortures of O'Hurle, Archbishop of Cashil, which, in atrocity and magnitude, fall short of what had fallen to the lot of others, and which had been practiced on those of similar dignity, after falling into the hands of Sir William Drewry. The following is to be found in O'Connell's Memoirs, A. D. 1579 :—

“ O’Hurle, Archbishop, falling into the hands of Sir William Drewry, was first tortured by having his legs immersed in jack-boots filled with quick lime, water, &c., until they were burnt to the bone, in order to force him to take the oath of supremacy; and he was then, with other circumstances of barbarity, executed on the gallows. As this martyr was dying, he told his persecutor, Drewry, that he should meet him before the tribunal of Christ, within ten days; and it came to pass that Drewry died within that time, suffering the most excruciating pains.”

When Desmond fell, who was a towering shield
To all his friends in the contested field,
The demons then, with unabated hate,—
Too bad to hold, too shocking to relate,—
As wolves, determined to destroy the fold,
They spared no creature, neither young nor old,
But seemed determined to destroy the grace
And stainless morals of the Irish race;
The better way to satisfy this end,
Each fiery, foaming, frantic, furious fiend,
Pursued his victim then to make him bleed,
Or else comply with his obnoxious creed.
Composed by Bess and her satanic aid,
Who trimmed her lamp until her creed was made;
When pious Bess had labored for the soul,
He was at hand to regulate the whole.
For what I say, there is a confirmation
In the acid fruit of England’s reformation.
Too late her creed, for our salvation wrought,
Or Christian preaching is not worth a groat;
If the ancient faith be not sincere and true,
I will go back and live a zealous Jew.
What has been taught must have been taught in vain,
Or modern humbug will afford no gain.

Confiscations by Elizabeth, on a large scale.

At length the thirst for confiscation came,
 That branded Bess with infamy and shame ;
 And her own subjects of the brightest hue,
 That did through av'rice such a course pursue.
 Desmond's estates were parceled out for sale,
 And that announced by every daily mail.
 The Queen, assisted with a code of laws,
 And being zealous in the holy cause,
 Invited every nobleman and peer,
 To take possession of an ample share
 Of the estates she would then confiscate,
 Of Irish Chiefs who seemed so obdurate,
 Who would not yield to her adopted creed,
 She though it prudent to increase their need.
 Oppressed with grief, they were compelled to roam
 In foreign lands, far from their native home.
 Their lands and treasures lavished by the Queen,
 And held by strangers ever since have been.
 But hark, my friends, and now bestow a thought,
 Such things must be to a conclusion brought ;
 This wholesale plunder can't forever last,
 The greatest horrors are already past.
 Wise, worthy Philip was then King of Spain,
 Who heard with horror and excessive pain
 The savage freaks and the infernal spleen
 Of the outrageous and ungracious Queen.
 Full up of wrath he sent then to defeat
 And try the mettle of the British fleet.
 His spacious fleet, to counteract her march,
 And watch her motions by a strenuous search ;
 But a tempestuous and unlucky gale,
 Dispersed and shattered almost every sail.
 To this effect, Boreas boisterous blew,
 And broke each mast to discomfit the crew ;
 At Neptune's will did agitate the deep,
 With a resistless and tempestuous sweep,

As if determined to augment the pain
 And sad afflictions of the King of Spain.
 The British fleet had been in Plymouth then,
 Moored and managed by experienced men ;
 No fear they felt from the tremendous roar
 Of angry seas, that lashed the sounding shore.
 Safe moored they lay, secured from every blast,
 Till all convulsions did subside at last.
 When calm succeeded the tempestuous gale,
 The British fleet had then prepared to sail ;
 This noble fleet then sailed in proper time,
 So grand, so fair, so rare, and so sublime,
 With sails extended full before the wind,
 She cleft the main, and left the land behind.
 The wind increasing every puff and blow,
 Brought her nearer to her Spanish foe.
 That fleet, though languid from tempestuous gales,
 Appeared conspicuous with her gallant sails ;
 Her royal colors, trembling in the breeze,
 Which all spectators did entirely please.
 They both appeared to seek advantage there,
 As both manœuvred with exceeding care ;
 They soon approached, and a terrific blaze,—
 Much too terrific for the coward's gaze,—
 A loud explosion from the cannon's roar,
 Had rendered trem'lous the surrounding shore.
 Destruction raged, from ship to ship—they fled,
 When some were dying, some already dead.
 Such were immersed, and got a watery bed.
 The groans and cries of those who were to die,
 Would break the heart, and irrigate the eye.
 None living then would undertake to say
 What number fell in that decisive fray.
 The Spanish fleet was forced to undergo
 A sad defeat, from a superior foe.
 Honors claimed by Englishmen decay,
 As Neptune then was fiercer still than they ;
 Inclement skies had sent them* all ashore,
 And that was worse than all they got before ;

* Spanish ships.

They crowded sail, and hoisted every sheet,
 To help the sailing of the Spanish fleet;
 When fortune favored, and the wind blew fair,
 They sought the Tagus and had anchored there.

The elements were very disastrous to the Spanish ships, before their engagement with the British fleet. A convulsive and violent storm separated the Spanish fleet before the engagement took place between them. The Spanish fleet consisted of 130 ships, some of them of stupendous magnitude. In the course of five days they had three different engagements, and after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, she met with another disastrous calamity from a violent storm on the northern coast of Ireland, on her way to the Tagus. Many of the ships were driven ashore and discomfited. Many of the sailors of the shipwrecked took shelter in the hospitable Court or Castle of O'Rourk, Prince of Breffny, and for this hospitable reception he lost his head. The English Governor demanded of O'Rourk to surrender into his hands the Spanish sailors who found shelter and protection under the friendly roof of his Castle. This the brave and noble Prince refused to do, and spurned the demand with indignation. For this refusal he was taken to England, tried, condemned, and beheaded. Before this took place, Queen Bess, of blessed memory, detained O'Rourk for some time in her Court, (being a man of gigantic size, fine features, and comely appearance,) for her nocturnal amusement and services, as her constitutional propensities inclined a little that way; and afterward sent him to the block, as she did with the most of her favorites. About this time O'Donnell and two other northern Chiefs had been confined, by the irrevocable decree of Elizabeth, in Dublin Jail, and by some means effected their escape, and afterward proved her successful and inveterate enemies.

Three mighty Chiefs confined in jail had been,
 By the injunction of the spurious Queen;
 And not for want of a substantial bail,
 That they remained so long a time in jail,*
 The daring Chiefs who had so callous'd grown,
 Had then effected their escape unknown,
 Through a mysterious and protracted sewer,
 Where none attempted to escape before.
 When they went through the subteraneous pass,
 The safe retreat of slimy eels and grass,
 Each raised his arm with Herculean might,
 And swore allegiance to maintain his right.
 They soon determined to attack their foes,
 And try the strength of long suspended blows.
 O'Donnell, then, a mighty Chief and Prince,
 Who was confined, and did escape from thence,
 Subdued his foes, and to his heart's desire
 Had been assisted by the brave McGuire.
 Those mighty Chiefs, of an immortal fame,
 Had fed, and nourished, and renewed the flame.
 The Chieftains stood all night upon their guard,
 A noble Prince and a respectful Lord,
 The firing still continued, long and loud,
 Successive flashes burnished every cloud.
 When day appeared, the British did advance,
 And thought by this they'd have a better chance;
 But being deceived by a deceptious dream,
 And cheering visions then to cross the stream,
 By such a dream did they prognosticate
 The dreadful havoc and impending fate
 Reserved for all and every Irish Chief;
 The havoc great—the execution brief.
 No mercy then, but dire destruction sought
 The man that ran as well as him who fought.
 But, such wild visions of delusive glow,
 Had made their graves, and proved their overthrow;
 As high in air they threw the fatal die,
 Whether they 'd conquer or inglorious fly—

* At this time they were in confinement during seven years.

The dire result of the ill-fated toss,
 Had urged the men the rapid stream to cross ;
 That day did fate upon their actions frown.
 The half got killed, the other half did drown.
 That day the Queen at leisure did bewail
 The warlike actions of each Irish whale ;
 The vicious Queen regretted, during life,
 The sad result of that tumultuous strife.
 Kildare in Leinster animated all,
 And to assist him leading men did call.
 O'Byrne, then, with an undaunted band,
 Had soon determined to obey command ;
 The two men thought, with circumspection then,
 (Alike sage Chiefs, or two sagacious men,)
 Without delay to strike the fatal blow,
 To die at once, or discomfit the foe.
 Like angry wolves, when hunger makes them bold,
 That rush determined to destroy the fold,
 Those dreadful Chiefs, of an immortal sway,
 More fierce than lions in that dreadful fray,
 Drove all before, made every passage clear ;
 They had no caution, for they knew no fear.
 Destruction then imprinted every blow
 On each invader, and intruding foe,
 Till none was left, or none could there be seen,
 Could speak, or act for the ungracious Queen.
 But, peace, alas ! O ! peace, to my sad grief,
 Between the Queen and each victorious Chief,
 Had been completed ; which the sovereign broke,
 And made for them a more ignoble yoke.
 O'Donnell* then to Connaught found his way,
 And showed the British some amusing play ;
 He put such terror in intruders there,
 For fire and sword he carried every where.

* Bingham, at this time, being Governor of the Province of Connaught, had exercised such inhuman barbarity on the Catholic inhabitants of that Province, that he justly earned for himself the execrations of O'Donnell and others, who had an intrinsic repugnance to hateful and diabolical executions, and undoubtedly urged themselves to carry retaliations to an uncharitable excess.

No man found there that did not Irish know,
 But he considered an invidious foe,
 For such defects they all prepared to fly,
 Some had fled, and some remained to die.
 Such as had fled would not return again,
 And thought it prudent to forsake their gain,
 As being secure from terrors seen before,
 They would not venture to return no more.

O'Neill created Earl by the Queen.

O'Neill created Earl by the Queen,
 In thoughtful silence for some time had been ;
 But, all at once, he did the Queen assail,
 Renounced her title, and assumed O'Neill ;
 Like some fierce lion, loosened from his cage,
 Resistless bounds, with an amazing rage ;
 Or, like great floods that make the mountains roar,
 Sweep trees, and rocks, and every thing before,—
 O'Neill appeared on that terrific day,
 And slew his thousands in the dire affray.
 Just, Hector like, without a pond'rous shield,
 He swept, he cleaned, and cleared the hostile field.
 His valiant troops, composed of O's and Mac's,
 On hostile foes had never turned their backs ;
 Each man, though agile as the bounding roe,
 His honor checked him from pursuing the foe ;
 On manly forms, every man could find
 Great marks before, but carried none behind.
 Such were his men, and such had been their fame,
 That the Queen thought proper to give up the game.
 She sent for Norris to allay her grief,
 A bold commander and a valiant Chief,
 With all the troops then under his command,
 To rob and pillage that ill-fated land.
 Norris then in the Netherlands had been,
 And fighting Philip for the virgin Queen
 Who was at variance with the King of Spain,
 Who fought her hard, and would fight hard again.

He soon returned with experienced men,
 And when they met he thus addressed the Queen :
 " Great Queen and sovereign of the British throne,
 Who seems afflicted by the great Tyrone ;
 Believe, great sovereign, my expressions now,
 That he will soon before my sovereign bow ;
 Now, great Queen, the day is nigh at hand,
 When he 'll obey, or fly his native land ;
 And now, great Queen, remember what I say,
 But grant your blessing ere I go away.
 I know you keep St. Peter's holy keys,
 May God protect you and prolong your days ;
 Though your great sire had slain your gracious dam,
 She left behind an inoffensive lamb.
 O ! virtuous Queen, that's modest, good, and chaste,
 Give me your blessing, as I am in haste.
 O'Neill I'll bring unto your royal throne,
 Then use your pleasure with the great Tyrone."

This pleased the Queen, and with uplifted eyes
 Surveyed superior and celestial skies.
 Her graceful mien, with a fine splendid look,
 Displayed an angel with angelic look.
 She made him kneel, and thus to him did say ;
 Be you attentive—hear your sovereign pray—
 No strenuous foe can never hurt a hair
 Of your fine head, when I recite a prayer.
 She held her keys, then polished, bright, and new,
 To which some blacksmith gave a heavenly hue.
 With pious ease she laid them on his head,
 As if her sanctity could raise the dead.
 These keys descended from my august sire,
 To brother Ned, according to desire.
 I got them, sir, for your protection now ;
 Strike your head,* and make a heavenly bow.
 These Mary spurned with dejected gloom,
 Said none should have them but the Pope of Rome ;

* To strike your breast would approximate nearer to devotion,
 but our modern system requires some preliminaries apart from
 the ancient system, habits, and practice of Popery.

Although His Holiness my keys has curs'd,
 They're bright and new, and destitute of rust.
 Not so by his, it wont require a sage
 To tell they're worn by excessive age.
 To ancient habits man's inclined and prone,
 And such is the rebellious Chief Tyrone.
 But, fear you not, engage and don't despair,
 You are sure to vanquish by my holy prayer."
 Then quite contented the commander rose,
 So well convinced that he'd defeat his foes ;
 With buoyant hopes he sought the fairy Isle,
 The ocean's gem, in a poetic style ;
 And there he landed, the despotic foe,
 With Betsy's blessings settled on his brow.
 The great Philistine, with a thundering groan,
 Defied O'Neill, and Earl of Tyrone.
 Ere long that Chief with his vindictives came,
 To save his laurels, and support his fame.
 Soon Norris knew he made a foolish deal,
 When he contended with the brave O'Neill,
 Whose sword had burnished many a hostile field,
 Destroying foes, or causing them to yield.
 He found, at once, the blessing of his Queen
 A small protection to himself had been ;
 He smote his breast* in such excessive grief,
 For having met with an experienced Chief,
 Who for his help had multitudes of foes,
 And each knew well to circulate his blows ;
 Each huge frame looked like a towering post,
 And the Prince himself would equalize a host.
 Both Chieftains met, on that decisive day,
 Then to decide the long expected fray ;
 Each determined not to quit or yield,
 Or fly inglorious from the hostile field.
 The signal passed, the warriors soon did close
 To sound vindictive, reciprocal blows ;

* When the horrors of death and eternity drew nigh, Norris adhered to the practice of Popery, contrary to the advice of his virtuous, chaste, and angelic Queen,—as some called her.

The intruders had, to help them all the while,
 Some faithless sons of that ill-fated Isle.
 Still, and withal, the sovereign help was there
 To match the traitors that did interfere,
 A fatal sword in each repulsive arm,
 With the intention of conveying harm,
 And that assisted by a piercing lance,
 Had left no room, or very little chance
 Then to escape, or shun destruction's gore;
 Some fought, some bled, some fell to rise no more.
 One Irish Chief—a foe and sad disgrace
 To all mankind, and to his native place—
 Segrave by name, had sought the leading Chief,
 The surest way to bring him some relief;
 He wrought so strenuous for the Chieftain's life,
 In that sad, awful, and terrific strife;
 They met contested for the golden fleece,
 Each an Ajax in his native Greece;
 They fought courageous and exceeding well,
 Until the heroes both together fell.
 Each broke his lance, contending with his foe,
 As then averting each directed blow.
 Then like a lion in the forest shade,
 O'Neill at once had grasp'd his shining blade,
 And gave the foe a well directed stroke,
 Which left him dead, and all his entrails broke.
 That fatal blow decided the debate,
 And left poor Norris in an awful state.
 He wounded ran, and taking to his heels,
 And none to ask him how his honor feels;
 Then all contended in the furious race,
 As being all covered with a dire disgrace;
 The vile intruders had inglorious fled,
 And left some hundreds* of their army dead.

O'Neill and Major Bagnall, an English officer,
 had afterwards another battle, which terminated in
 the defeat and overthrow of Bagnal. Though they

* One thousand four hundred.

were brother-in-laws, Bagnal had been his implacable, inveterate, and irreclaimable enemy.

O'Neill and Bagnal, in a dread array,
 And each determined to have gained the day,
 The brave O'Donnell had assisted then,
 With his gigantic and victorious men,
 Being well encouraged by the brave M'Guire,
 Whose patriot heart was all a globe of fire ;
 Such men of might, of meaning, and of mind,
 Though fierce in battle were by nature kind ;
 These men at peace possessed peculiar charms,
 The kindest hearts, and strong indulgent arms ;
 But fierce as lions, if enraged, they fought,
 Devoid of malice or ignoble thought ;
 They fought their foes courageously and brave,
 And never killed a man that they could save.
 The retreating foe that walked would save his life,
 As his submission ended all the strife ;
 No man pursued, his honor was so great,
 But left the vanquished to his future fate.
 Such inconsistent with their foes had been,
 They spared no age to satisfy their spleen.
 O'Neill and Bagnal often fought before,
 And now prepared to ulcerate the sore.
 Between two plains protected by a wood
 Of lofty oaks, that on one side had stood ;
 On the one side a bog did interfere,
 To shield the army that had sheltered there ;
 Each Chief was seen on a capricious steed,
 That seemed not tired or destitute of speed ;
 Both examined how their lines appeared,
 Addressed their men and every man had cheered.
 O'Neill said thus ; " My valiant friends, you're now
 Face to face to a rebellious foe ;
 Inspired by pride and a perfidious Queen,
 Our wives, our children, and ourselves have been
 Disdained, destroyed, dispersed, without a home,
 Some left to rot without a grave or tomb ;

Some daring Chiefs of pure Milesian blood,
 For having that rapacious Queen withstood,
 Are now confined within a loathsome jail,
 This day relieves them or our efforts fail.
 Will that inspire you to defeat your foes,
 Now show your strength by sparing not your
 blows."

Each Herald cried, "we'll give substantial bail,
 This day we free them from that loathsome jail."
 Enough was said, the Chief had then replied,
 "Come on my friends, we'll have their courage
 tried,

This day, my heralds, you'll victorious be,
 And hence declare that all the country's free;
 Push on, my heroes, and commence the fray,
 And be you certain that you'll gain the day.
 The fray commenced, and Bagnal made a stand,
 To mar the rage of an undaunted band.
 The dreadful clash of edged, destructive arms,
 Had robbed the scene of its delicious charms;
 Like hurricanes that lofty mountains tear,
 When adverse winds do agitate the air,
 Or like a sea when violent surges roar,
 And waste their rage on the insulted shore;
 The Irish heralds, with resistless force,
 Had made a level on their onward course.
 Five thousand fell; the rest, affrighted, fled;
 And Bagnal, too, was numbered with the dead.
 His leading men lay bleeding in their gore,
 Whose loud pretensions were distinct before.
 A ghastly sight, and destitute of breath,
 Each warrior lay unconscious of his death.
 This fatal stroke, decisive and designed,
 Deranged the temper, and destroyed the mind
 Of spurious Bess, which made her then to cease,
 And make concessions for a future peace.
 This late defeat aroused each Munster Chief,
 For nothing else could mitigate their grief,
 But the defeat of an invidious foe,
 Her final ruin, and final overthrow, [1599.]

They soon collected an effectual force,
 And found a Chief* to regulate their course,
 A Chief† invited then O'Moore afar,
 To share the laurels of approaching war ;
 Who was in search of the inhuman breed,
 That curs'd the earth with their polluting creed.
 O'Moore consulted with O'Neill to know,
 If it were prudent for himself to go—
 To aid the Chiefs and strengthen all their plans,
 As they collected some effective clans,
 And act conspicuous in the common cause,
 Against the Queen and her obnoxious laws ;
 O'Neill consenting, he did then prepare,
 In weal or woe with Munster Chiefs to share.
 Such men combined would give a final blow
 To the vile, malignant, and perfidious foe,
 O'Moore repaired, to their assistance came,
 The blazing comet of undying fame,
 Like wolves ferocious in pursuit of deer,
 When hunger drives them destitute of fear,
 The Munster knights, together with O'Moore,
 Each vile transgressor and imported boor
 Had put to flight—precipitately—fast,
 They ran indeed whene'er the die was cast ;
 Their ill-got gain they had to leave behind,
 The common lot of the aggressive kind.
 The Connaught heralds were victorious too,
 They chased, they harrassed, and pursued the crew ;
 They hunted, haunted, and pursued with spleen
 The heartless robbers of the godless Queen.
 This misfortune soon had reached the throne,
 Which made chaste Bess to alter then her tone.
 But she determined to relieve her state,
 And try again the sad decrees of fate.
 She ordered Essex‡ then to sail across,
 And to retrieve her sad amazing loss ;

* Fitzgerald, to whom they gave the title of Earl of Desmond,

† Peter De Lacy, a Limerick nobleman.

‡ Robert De Evereux, Earl of Essex, with 17,000 men, and 8000 horse, sailed in the latter end of March, 1599, and landed

To make proud rebels their defence deplore,
 And act repugnant to their acts before.
 A sad misfortune he was doomed to meet,
 By the dispersion of his spacious fleet ;
 As adverse winds were sent to intercede,
 And all his actions strove to supercede ;
 Some ships were lost, the sailors could not save,
 And daring men had found a watery grave.
 But, still, he landed on the golden strand,
 Long since polluted by the stranger's brand.
 Being then invested with supreme command,
 O'er once that happy, but ill-fated land,
 He marched to Munster, to subdue with blows,
 His fierce, offensive, and rebellious foes.
 When on his march, O'Moore fell on his rear,
 And him attacked without the least despair ;
 And with five hundred men destruction wrough,
 On Essex's troops, the Queen had dearly bought.
 The defile's called, wherein they had the fray,
 The "Pass of Plumes" unto this very day.
 Though being harrassed by an inferior force,
 He seemed determined to protect his course,
 In spite of all the opposing foe could do,
 Fame he would win, and won, he'd wear it too ;
 But soon he found his calculations vain,
 And if he could, he would return again.
 The Munster Chiefs had soon his valor tried,
 And soon they humbled his affected pride.
 There that bold Chief, the great M'Carthy More,
 Whose warlike actions were renowned before,
 Had soon appeared to intercept his way,
 And clip the wings of the ambitious jay.
 The Earl of Desmond, on the other side,
 Was seen determined to allay his pride ;
 And all the force these leaders had to aid,
 Had been two thousand, of superior grade.

in Dublin on the 15th of April. This young nobleman had been Elizabeth's chief favorite, although she tarnished him with disgrace, and afterwards sent him to the block. This ferocious, lustful, and barbarous woman, consigned her chief favorite to this fatal conclusion, as she did all her other admirers.

Then Essex halted, and in great array
 His men had formed to commence the fray.
 As having then a strong, superior force,
 He thought that nothing could impede his course.
 Of all the battles had been fought before,
 By haughty Essex or M'Carthy More,
 This seemed more dreadful, and did longer last,
 Before that Essex was entirely cast.
 For nine long hours, with unabated rage,
 The Chiefs contended on the warlike stage.
 The Munster Chiefs would rather die than flee,
 Or yield an inch to his supremacy.
 They fought like men who were prepared to die,
 And, strange to think, they made the foe to fly.
 They ran, unmindful of the number dead,
 And left them sleeping in their goary bed.
 About this time, O'Moore defeated too
 A noble brag,* and his invidious crew.
 His number few, but had been often tried,
 They would have conquered, or they would have
 died.

Twelve Hundred fell, the rest had madly fled,
 As each seemed anxious to preserve his head.
 Though Irish steel, with some fantastic pranks,
 Oft left the Queen attenuated ranks.
 Yet she would still the Irish Chiefs defy,
 Would purchase more, and all the loss supply.
 Great Essex, then, to Ulster bent his course,
 With little heart, and very little force.
 To the Queen he wrote, describing his distress,
 Which seemed displeasing to his darling Bess ;
 Sooner than miscarry, she sent him aid,
 And, he withal, had very well been paid.
 His scattered troops, auxiliaries and all,
 Rushed to the standard at the trumpet's call.
 A Sligo Chief,† of an illustrious race,
 A noted villain, and a dire disgrace ;
 A vile, determined, and opposing fiend,
 Aided Bess, and spurned his nearest friend.

* General Harrington.

† O'Connor Don.

He scour'd all Sligo, with malignant aim,
 With horse and foot, to vindicate the fame
 Of British troops, in their adventurous speed
 Against his friends, his country, and his creed ;
 He seemed determined to pursue his course
 Against O'Donnell and his warlike force.
 More Irish Chiefs assisted in the chase,
 And had been punished to their own disgrace.
 But Brave O'Donnell, who had weighed the cause,
 And viewed contemptuously the British laws,
 An eagle-like, was poised, then to subdue
 The horrid, haughty, and vindictive crew.
 And when he did, as I will now relate,
 To their own cost, as if decreed by fate ;
 Clifford,* a daring, gasgonading bull,
 Whose soul was teeming, and whose head was full
 Of English pride, had forced his way to Boyle,
 With great exertions and egregious toil.
 This potent man, oh ! what would he not do,
 He had his bulls, and had his Irish too.
 In a mountain pass O'Donnell watched his march,
 To stand his collar with Peruvian starch.†
 He sent two Chiefs of the Milesian race
 To Sligo then, as to protect the place.
 Their force consisted of four hundred men,
 But Irishmen were purely Irish then ;
 No foreign mongrels did pollute the blood,
 Or soil the current of the Milesian flood.
 The men were brave, were active, and were trained,
 They lost no battles but they always gained.
 There was no nation, man to man, could face
 The Irish Chiefs of that devoted race ;
 Nor will I boast, but venture yet to say,
 There is none living at this present day.
 O'Donnell heard of Clifford's movements, then,
 And sent three Chiefs‡ to intercept his men ;

* Clifford, at this time, had been Governor of Connaught.

† Blood.

‡ Owen McSweeney, and two of the O'Gallaghers.

These were assisted by six hundred knights,
 Who fought for self and undisputed rights.
 Clifford came with a prodigious force,
 And thought that nothing could retard his course ;
 But fate had said,—“ No further shalt thou go,
 Here lies a friend, but your immortal foe ;
 The die is cast, and you have need to fear
 You'll fall a victim to O'Donnell here.”
 O'Donnell stood, the lion of the fold,
 With sword in hand, tremendous to behold,
 He had with him the Prince of Enishoen,*
 A valiant Chieftain whom he called his own ;
 He was a tiger, unrestrained by fear,
 That swept the plain with his resistless spear.
 The armies met, then to decide the day,
 And put an end to the disastrous fray.
 The battle raged like a rebellious storm,
 Whose furious force had meditated harm ;
 Both sides contending for immortal sway,
 Thought not of death, but how to win the day ;
 Each side sustained the least advantage gained,
 Nor could that boast of what it had obtained,—
 Till, of a sudden, brave O'Rourk was seen,
 With a small army of effective men,
 Approaching fast the desolating strife
 Where many a hero sacrificed his life.
 When Clifford saw O'Rourk, swift as a hind
 He ran himself, and left the rest behind.
 The rout commenced, destruction did his share,
 And they were hunted like the timid hare.
 A host of men enjoyed eternal rest,
 Still lifeless lay, unheeded and undressed.
 Not much resigned the Queen had borne her cross,
 Yet she had money to supply the loss.
 This last defeat destroyed the brilliant glow
 That cheer'd the murderous and audacious foe ;
 Among the slain, great Clifford, on that day,
 A lifeless, useless, worthless lump of clay,

* O'Dougherty.

Had been found; and everything had fled,
 But marks exterior that denote the dead.
 And Ratchiff* lay as lifeless, by his side,
 Still, calm, defenceless, destitute of pride,
 Some Irish Chief had struck the fearful blow,
 And left to bleach for evermore the foe.
 The Earl then had disconcerted been,
 And feared the vengeance of an angry Queen.
 But his dear friend had sent him a supply,
 To fill the place of those who had to die;
 To trust again to Providence or chance,
 Before a succor would arrive from France.
 She sent him word to try the game again,
 And use more caution to preserve his men;
 Attack O'Neill, and give that Prince his meed,
 Who seems determined to retard your speed.
 Essex marched with an effective force,
 And towards Ulster he had bent his course.
 O'Neill, aware that he had left the south,
 And pitched his quarters in the town of Louth;
 He then awaited the approaching foe,
 Experience taught him to avert the blow.
 The foe appeared, and made a great display,
 With fife, and drum, and every loud huzza.
 This glee decayed when he had known that day,
 The Prince determined to dispute the way.
 The coward crouched, concession was his aim,
 As knowing the Prince by his extensive fame;
 He sent a herald, then, demanding peace,
 And let their battles for the future cease.
 O'Neill consented, he would come and say,
 His master's will, the gasgonading jay,
 "To offer peace I came—not as a foe"
 The herald cried, "the case indeed is so.
 He grants you Prince in every way applause,
 Although you're foremost in your country's cause,
 In these two lines he does his wish declare,
 Comply O'Neill, and I'll not interfere."

* A young English nobleman.

When e'er O'Neill his sentiments had read,
 He put himself in attitude and said :
 "Go tell your Chief that I will not comply,
 Upon my honor, I would sooner die
 A thousand times, if such a thing could be,
 Than yield an inch to impious tyranny ;
 What right has he to interfere at all,
 But being obedient to his sovereign's call ?
 What right has she to send a murd'rous host
 Of vile intruders, to pollute our coast ?
 She has no right, and I will her oppose,
 And die contented, or defeat our foes."
 Back he went, then to recite the tale
 He heard related by the great O'Neill.
 When Essex heard, as to appease the foe
 He sent another to avert the blow ;
 Whose bad success, and the rebuff he met,
 Had been the cause of very much regret ;
 When both had failed, and both could nothing do
 He went himself to try the matter too ;
 The viceroy did dismiss his army then,
 With the exception of selected men
 Who went as aids—not to resist Tyrone,
 As he could venture then to go alone,
 Full well he knew no counterfeit was he,
 But the pure gem of great nobility ;
 Who never did a mean advantage take
 Of any foe, when honor was at stake.
 The nobles met, and had an interview ;
 I'll tell the whole without a fiction too ;
 They met together in the open air,
 As if no guile could be suspected there ;
 Then Essex said, "My brave and noble Prince,
 I came to see you,—not to give offence ;
 I have approached to give you no surprise ;
 Now, hear me, Prince, I want to compromise.
 My Father, Prince, had been your greatest friend,
 You'll find that friendship in his son, depend ;
 Let us conclude an armistice this day,
 And quell the horrors of a frightful fray."

The Prince no longer could resist the Chief,
 But spoke, as thus, to mitigate his grief :
 " Let us conclude an armistice or truce,
 If you now think it be of any use."
 They both agreed to have dissensions cease,
 And live a while* in harmony and peace.
 For this one act of cowardice and fear
 He was recalled ; and, terrible to hear,
 Though being the darling of her favorites all,
 Her former friendship was turned into gall ;
 The noble Chief a sacrifice was made,
 To cool the anger of a lustful jade.
 I may relate, and sure enough 'tis said,
 As to appease her he had lost his head.
 Alas ! 'tis true, a woman's love don't last,
 She soon forgets the jolly hours that past ;
 When faithless woman will forget her love,
 And let her fancy search the human grove.
 Why then depend upon a godless Queen,
 Whose only traffic was exchanging men ;
 Who had no mercy, or no tender place
 Within her breast, to love the human race.
 When Essex left, two Spanish ships appeared,
 And by their course for Erin's coast had steered.
 The Spanish King had sent them to O'Neill,
 With warlike stores to weather out the gale.
 The Prince, displeased at such a long delay,
 Had asked the Captain in his usual way,
 Quite void of haste, when he did come ashore,
 What had delayed him—why not come before ?
 Or was that all the succour he would bring,
 Of all intended by his gracious King ?
 The Captain said : " The King had heard that peace
 Had been proclaimed, and every strife did cease,
 Of hostile nature, that created woe
 Between the Prince and his immortal foe.

* When O'Neill and Essex made the armistice, either side had been at liberty to commence hostilities again after the expiration of fourteen days.

The rest, be sure, these ships will soon succeed,
 With strenuous efforts, and the greatest speed;
 Renew your efforts, and your post maintain,
 And, Prince, depend upon the King* of Spain."

When this was said the Prince had grasped his blade,
 But, to fulfil the stipulations made,
 He then proclaimed that he would never yield,
 But risk the hazards of the hostile field;
 And during life he would continue so,
 To give no peace to an invidious foe,
 Unless vile men, of an unholy race,
 Will quit our soil, and not pollute the place.

Philip the Second, King of Spain, had died,
 Ere Tyrone another game had tried.
 He suffered nothing by the fatal stroke,
 As his good brother had put on the yoke;
 He sent too legates with the richest crown
 Of Phoenix feathers, for his great renown,
 To the Ulster Prince, for his superior sway
 In every action and decisive fray;
 He sent him gold, and kegs of silver too,
 To brave the fury of a daring crew,
 With an assurance of a future aid,
 To have men clothed, and the troops well paid;
 By these directions, Prince, you may abide,
 Be sure that nothing I intend to hide.

This was consoling to the great Tyrone,
 Who spent the treasure he could call his own;
 Like that bright star that shines in yonder sky,
 When dimmer stars make revolutions nigh;
 Tyrone was seen alike that radiant star,
 A blazing comet to sustain the war;
 In bright array, unmindful of his life,
 He grasped the sword then to renew the strife.

The blazing comet marched through Leinster, then,
 With a small force† of brave, effective men;

* Philip II.

† His force consisted of 7,000 footmen, and some horsemen; a small army to keep the English in subjection, and within their garrison. A. D. 1600.

He came to Munster to solicit aid,
 And had a union for that purpose made ;
 He then consulted with the Mac's and O's,
 On some grand purpose to defeat their foes.
 He had with him a small compendious brief—
 The Pope had sent him to arouse each chief.
 As the Pope annulled the power of pious Bess,
 In some great bull or spiritual address,
 The vile, degraded, and ungracious get,
 Denounces good, and evil does abet ;
 Each Chief unwilling to combine with him,
 He had subdued for his fantastic whim,
 With a revengeful and excessive haste,
 Reduced his effects to a perfect waste ;
 All for fear that his immortal foe
 Would come the way to strike the fearful blow,
 Would be provided with the least supply ;
 Such made him cast the perishable die ;
 And if he came on a rebellious tour,
 To have no means there left within his power.
 During this time hostilities did cease,
 And every part had indicated peace.
 The English then had made no great display,
 But like the rabbits of a hunting day
 Within their burrows they continued still,
 Without a heart to try their tactic skill,
 With the exception of a single act,
 Though strange it be, indeed it is a fact.
 The great McGuire commanded for O'Neill,
 His cavalry, whose hearts were made of steel,
 Had strayed amusingly to take the air ;
 A pious priest and others too* were there.
 Some distance from the camp they met the foe,
 Whose fate they sought, and direful overthrow.
 St. Leger, then, with an effectual force,
 Had blocked the passage to impede their course.

* McGuire had only two men and the priest in company with him.

McGuire* at once, who rode a gallant steed,
 As if determined to commit the deed,
 Rode through the whole, with a destructive lance.
 St. Leger† saw the noble Chief advance,
 And shot at him, and mortal was his aim!
 But McGuire, to immortalize his name,
 With his great sword, without a second clew,
 Had cleft his helmet and his head in two.
 St. Leger died, and left this world of woe,
 God only knows where did his spirit go.
 McGuire expired, a much lamented Chief,
 Whose death excited universal grief.
 'Twas Ormond then commanded for the Queen,
 So full of malice and of English spleen.
 O'Moore he sent for the undaunted Gem,
 So as to have a conference with him.
 O'Moore arrived, he wanted to be brief,
 In words respectful he addressed the Chief;
 But haughty Ormond, with exterior pride,
 By safe admissions he would not abide;
 Therefore the Chiefs to no conclusion came,
 But had a tendency to excite the flame.
 Among the number that attended there,
 A Jesuit Priest was known to interfere,
 Who had subverted the obnoxious course,
 Of Ormond's creed he thought then to enforce.
 He said old Harry honied all his hives,
 Without compunction by beheading wives.
 He was the founder, dreadful to relate,
 Of a sad creed that rather came too late.
 Ormond then revealed to him his doom,
 And all the horrors of the Church of Rome.
 On wanton words he rather made a feast,
 And much insulted the assiduous Priest.
 O'Moore no longer could conceal his ire,
 His soul was full of agonizing fire,
 He dragged the monster to the very earth,
 And quite regardless of his lordly lirth.

* McGuire, Prince of Farmanah.

† St. Leger had with him sixty mounted men.

The fray commenced, and mutual were the blows,
 Not of friends, but of immortal foes.
 Some English fell, some met a sad defeat,
 'Tis not a fiction that I now relate.
 The nobles fled, their horses were so fleet,
 As no dependence had in human feet.
 They fled for life, contested was the chase,
 And saved themselves by a successful race.
 O'Neill had Ulster under his command,
 And all men answered to his just demand.
 The British troops each fortified port
 Had in possession for their own resort,
 And out of which they would not dare to go,
 For fear of meeting with an active foe.
 Montjoy received a power of men and means,
 In hopes to wash his cowardice and stains.
 The deputy wrote, and not in ire or heat,
 In the name of Bess and Council of the State,
 To great O'Neill who surely was aware,
 Though tinsel'd o'er with meretricious glare
 Of his foul breath, and his intrinsic gall,
 Just as the tide would either rise or fall,
 The worst of times till better times succeed,
 Then he was sure to break his word indeed;
 Who would depend upon his plighted word?
 None, I am sure, the thing would be absurd.
 He wanted peace, he'd make amends for all,
 The sum presented, he'd attend the call.
 Such swelling words with no intent to pay,
 Is like the warbling of the gaudy jay.
 O'Neal declined and would not then comply,
 For on his word Tyrone could not rely;
 A word or honor could be never found,
 True, substantial, unchangeable or sound,
 With Englishmen,* but would advantage take,
 To raise themselves, the plighted word they'd break.
 For want of force he thought must be the cause
 Of making peace and violating laws;

* Not the mass, but the government party.

And he expected great assistance then,
 Of warlike stores, amunition and men,
 From royal Philip, to support the war,
 This made him higher than the polar star.
 Why should he yield to overtures of peace,
 Or let hostilities a moment cease.
 Montjoy defeated and rejected too,
 Which made him think of what he had to do.
 By his directions all the naval force,
 With sails extended, steered a liquid course,
 And sought Loughfoyle, the place of rendezvous,
 To act in union with the army too.
 Five thousand foot had been on board the fleet,
 And three of horse the other force to meet;
 With such a force Montjoy expected then,
 O'Neill to conquer, and his daring men;
 Or make Tyrone without a doubt to yield,
 And cease his struggles in a hostile field.
 He lost his reason through excessive glee,
 Such foolish dreams of victory had he.
 O'Neill informed of his great design,
 To all his Chiefs the matter did resign;
 They all determined on what course to take,
 And pull together without a mistake.
 It was agreed as to abridge the toil,
 To send O'Donnell to defend Loughfoyle.
 A garrison stood convenient to the lake,
 That there the shipping could advantage take,
 And let O'Neill attack the great Montjoy,
 The warlike Hector of the siege of Troy.
 Some Irishmen, or a detachment met,
 And for that purpose perhaps they were set,
 To watch each heavy and approaching train,
 And bulky baggage of the British Queen.
 The parties met, destruction soon displayed
 Some ruby liquid by the Irish blade;
 The guard defeated, and was forced to fly,
 'Twas better to do so, than remain and die.
 Then many a hero had been dyed with gore,
 And many fell, but fell to rise no more.

When fortune changed, and she had proved unkind,
 Montjoy had fled, and left them all behind.
 O'Moore had still his prisoner in jail,
 And there remained impervious from bail.
 If not in jail a captive he had been,
 Full fed, attended like all noble men.
 His lady was in agony and grief,
 For the detention of her noble Chief;
 She oft had written to the great O'Neill,
 That she herself would be her Ormond's bail.
 As Irish hearts are tender, kind, and true,
 And feel attachment for the ladies too,
 He wrote her back, to palliate her grief,
 That he'd restore her own defeated Chief,
 On these conditions, that he would be still,
 And act repugnant to his cruel will.
 She then consented, with a thousand thanks,
 And said she'd cure him of his furious pranks,
 Montjoy collected a destructive force,
 And then for Leix he straightway took his course.
 In this location was the princely dome
 Of Owen O'Moore, who had defended Rome,
 And dragg'd bold Ormond, like the Grecian Boy
 Who dragg'd bold Hector round the walls of Troy.
 Montjoy determined to prolong the wars,
 And not contented with external scars;
 A thought pernicious did the monster strike,
 To reap the harvest ere it had been ripe,
 The coward did in a revengeful mood,
 To leave the neighbors destitute of food;
 In this the villain did not too succeed,
 They shot his horse and made the coward bleed.
 He ran, as usual, to preserve his life,
 And left the rest to perish in the strife.
 O'Moore then fell, the bold, undaunted Chief,
 Which plunged the nation in excessive grief.
 Two Ulster Chiefs, O'Donnell and O'Neill,
 In hostile acts combined could never fail;
 Combined together they attacked Loughfoyle,
 Where fiendish factions did pollute the soil;

Their force and efforts they reduced to naught,
 And yet the honor was not dearly bought.
 When e'er they met there followed a defeat,
 But then the English had a spacious fleet,
 Which soon conveyed a fresh supply of men,
 To help them on as to commence again.
 This mode continued to excite the flame,
 They fell successive, and successive came.
 The Munster Chiefs that had united been,
 Were disunited by the subtle Queen;
 Some were subdued by a destructive hand,
 She planned their fate, and then applied her brand,
 A brand well known in Pluto's gloomy pit,
 By some vile demon which was made to fit,
 The direful acts of that unlawful get,
 And basest villain that existed yet.
 Some she subdued with an extensive bribe,
 Some wavering Chiefs, and some of every tribe;
 Some had embraced her foul, infernal creed,
 The spawn and offspring of old Harry's breed.
 The Chief remained untainted,—hard his fate,
 He lost his head or else his large estate,
 And oft lost both to satisfy the spleen
 Of an outrageous and ungracious Queen.
 Her imps destroyed—with fiendish rage—the grain
 Before it ripened, which would life sustain;
 That by such acts that pestilence should scowl,
 And clear the land of every mother soul.
 Such direful acts, so fraught with heinousness,
 Had matched the pallet of unholy Bess.
 Two Ulster Chiefs, infected, fell away,
 And soon appeared in opposite array,
 Against their friends, their country, and their creed,
 A change not wanting in the time of need,
 Each Chief defended an important place,
 Which they surrendered, to their own disgrace;
 This change excited sad, excessive woe,
 And gave fresh courage to the guileful foe;
 But being chastised for such rebellious pride,
 They quail'd themselves and all their friends had
 died.

Montjoy again for Ulster did prepare,
 And trained his army with exceeding care;
 And yet the dread of his immortal foe,*
 Did him discourage every step he'd go.
 When hearing then O'Neill was at his post,
 He soon returned with his mighty host,
 Again to Dublin, his protecting hole,
 To save his body for he had no soul.
 A greater coward not of Adam's race,
 Was never known in such important place;
 Then to unite with a commanding Chief,†
 Who could perhaps attenuate his grief,
 They met in Effaly, and united there,
 Two haughty tyrants, and a wicked pair,
 Who on their march destroyed a bounteous crop,
 Robbed churches, altars, every store and shop,
 An awful blight had followed in their train,
 They killed the cattle, and destroyed the grain;
 This awful scourge continued o'er the land,
 And was extended with a direful hand.
 Carew, the President of Munster, rose,
 Bold and determined, to destroy his foes.
 Destruction marked where e'er the villain trod,
 And in defiance to his gracious God;
 With fire and sword he made a dreadful waste
 Of crops of grain, of human life and, beast;
 This awful waste, which he considered good,
 Was all he left a substitute for food.
 Such sad reverses made Montjoy to go
 And try once more his persevering foe;
 But ere 't was long he met the great O'Neill,
 Whose flag was floating on a rising gale,
 When he espied his own immortal foe,
 Expected nothing but an overthrow.
 He all at once had dropt his usual boast.
 Although surrounded by a mighty host.
 He then intrenched as to protect his life,
 And waiting cautiously the coming strife.

* O'Neill.

† Lambert.

Both Chiefs, at rest, and contemplating then,
 How to adjust and regulate their men ;
 For fifteen days both armies were in view,
 With all things ready and convenient too.
 Montjoy well knew of his approaching fate,
 Remained indignant in a passive state,
 But ere 't was long, he had to show his face,
 And fly the course, much to his own disgrace.
 O'Neill, though having an inferior force,
 And had no hopes from any other source,
 Of being assisted ; but his valiant men,
 So often tried, were to be tried again ;
 He knew their strength, their courage, and their
 sway,
 Which made him anxious to commence the fray.
 At length the Chief had told his men to arm,
 Prepare themselves, and make no great alarm ;
 To face the foe, in his indignant wrath,
 On all the land a sure destruction brought,
 Who is attended with a daring crew.
 Your brothers, sisters, wives and children too,
 Will make them slaves ; or else the reckless Chief
 Will have them murdered to increase your grief.
 Now is the hour, let each descending blow
 Be well directed to defeat the foe ;
 Intruding tyrants teach them how to fly,
 Or yet as men be reconciled to die.
 They brought among us a pernicious creed,
 To sow the Church with its polluted seed.
 The Chiefs approached, in readiness were they,
 To be distinguished in the dire affray ;
 Each Chief exciting, as commanders do,
 His men to valor and destruction too.
 The fray commenced, and awful was the scene,
 When heads and feet commingled on the green,
 The dying Chief was covered with his gore,
 He was a man, but soon he was no more.
 Convincing proof did testify and say,
 That Irish valor would maintain the day :

And so it did, victorious was Tyrone,
 And haughty tyrants had to die unknown.
 Five thousand men had been together slain,
 Of British troops, who came across the main;
 Still, afterwards, they tried the battle o'er,
 Which left them worse than they had been before.
 When Bess had heard that all her troops were dead,
 She offered thousands for the precious head
 Of that great Prince,* of that illustrious O',
 The friend of man, but her immortal foe.
 By the last scourge the Munster Chiefs were cast,
 And in the conflict were entirely lost.
 Some submitted to the reckless Queen,
 And some resisted her unhallowed spleen;
 Among the latter, a victorious Knight†
 Was always ready to maintain his right;
 His army once that bore unbounded sway,
 By frequent broils had all been cut away;
 He had retreated in his usual zeal,
 To join the forces of the brave O'Neill;
 But being pursued by his ignoble foe,
 He could not stand, nor could he further go;
 When he lost all, the bravest of the brave
 Had taken shelter in a dreary cave;
 There was found by a resistless power,
 And seven long years confined in London Tower.
 This fact, indeed, too dreadful to relate,
 A Chief deserving of a better fate.
 When death released him from that dismal place,
 He had found mercy at the Throne of Grace.
 The King of Spain had sent some small supplies
 To Prince Tyrone, which was a great surprise
 To pious Bess, who meditated ease,
 She must be so, because she held the keys.
 At this account the Munster men arose,
 And then determined to attack their foes;
 But the northern star—O'Neill—was sinking fast,
 His force was small, for all his men were lost

* O'Neill,

† The great Desmond.

In hostile fields, combatting with their foes ;
 If they received, they gave some mortal blows.
 The noble Chief, O'Neill, did not despair,
 His name was terror, and was always there.
 Montjoy again appeared,—his ranks were full
 Of native rebels, to complete the whole ;
 He knew O'Neill was destitute of force,
 Thought to defeat him,—nothing less, of course.
 How well he knew O'Neill would never shrink,
 Sooner the earth into the sea would sink ;
 How oft he fought that bold and reckless foe,
 And, until then, had proved his overthrow.
 Although Tyrone had suffered no defeat,
 He suffered more or less when they would meet.
 And as his force had been so loyal found,
 He still continued to maintain his ground ;
 He fought, regardless of approaching fate,
 Expecting help, but that came rather late.
 That one great Prince would stand himself alone,
 And dare the vengeance of the British throne.
 After a while supplies arrived from Spain,
 But not as large as they expected gain ;
 They moored quite safe from each tempestuous gale,
 And safely sheltered near the town Kinsale ;*
 Although King Philip sent some large supplies,
 The fleet was scattered by inclement skies ;
 The bad success the fleet had met at sea,
 At once destroyed the expected jubilee ;
 As if kind Providence would scourge his own,
 It left them since in misery to moan ;
 Unerring saints in acts of faith expire,
 And all good works are purified by fire.
 The town then fearless of approaching fate,
 Unlocked its massive and stupendous gate,
 Then told the Spanish to possess the town,
 Maintain their post, and fight against the crown,
 The Spanish then arrived, and few were found,
 To join the standard on the hostile ground.

* A small seaport town, a few miles southwest of Cork.

But one great Chief, O'Sullivan* of the west,
 Of all the patriots he behaved the best.
 O'Neill, the Prince and lion of the north,
 Whom no misfortune could reduce his worth;
 And Prince O'Donnell, valiant, brave and true,
 Were all of note, and were the only two
 That did oppose intruding vipers then,
 Helped and encouraged by a godless Queen.

After a pause, a revolutionary spirit manifested itself in all the O's in that county, (Cork,) the O'Driscals, O'Mahonies, O'Learies, O'Donovan's, O'Carrolls, and several others; O'Sullivan being in open rebellion against Elizabeth already; and also in all the leading men, the McCarthys, O'Connor, Knight of Kerry, &c. They formed a combination to oppose strenuously Elizabeth's fiendish, ravaging, and murderous invaders; but the dispersion of the Spanish fleet greatly dispirited them. Only 2,000 Spaniards came to their relief, a force incapable of giving much assistance in the hour of extremity.

Those two bright comets, or two brilliant stars,
 Were then deficient by continual wars,
 Of men, of means, of every thing bereft,
 But a bold spirit,—that was all was left;
 And a small band, intrepid to the last,
 That followed both when e'er the die was cast;
 Whom no misfortune could exonerate,
 From strenuous efforts to relieve the state.
 Montjoy collected all the men he could,
 Whom Don Juan and all his men withstood;
 They fought successively outside the town,
 And fought so well that they had gain'd renown.
 At length ten ships in battle line were seen,
 And all belonging to the British Queen,
 Approaching near, them to bombard, in case
 They'd not relinquish or give up the place;

* O'Sullivan, Prince of Bearhaven.

But all in vain ; the Spaniards, with contempt,
 Had disregarded every bold attempt.
 They kept the town ; although, by land and sea,
 They had tried to work their destiny.
 For three long months they carried on the strife,
 Without much loss, or detriment to life.
 The fleet dispers'd by agitated skies,
 And sent by Philip with some large supplies,
 Which adverse winds had scatter'd from the rest,
 Were seen approaching, in their colors drest,
 The Irish coast,—which gave exceeding joy
 To sterling hearts, without a base alloy.
 When they had moor'd, and anchor'd near the shore,
 They met with friends they never met before ;
 Mutual love, and mutual friendship there,
 Had been cemented by a sumptuous fare.
 Six ships bombarding at that time Kinsale,
 Had spread their sheets to catch the boist'rous gale,
 And sought the fleet that Philip sent afar
 To Prince O'Neill, as to prolong the war.
 Unexpectedly they met the Spanish fleet,
 Then slacken'd sail, and lower'd every sheet ;
 The siege commenc'd with a terrific roar,
 The hills resounded, and the verging shore ;
 And it continu'd three successive days,
 Though nought was seen but a prodigious blaze ;
 The fleets continued an incessant fire,
 Each being bold, and neither would retire,
 Until the British lost six hundred tars,
 The just reward of such unholy wars.

“During the siege, a Scotch captain entered the harbor of Kingsale. His ship had been separated at sea from the Spanish fleet, and had eighty Spanish soldiers aboard. The commander informed Vice Admiral Preston of the same, and treacherously surrendered to him his cargo.”

Two northern stars,* whose brilliancy and light
 Illumin'd all the hemisphere by night,,
 And whose bright, vivid, and refulgent ray,
 Had added lustre to the brightest day,—
 Took up their march to help each Munster Chief,
 And quell their woes, or dissipate their grief ;
 They knew the Spaniards were located then,
 In full possession to oppose the Queen.
 They both encamp'd convenient to the place,
 Their hostile foes determined to displace ;
 Their force united was six thousand men,
 Too much inferior to oppose her spleen ;
 Oft to advantage the two heroes fought,
 And very oft the victory they bought.
 Montjoy ne'er wanted a full fresh supply,
 His ships were ready and convenient by,
 When e'er his ranks appearing thin or lean,
 Were then made up by fresh supplies again ;
 This would continue, that O'Neill well knew,
 He lost twelve hundred, and he had but few,
 He thought it prudent to return again,
 And save a remnant of his loyal men ;
 A voyage then, to Spain, O'Donnell made,
 To see the King, and to demand his aid,
 As to repulse a fierce, invidious foe,
 Who tried with might to prove his overthrow,
 And bring destruction, grief, dismay and shame,
 On land once happy, ere the harpies came.
 O ! Isle of Saints ! before that hellish creed
 Had been supported by thy bounteous meed,
 Thy saints were happy till the serpent came,
 Their saintly efforts to destroy or maim ;
 And every breeze unluckily did blow,
 Then to encourage your immortal foe.
 Don Juan, then treacherously inclined,
 All strong possessions to Montjoy resigned ;
 For no equivalent, but the simple gain
 To take his army and himself to Spain ;

* O'Neill and O'Donnell.

He was arrested when he landed there,
 Which plung'd the man in terrible despair,
 And this impression made his sickness brief,
 Encouraged death, and there he died in grief.
 Montjoy once more collected all his force,
 And then to Ulster he had steer'd his course,
 with an assurance that he would subdue
 A Prince, a Soldier, and a Christain too.
 The English troops, or force, amounted thus,
 (Then after all their suffering and loss :)
 Seventeen thousand the infantry were strong,
 With fifteen hundred of the horse along;
 With fire and sword they laid the country waste,
 By the injunction of a virgin chaste;
 They left Tyrone in ashes and in smoke,
 In hopes they would in suffocation choke
 The noble Prince; who, to avoid the blow,
 Convey'd himself with skill to Castle Roe.

Castle Roe, to which O'Neill and his little army retreated, had been situated on the banks of the Bann. It had been something of a close fortification, though not considered in any manner impregnable. The deputy, Montjoy, on hearing of his place of rendezvous, made three divisions of his men, and placed them under skilful and consummate commanders, having commanded one division himself; this arrangement having been made to guard the three passages leading from the Castle, where O'Neill could entertain any hopes of escaping. O'Neill immediately saw their vigilance, and knew their design; and, in spite of any opposition, made good his retreat to the verge of Lough-Earne, where he entrenched himself in an impregnable pass, bidding defiance to his pursuers. His force consisted of six hundred infantry and sixty horse; a small force to come in contact with a formidable army. This gives the reader, at once, the idea they had of O'Neill's skill, courage, discipline and bravery; as they left him in his entrenchment, unmo-

lested, and satisfied themselves with ravaging the country all round. The ancient and noble Castle of Tyrone had been burnt, together with Dungannon, by the loyal inhabitants of the place, and probably by the approbation of the Prince himself.

He left his Castle in a sable shroud,
Till flashing flames had burnish'd every cloud
Which had arisen from the princely dome
Of Hugh O'Neill's and his ancestors' home.
His men retreated, not in fear or grief,
But with impatience to protect their Chief.
Though Don Juan surrender'd to Montjoy,
O'Sullivan kept possession of Dunboy ;*
The O's of Munster rose then to sustain
The Irish war, till succour came from Spain.
That princely O' had acted then as Chief,
His courage great, and his addresses brief ;
As stood bold Hector in defence of Troy,
So Daniel stood as to defend Dunboy.
Montjoy had heard of this unbroken league,
And view'd its symptoms otherwise than vague ;
Carew, the President of Munster then,
In haste assembled all effective men ;
Not as Leonidas was found in Greece,
But those who sold their birthright for the fleece.
Sad, treach'rous men are found in every clime,
Who'd sell eternity for a link of time.
Some Erin's sons, unfaithful to the cause,
Adher'd to creeds and to polluted laws ;
There were some serpents in that paradise,
That had created very much surprise,
And had disgraced that fair, unrivalled land,
Who cleft their friends with an uplifted hand,
When Thomond went as far as to Dunboy,
To raze the place alike ill-fated Troy,
He had with him a formidable force,
Though he expected no defence of course.

* Daniel O'Sullivan, Prince of Bearhaven, in the western extremity of the County of Cork.

When he arrived in that important place,
 He was defeated, to his own disgrace,
 By a small band that had been stationed near
 In heath-clad hills, that made him disappear;
 He thought it prudent not his foes to meet,
 But borrow safety from a quick retreat.
 When Thomond did in that excursion fail,
 Carew determined still to clinch the nail;
 He went himself to wipe away the stain
 That Thomond caused when he had tried in vain;
 He called a force superior to his aid,
 That had been fed, and very well then paid;
 A wayward, wicked, swindling, swearing crew,
 Of dear bought bulls, and Irish traitors too,
 Were then let loose as to depopulate,
 With fire and sword, and leave them nought to eat;
 When hunger, thirst, and pestilence they'd sow,
 That nothing else but misery could grow;
 Like champing locusts greedily devour,
 They ruined the crops that came within their power.
 Carew arrived, half sovereign and half liege, [1602.]
 To prosecute the meditated siege;
 He said all rebels* that would dare annoy,
 He would behead them, and he'd raze Dunboy.
 Then Carew, full of artificial guile,
 When e'er he wished, could always force a smile;
 He hired a traitor† to his country's cause,
 And gave him titles, honors, and applause,
 He sent him off, the cannoneers to bribe,
 Although the thief was of a princely tribe;

* With this appellation the English government brand all nations with whom they have a controversy. First, they strive to crush and massacre them with insatiable cruelty, and after doing so they apply the familiar brand. With this appellation they branded the brave inoffensive Irish; with this appellation they branded the worthy Scots; with this appellation they branded the unconquerable Americans; and with this appellation, no doubt, they branded the poor harmless Chinese, whom they massacred indiscriminately for refusing to take their poisonous drug, that would, in the course of time, depopulate the whole empire.

† His name was O'Sullivan.

The cannoneers in numbers were but few,
 One Italian, the Spaniards were but two ;
 He tried his art, but could not overcome,
 Although he'd give a very weighty sum,
 If those three men would spike the cannon then,
 They would be lords, no longer should be men.
 The men prov'd faithful to their trust and care,
 And charg'd their guns with a devouring fare.
 During this time a vessel came from Spain,
 To know if the Castle did itself sustain ;
 A pious Friar had been then on board,
 To preach the gospel and unerring word
 Of the true Church, repugnant to the creed
 That Bess had made, and angels do not need ;
 He brought a sum of great importance then,
 To feed and clothe, and satisfy the men ;
 With an assurance of King Philip's aid,
 And this fair promise to himself had made ;
 He then requested, with exulting joy,
 To stand determined to defend Dunboy.*
 With buoyant hopes a universal cry,
 To which responded all the hills were nigh,
 Was heard, declaring their intention then,
 That they'd defend it, or they'd die like men :
 " Surviving friends will grant us some applause,
 If we will perish in so good a cause."
 Two Chiefs were sent across the raging main,
 To get assistance from the King of Spain ;
 And to assure him their intention was
 To fight the foe, let what will come to pass ;
 To shun no danger, neither fear, nor fly
 To live as men, or else as men to die.
 The President knew how useful was Dunboy,
 And thought he would it utterly destroy.
 There was an island quite convenient then,
 With one small fort, and forty able men,

* The Castle of Dunboy is a little distance to the west of
 Bantry bay, in the County of Cork. It is situated near the sea,
 and commands a beautiful and extensive prospect. It is now
 in a dilapidated state.

There to repulse and strike the fatal blow,
 If daring visions would invite the foe
 Within their sphere; unless they were divine
 They'd pay a forfeit for their bold design;
 If not in number they'd exceed them far,
 They'd dearly suffer from the feats of war.
 The President then had sent a force to try,
 Nor would he let a bad example die;
 When this injunction he had laid, he smil'd,
 To spare no man, no woman, or no child.
 Each hideous monster promis'd to obey,
 Then charg'd his gun and turn'd himself away.
 The fort resisted the approaching foe,
 And strove with vigor to avert the blow,
 Was forced to yield, with much intrinsic pain;
 They fought like men till fighting was in vain.
 Not one was spared that did for mercy call,
 The fatal lot of every one and all.
 The arduous task was yet to be completed,
 And fearing still that he would be defeated,
 He brought together all his mighty host,
 And fix'd them all in a convenient post,
 In hopes his cannon could with ease destroy
 The far-famed Castle of the famed Dunboy,
 The Castle gave a very ready toast
 To the invidious and amazing host;
 They soon withdrew from an impending fate,
 As being unfit then to retaliate,
 He sought a place to plant his cannon there,
 That with the Castle he could interfere,
 Without that aid he could not venture then
 To face the Castle with a host of men;
 For well he knew the men he had to face
 Were the pure offspring of Milesian race;
 No snarling mongrel did pollute the breed,
 Who kept untarnished the apostles' creed;
 Who'd suffer death and his terrific doom,
 Rather than tarnish old Celestial Rome.
 The cannon planted then began to play,
 And so continued during the whole day;

Whilst in succession from the Castle came
 A deadly signal from destruction's flame,
 Which well directed and incessant fire
 Made Carew shift, and all his men retire;
 And no cessation mark'd the dreadful fray,
 That had continued till the close of day.
 The following day they tried the battle o'er,
 And were repuls'd as they had been before;
 By some strong breach effected by a ball,
 Then Cerew cried, "My boys, now to the wall;
 Be bold, determined, never look behind;
 Their number's few, when you are there you'll find;
 Feel no contrition—have no mercy then
 On these rebellious and outrageous men;
 My royal sovereign don't expect you'll show
 No kind of mercy to so great a foe;
 Spare not a child, it is your better plan,
 That child will grow, perhaps, to be a man,
 Then to disturb your well establish'd peace;
 You kill him now, and his exertions cease."
 Each bloodhound then, much agitated, wheels,
 Another bloodhound treading on his heels;
 With great alacrity they obey'd the call,
 And hurried headlong to the Castle wall,
 Each thirsty vampire in amazing rage,
 Alike a lion breaking from his cage.
 His headlong strides were soon defeated then,
 As loyal Irish were on guard within.
 When each attempted to ascend the wall,
 A dying struggle would denote the call
 That that vile monster had received from death,
 When lifeless lay and destitute of breath.
 In Pluto's gloomy antichamber stray'd,
 In all his hellish ornaments array'd,
 Or walked around the Stygian lake betimes,
 There to do penance for atrocious crimes.
 Every day they made a fresh attack,
 And every day they had been driven back
 To their entrenchments, loaded with disgrace,
 Each day improving in their speedy race;

The hellish, hateful, and seditious foe,
 For fifteen days had still continued so,
 Till heavy cannon had destroyed the wall,
 Which fated many when decreed to fall;
 Though few escaped, they were victorious then,
 They had defeated their old foes again.
 So few in number never fought so well,
 We never read of, never heard of tell,
 That such a number* could the siege prolong,
 Against an army of five thousand strong;
 On the sixteenth day they got a short repose
 from their ferocious and perfidious foes.
 The few were left were then prepared to die,
 And with the rest consented there to lie,
 Rather then yield to a rapacious foe,
 Whose vile intrusions wrought their overthrow;
 Whom angels hated, though the God of all
 Did not ordain it, he allowed the fall.

* The brave men, 140 in number, who defended the Castle of Dunboy, were of course much diminished by the inhuman assaults of the foe, that continued for fifteen days without intermission. The breach effected by five pieces of heavy cannon continually playing on the Castle during the time, destroyed more men than the President's army did, consisting of 5,000 effective men and upwards, during the siege. After a long consideration, Carew sent a proposal of peace to stop the effusion of blood, as his own ranks were much attenuated during the siege. After a serious consultation, the few survivors within the Castle consented, with the exception of the commander, Richard McGeoghegan, whose knowledge of English treachery, and dignity of mind, would not allow him to comply with the conditions, or place any confidence in the confederacy, although being at the time mortally wounded, and struggling with death. When the English came, as it were in numbers, to confirm the President's peace offering; but their intentions had been otherwise. McGeoghegan, though in the last extremity, lit a match to apply it to a barrel of powder that was convenient, to blow all to atoms (himself together with the rest) of Carew's treacherous executioners, rather than comply; and would have put his design in execution were it not for the exertions of Captain Powers, in whose arms he was basely assassinated by an Englishman. The same fate happened to the few that were in the Castle; every one of them had been shot, stabbed, or executed, contrary to the stipulations made before they consented to surrender. Therefore you cannot conciliate the friendship of these Englishmen, under government control, in the hour of extremity.

Yet notice well the spurious sovereign's will,
 Whose works of mercy were to slay and kill.
 Then Cerew sent an olive branch to cease,
 And live thereafter in the bonds of peace,
 Refrain from bloodshed, live a christian life,
 And put an end to the unholy strife;
 "Demand your wish, and I'll with it comply,
 No man shall say I fabricate a lie."
 Alas! the monster! basest of his kind,
 To truth a stranger, and to mercy blind.
 Unblest the day, and cursed be the hour,
 That they consented to his stern power;
 The few escap'd the Castle's horrid fall,
 He shot, slew, stabb'd, or executed all;
 Yet others lived to circulate the fate
 Of those who perish'd to defend the state.
 Their sad defeat and total overthrow,
 By a transgressing and perverted foe,
 Had been injurious to the holy cause,
 Brought gloomy prospects and obnoxious laws.
 O'Sullivan, then, the greatest, bravest, best,
 By nature valiant, and with virtue blest,
 Conven'd and call'd on each and every Chief,
 To strike at something to impair their grief;
 Support a union, and the cause maintain,
 Till some assistance would arrive from Spain;
 But yet, alas! they heard of the defeat
 That sad misfortune had decreed of late.
 The siege concerted to defeat Dunboy,
 Was not inferior to the siege of Troy;
 Nor was no man inferior in that post,
 To mighty Hector, who'd defeat a host;
 If both those places got a fatal fall,
 To erring women were the cause of all.
 Dunboy had fallen, which had given pain
 To worthy Philip, who was King of Spain.
 The Chiefs convened, they all determined then
 To act in union 'gainst oppressive men.
 Far better die with honor and with fame,
 Than live full branded with a coward's name.

Heaven may send, and may not send in vain,
 Some great assistance from the King of Spain ;
 Let us be patient, vigilant, and brave,
 And if we fall there's honor in the grave.
 Resolved as thus, the Chiefs did all agree
 To suffer death, or set their country free ;
 But soon, alas ! oppressors did revile
 The valiant heroes of the western Isle ;
 Consigned to fate those brave, undaunted men,
 for the rebellion they fermented then,
 The Queen, incensed by a rebellious foe,
 And she would fain indeed to prove them so,
 Sent o'er fresh vampire's to the Irish shore,
 More fond of blood than all she sent before ;
 The bloodhounds yelped, inflicting wounds and woes
 On all the sons of Irish Mc's and O's.
 That day they'll think of, that they were to bathe !
 And wash their members in the river Lethe.
 Repulsed, defeated, and repulsed again,
 Were those ferocious and inhuman men ;
 But Bess, detesting sad misfortune's pranks,
 With other men would soon fill up the ranks ;
 No matter when or how her men would die,
 She had the means to get a new supply.
 The Munster Chiefs abandoned every hope,
 And seemed determined to deserve the rope ;
 For casual efforts men of great renown
 Had paid this forfeit to the British crown.
 All hopes were fled that foreign aid would come,
 And all depended on themselves at home.
 The Mc's and O's that stood the dire attack,
 With Connaught heralds standing at their back,
 Their strenuous efforts they would never yield,
 For all their glory was the hostile field,
 Had made a union—honor was their bail—
 To find protection from the brave O'Neill,
 To suffer death if the occasion need,
 In braving Betsy and her darling creed.
 The warlike band, possessing Spartan blood,
 Oft swam across the most tremendous flood,

Until at last just to the Shannon came,
 A mighty, rapid, and rebellious stream ;
 It had been then,* though other times so slow,
 As if determined not to shift or flow,
 They sat in council how to frame a pass,
 Could give permission then to get across ;
 After a pause and consultation then,
 By sage, sagacious, and judicious men,
 They all concluded that in place of boats,
 To make of osiers some capacious floats,
 And line them well before they'd leave the brink,
 With horses' hides, for fear the floats would sink ;
 O'Mealy, then, a bold, intrepid Chief.
 Who feared no danger, or who knew no grief,
 Had ventured first in those uncertain floats,
 Which had been no way in the shape of boats ;
 His watery grave had agonized the whole,
 And gave to heaven a firm devoted soul.
 When all had crossed, O'Sullivan did review,
 And found his number had been very few,
 All the force that he could muster then,
 Were two hundred able bodied men ;
 Too small a number to engage the foe,
 And sure to meet them every step they'd go,
 Though small the number, and tho' weak the force,
 They seemed determined to pursue their course,
 Death may limit or impede their way,
 For nothing else could tolerate their stay ;
 The little group or constellation then,
 Of warlike, noble, able bodied men,
 All stout heroes of Milesian race,
 And brave defenders of their native place,
 Would push ahead, were not afraid to die,
 They'd fall themselves, or cause the foe to fly ;
 Then all did kneel, in due submission there,
 To heaven's decrees, and spent an hour in prayer.
 Not far they went, when they had met the foe,
 Who seemed determined on their overthrow.

* This happened in the month of December, when all tributary streams pour into it.

Honor pledged, and honor being the bail,
 Unless they'd die, that they would see O'Neill ;
 Near Aughrim, known to those of every age,
 A place oft mentioned on historic page,
 They met with Malby and Sir Thomas Burk,*
 Who near the place for many days did lurk,
 Alike two lions waiting for their prey,
 No danger feared, but feared they'd run away ;
 And both contending for the highest fame,
 Then both were ready to pursue the game ;
 But, how surprised when they observed them stand,
 A noble, valiant, warlike looking band !

The adventure of O'Sullivan and his heralds is considered the most daring, indefatigable, and most chivalrous enterprize on the page of history.

Though fully bent were every Mc and O',
 To face with courage the approaching foe,
 Though being inferior both in men and means,
 They fought for freedom, not for any gains,
 And so successive were they in the strife,
 That English Malby there had lost his life ;
 When there he fell the rest began to fly,
 For they would sooner run than stand to die ;
 Some lay dead, and some with nimble heels,
 Showed lengthened steps, that were not fit for reels,
 But were quite handy in the time of need,
 By giving then, facility to speed.
 The Chiefs their course had taken up from thence,
 And sought the mansion of a noble Prince ;†
 All banished Chiefs would there for shelter come,
 When godless tyrants drove them from their home ;
 O'Sullivan found that other Chiefs were worse,
 For they had neither staff, nor scrip, nor purse,
 Who had been driven from their homes and wives,
 And threatened hard to take away their lives.

* Burk, that noble and illustrious name, adhered faithfully to the welfare of the Irish nation, with very few exceptions.

† O'Rourk, the hereditary Prince of Breffney.

He found some Chiefs took shelter there likewise ;
 The Prince with all did share and sympathise.
 The Chiefs at length defeated every gale,
 And worked their passage to the brave O'Neill,
 Who did receive them with exceeding joy,
 And hailed their presence to defeat Montjoy.
 He gave the Chiefs the greatest of applause,
 For being defenders in a holy cause.
 They were preparing to disturb the Queen,
 Until wise Providence had changed the scene ;
 The Queen got ill, and death approached her bed,
 To have her numbered with the noiseless dead ;
 Could she resist him, or excite a fray ?
 No, she could not, she had then to obey.
 Though lived unlike, she did like others fall,
 To bear the sable unrelenting pall ;
 The thread was cut, she had no longer breath,
 And then she died a most surprising death,
 They stowed her back in some dark place alone,
 The basest tyrant that disgraced a throne.
 The Chiefs then lived in harmony and peace,
 And all commotions for a time did cease ;
 In great dismay decayed the spurious get,
 And the Isle of Saints remained unconquered yet.

Elizabeth.

I have done with the reign of this detestable tyrant, and have given a partial investigation of the afflictions, sufferings and woes of my country and countrymen during her reign. She died on the 26th of March, 1603, after a life of 69 years and 6 months, and after a reign of 44 years and 4 months. Providence allowing her to reign such a length of time, incontestably proves that God scourgeth his own children. This base and spurious tyrant was arbitrary and cruel to her enemies, jealous of her friends, full of ambition, stern in her resolution to do evil, and her feelings were beyond the reach of the most tender remonstrances and expostulation.

When Edward, her brother, reigned, she was a consistent Protestant; and when Mary, her sister, reigned, she was a practical Catholic, and if exterior ceremonies and signs, whilst in that Church, would be an irrefragable proof of sanctity, Elizabeth would be a saint. No living historian, in description, could do her justice; and although she was called the Virgin Queen by some sycophants or courtiers, her constitutional propensities were irregular and disorderly, and no way regulated by discretional restraint or commendable habits. She died, unlamented, and every symptom of affliction, lunacy, and convulsive rage, preceded her death.

James VI., of Scotland, was crowned King in the year 1603. He was the son of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, and the crown of both nations uniting in him, he was by law King of England and Scotland.

When James the Sixth of Scotland did ascend,
 He had no foes, but every one his friend;
 Hopes were cherished, he'd be good and wise,
 Such hopes were nothing but a sacrifice;
 A weak, imbecile King would never do,
 Though he were learned—he was a pedant too—
 Unfit three kingdoms then to rule or reign,
 For all he said the half was said in vain.
 Though being the son of Mary, Queen of Scots,
 Who had no blemish or interior spots,
 And for her zeal for that unerring rock,
 She laid her head upon the fatal block;
 'Twas for her faith she paid the heavy tax,
 If her son* were there he'd wield the ponderous axe;
 No son was he, nor neither was he good,
 Or he'd retaliate his mother's blood.
 A greater foe to that unerring creed,
 There never was, nor was there any need;
 A greater tyrant than unholy Bess,
 Still, ere she died, she did some laws suppress.

* James was a rigid Presbyterian.

Though he in youth attended to his school,
 Yet not in Europe was a bigger fool.
 When Bess had reigned, compelled, perhaps by
 need.

The Irish Chiefs who differed from her creed
 Had paid a tax for this offensive flaw,
 But ere she died she did relax the law;
 But some bold Chiefs objected, paying for years,
 Which left themselves in very great arrears.
 In Jemmy's reign they hunted up old scores,
 And well they probed the old affected sores,
 Of such back dues they made a heavy debt,
 Nor would the harpies then the owner let
 Him make an offer for his own estate,
 The answer was, you offer rather late;
 The greedy leeches made a sacrifice,
 Of each estate, which was no great surprise;
 The King had sanctioned the unholy cause,
 By his perverted and obnoxious laws,
 And for that act, there could be no repeal,
 As then inactive was the brave O'Neill;
 Every non-believer had to fall,
 He lost his life, his vast estate and all.
 The estates were given to rapacious hawks,
 Who were enamoured with their flowery walks;
 This seemed not then so altogether strange,
 As being accustomed to each direful change.
 Long acquaintance makes familiar, then
 Very admirable is seldom seen.
 In this King's reign, a most notorious scheme,
 Atrocious in itself, and much to blame,
 Concerted then, by vile ungodly men,
 Who feared not God, nor shunned the way of sin.
 These men were moving in the highest grade,
 Among the proudest on the grand parade.
 Twelve men contrived to blow the house in air,
 And every wolf that was assembled there,
 To rid the earth of such invidious men,
 By blowing to atoms the unrighteous den,

They placed beneath the synagogue* the batch,†
 And were determined to apply a match,
 The great explosion terrific and loud,
 Would annihilate the vicious crowd,
 Tho' the wolves were bad, the action would be worse,
 They might do good, and yet to bear a curse.
 No man's allowed to use the chastening rod,
 For vengeance only does belong to God.
 One morning early the undaunted Fawkes,
 Bent on destruction, undevoutly walks,
 With his dark lantern to complete the deed,
 And show his courage in the time of need.
 He had a match to blow the wolves in air,
 And sought no refuge from the fatal snare.
 He thought by their effectual overthrow,
 He'd go to Heaven and they would go below;
 And then let men commemorate his name,
 By their transition in a sheet of flame.
 Alas! for Fawkes, it was his fate to die,
 Not through the means of an officious spy,
 But some good man empanel'd with the rest,
 That pure humanity had touched his breast,
 Advised a Lord‡ not to attend that day,
 And on his peril then to stay away.
 This communication had found the spot,
 And then discovered the unholy plot;
 Some contrived to palliate and lie,
 But all concerned were then condemned to die.
 The harpies cried, destruction is our doom,
 It emanated from the Court of Rome.
 They built a tower to commemorate,
 Their preservation in a partial state.
 The immortal Pope, in two immortal lines,
 This tall bully pyramid defines:
 "London's column pointing to the skies,
 Like a tall bully, lifts it head and lies."
 On James' ascension, they all cried, God speed,
 The good wise King will tolerate my creed,

* The Parliament House. † Gunpowder. ‡ Lord Mounteagle.

The Catholic thought he could his own enjoy,
 Without the admixture of a base alloy ;
 All false hopes, for Jemmy was the lark
 Who raked the embers in the very dark ;
 In his opinion he was very strong,
 None could convince him of being ever wrong.
 He sent Montjoy, the harbinger of hell,
 To gut, cut, plunder, afterwards to kill ;
 The house devoted to almighty God,
 Had felt the pressure of his chastening rod ;
 He then had summoned every noble Chief,
 Not to extinguish, but increase his grief—
 And told him plainly that he should comply
 With the established Church, and in its bosom die.
 “ ’Tis now well swept with an effectual broom,
 And quite repugnant to the Church of Rome ;
 Your bower for life will be an evergreen,
 A change of creed will surely change the scene.”
 Thus spoke the serpent as a reasoning friend,
 The Chiefs detested the notorious fiend.
 Whether Montjoy did give his charge or not,
 Or some vile imp selected from the lot,
 This law was passed in spurious Betsy’s day,
 But still lay dead, and was as cold as clay,
 Until revived by vultures, not by men,
 Then singing psalms, and crying aloud, amen.
 To this injunction they would not submit,
 Could they retain, or otherwise remit
 The smallest sin ? could they divorce, or marry ?
 They had no power but from pious Harry,
 Or that vile priest,* who from his zenith fell,
 And changed his gospel for a beauteous belle ;
 Whose great affection for his charming Kate,
 Pulled off his gown, and opened wide the gate ;
 He went the road that leadeth to destruction,
 And left the narrow path of incorruption.
 It was old Dick who saw, with great surprise,
 Both heaven and earth in both Ann Boleyn’s eyes ;

On these two hinges hangs the reformation,
 (We'll call it this by way of information.)
 In Dublin then the corporation all
 Received a summons and a hasty call
 To attend the Church, pertaining to the State,
 Finished by Ann, though first commenced by Kate,*
 But to their honor be it ever said,
 They did not go, nor could they then be led;
 No Judas found, but one amongst them all,
 Who liked good living in his master's stall;
 The rest adhered, in spite of fines and block,
 To that sound, healthy and unerring Rock,
 Who got the keys that never will grow old,
 To feed his flock and to protect the fold;
 Not Like the thief who climbed the other way,
 Destroyed the sheep, and led the lambs astray.
 O'Neill, O'Donnell, and McGuire being gone,†
 Then terminated all the jest and fun.
 The vampires made a most outrageous law,
 And had proclaimed it void of every flaw;
 But hell itself could not digest such fraud,
 As those vile leeches did so loudly laud.
 Confiscation was the only thing in view,
 They brought from England, and from Scotland too,
 Some hidebound saints, that had enough before,
 But the man that's rich will always wish for more;
 Or if, perchance, that some had got the itch,
 On Irish soil they very soon got rich;
 The flowery meads, the dew-bespangled lawn,
 The safe retreat of every hare and fawn,
 They roam'd to view the grand endearing scene,
 By nature clad in livery of green;
 How often walked they thro' each beauteous farm,
 Each with his heir, who held him by the arm,
 And as the swallow every art does try,
 To teach her offspring how to learn to fly,
 His heir he taught to covet every sod,
 As so ordained by the Almighty God,

* Catharine de Bore.

† To France.

Who in his wisdom did predestinate,
 That his fine heir should have a large estate.
 When things grew worse another Chief* arose,
 Who seemed determined to suppress his foes ;
 He then collected all the force he could
 To mar the vampires, if in death he should
 Repose his bones, and then unburied lie,
 He was so willing for the cause to die.
 Without a Chief, the Chief did act alone,
 The noble, valiant Prince of Inishowen ;
 Indeed, successively he fought his foes,
 Who were gregarious as the very crows :
 No British ship did come anear the shore,
 But brought more men than she had brought before.
 O'erpowered by men, the Prince was doomed to sigh,
 And much lamented, 'twas his fate to die,
 Soon after him, the King was called away
 Before a Judge of omnipotent sway,
 There to account for his unrighteous laws ;
 There he could not equivocate his cause ;
 His deeds were written there before his face,
 Where human hands could not the deeds deface ;
 For his injustice to the rich and poor,
 Against the King they shut the heavenly door,
 For into heaven no wicked sovereigns go,
 They get a ticket for the place below ;
 Thro' endless ages there they're doomed to stay,
 An awful sentence and a long delay.

Charles I., son of James I., ascended the throne
 of England in the year of our Lord, 1625. His
 promises of toleration were charming, much like his
 papa's. He was a sincere, or rather a stringent
 Episcopalian ; and used all his power to enforce
 Episcopacy on the Scots, which he attempted unsuc-
 cessfully in the hostile field, where he met with a
 spirited resistance which totally defeated his design.

King Charles next had graced the royal stage,
 And was considered then a learned sage ;

* O'Doharty.

The wisest men, and they were not a few,
 Their hopes, their thoughts, and hearts were turned
 to
 To this good King, expecting better times,
 And better laws for regulating crimes;
 For each then thought he'd tolerate his creed,
 As Providence sent him in the hour of need;
 But they mistaken in the King had been,
 And found, ere long, that they were overseen;
 A hidebound bigot, and a noted case,
 That lived and died in terrible disgrace;
 His picture is as each historion draws,
 From his aggressive and oppressive laws,
 A keen, intriguing vacillating King,
 Who oft made winter when he could make spring;
 When first commencing with the noble Scotch,
 In fact he found to be an overmatch
 For him, in his attempt upon the Kirk,
 The wily, roguish, and notorious Turk,
 Who brought his forces in the hostile field,
 But was defeated, and was forced to yield.
 The Scots had just as good a right as he,
 To pray, to teach, to act, and to be free;
 As both depended on their human strength,
 One went his course, the other went his length.
 'Tis very wrong that parties disagree,
 As one sees things the other cannot see;
 I want to know, can human reason tell,
 Which of the reasoners into error fell?
 The Scots determined to retain their creed,
 Had fought like Spartans in the hour of need,
 The King's fond creed they boldly did disown,
 But they would cherish and maintain their own;
 And so they could, and did maintain the cause,
 In spite of him and his infernal laws.
 All adhering to the ancient creed,
 Were soon oppress'd, and made afresh to bleed.
 Woes on woes, to mighty heaps arose,
 When King and Parliament had been their foes;

Nothing left to hebetate their grief,
 For each unfortunate and banished Chief,
 Distressed by tyrants and dismayed by fears,
 They found no ease but in dissolving tears.
 For length of years an odious government
 Had stretched their sorrows to a great extent.
 Faukland* then, as to reduce their fine,
 Directed them still to pursue a line
 He would select, for fear of going astray,
 And then he'd mention what they'd have to pay,†
 "Then send an agent to the royal throne,
 And all the fraud that ever had been sown
 Will be redressed, as he'll‡ regard your state,
 And all misfortune he'll obliterate,
 Reduce the tax imposed in former years,
 Dry up the widow's and the orphan's tears."
 A wicked humbug this had proved to be,
 A grief to some, to some a jubilee.
 He took the sum and put it in his purse,
 And, if not better, made them ten times worse;
 The King with greed had gulped the gilded pill,
 And left the burden on their shoulders still.
 In Betty's reign they paid, without a frown,
 Twelve pence per acre to the British crown,
 For a permission to remain at home,
 And hear the anthems of the Church of Rome;
 As the law was then, to aggravate their woe,
 They could compel them to that Church to go
 That whoredom built, and some departed lives,
 When wicked Harry was beheading wives.
 Reproving conscience would not give consent,
 They paid the tax, and staid at home content;
 At that time there was a noted rogue,§
 Who by his talents brought himself in vogue,
 The King had sent him, deputed and all,
 As being well fitted to attend the call.

* Faukland, the King's deputy.

† The Irish nation sent to Charles 300,000 pounds. He took the money, and left them as they were.

‡ The King. § Lord Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

A bigger villain never was on earth,
 Or no known country never gave him birth;
 Degrading, branding his young rising flock,
 He lost his head upon the fatal block.
 A fearful warning to the wicked crew,
 For so his master was beheaded too.
 Two great parties* then in England rose,
 That did each other face to face oppose.
 With religious zeal the Puritans put down
 The holy angels of the British crown,
 That did adhere to Betty's new made creed,
 But still a newer and a better made;
 Appearance then with Puritans was rife,
 And then commenced the formidable strife;
 He did oppose the conscientious men,
 Which they considered blasphemy and sin.
 For nine long years the villain robbed the Isle
 Of Saints of men, and women, without guile;
 He was then a penitent with all,
 Was John with some, with others he was Paul.
 But when he trod upon their sacred toes,
 'Twas then he found they all had been his foes,
 In spite of his fine eloquence and flock,
 He was beheaded on the victim's block;
 The second thought was to behead the King,
 And change their winter to eternal spring.
 Poor Charles, then, to fortify his reign,
 Had deemed it prudent to encounter Spain,
 And for that purpose got the English fleet
 Repaired and shrouded, rigging, rope and sheet;
 Yet, after all his robbery before,
 And all he carried from the Irish shore,
 Compelled he was to tax his friends at home,
 And did not think of what was yet to come.
 The Puritans conspir'd against the King,
 They'd bear no tax or such a wicked thing,
 They told the King they would oppose his force,
 To get assistance from some other source;

* Puritans and Episcopalians.

Still, more than that, for his rapacious cry,
 The tyrant King would surely have to die;
 The just reward of his enormous tax,
 Was one strong blow of the dispatching axe.
 They said to him, as they stood face to face,
 "You're a scourge to earth—to heaven a dire
 disgrace ;

Too late, dread tyrant, now to make amends,
 Your foes are many, and you have no friends."
 The King at length determined to subdue
 The vile, proud, haughty, and rebellious crew;
 Treason uttered with contagious breath,
 Had been deserving of immediate death;
 He made some efforts then to overthrow
 Each rabid, vapid, and notorious foe ;
 But all in vain, the tacit plan was laid,
 Which worked precisely for the monarch's head ;
 Man knows not of his approaching sorrow,
 Well to-day, and in two parts to-morrow.

The Rebellion and Massacre of 1641.

But ere the King received the fatal stroke,
 There was nothing could be seen but smoke,
 Where e'er your eyes would turn then to gaze,
 You'd see the hamlets in a fearful blaze,
 The shrieks of women in the midnight air,
 Would terrify the heart and shock the ear ;
 A dreadful havoc then had taken place,
 Sanctioned by laws, and to the King's disgrace ;
 With Vandal yells they'd damn the Church of Rome,
 Whilst spearing children in their mother's womb ;
 Then drag them out and poise them high in air,
 The front displaying to the men in rear,
 The dying mother and the murdered child.
 Vile, frantic rage, had made the demon's wild,
 As if an inward monitor would tell,
 There was no heaven, or yet no fear of hell ;
 And so continued this infernal rage,
 Without regarding either sex or age.

The Catholics said that they would rise or fall,
 As no concessions could be made at all ;
 The Chiefs had met to meditate the cause,
 And act repugnant to the British laws ;
 The only way was to preserve their lives,
 Their friends, their children and their helpless wives,
 To face the foe, and wade through thick and thin,
 To fear no danger and to dread no sin.
 They all consented to retaliate,
 And bear with patience the decrees of fate.
 You watch and see, when sleeps the gentle dam,
 The wolf devours her, and her tender lamb,
 Whereas defiance keeps him still at bay,
 Till help does come to drive the wolf away ;
 Therefore arise, for now we go ahead,
 See, all our kindred and our friends are dead.
 Tho' small our gains, and smaller still our crimes,
 For conscience sake we bled a thousand times.
 Think of your children, and your loving wives,
 We're bound as Christians to protect our lives.
 They combined, and then concluded so,
 To spare no Norman or no British foe ;
 Then like a torrent from a mountain's side,
 Or like a furious or rebellious tide,
 Or like fierce wolves that nothing can delay,
 Or curb their their motion when in quest of prey ;
 With vengeful hands they struck the fatal blow,
 And show'd no mercy to the guileful foe ;
 With purple gore the rivers then were dyed,
 And human blood had raised a rapid tide ;
 The native Irish, by this strong attack,
 Most of what they lost they had gain'd it back,
 The King then knew that they were bound to slay.
 And that they'd fight as well as they could pray ;
 He gave concessions void of guilt or guile,
 And peace once more had burnished all the Isle ;
 When the Irish made this formidable plan,
 There was a serpent* in the shape of man ;

* When the Irish assembled together, to impede, or take some advantage of the threatened extermination of Irish Catholics,

He turned his coat, and caught the fatal bait,
 A dreadful token for a future state ;
 For turning it he wore the golden fleece,
 And lived in splendor like a King of Greece ;
 When Philip had his reputation won,
 And was appointed King of Macedon,
 His offspring since are numerous and great,
 Have filled and fattened by the reprobate,
 And base informer, who for sake of gold,
 A second Judas had his master sold.
 King Charles still, unwilling to resign,
 Or stain the dignity of the regal line,
 Made every effort to subdue his foes,
 As thick in number as the very crows.
 Religion suffers, it is very strange,
 By every sudden and revolting change ;
 The King was willing to uphold the creed
 That Harry cherished in the time of need,
 When the axe was sharp, and he was wanting wives,
 To fill with honey his exhausted hives ;
 And afterwards, poor Neddy, like a thrush,
 Had touched the anthems with his holy brush.

sanctioned and encouraged by law, without regard to either sex, age, sanctity or character, it had been unanimously decided amongst them that they should destroy the foe without mercy ; the women and children excepted ; and that they would use the same way and means of extermination that the Norman English preferred themselves, with the above exception. In this convention it was agreed upon that McGuire, Lord of Farrnanagh, and McMahan, another lord, should be leaders of the confederacy, to carry the extermination into execution. In the assembly there was another Judas, whose name was Connelly, and who was also a servant of Lord McGuire's ; who went to the magistrates and gave information of the whole plot ; who were to be their leaders, and how they were determined to carry their designs into execution. The noble lords were immediately arrested ; and executed immediately after their arrest, at Tyburn. Connelly, the degraded informer, soon after embraced the Protestant religion, for his changing and treachery got a vast estate, and had been created a peer ; that is conferring dignity and emolument on him at once for his treachery. Though Connelly is an original and ancient name, still of that name there was a Judas, to be found.

But pious Bess, the finisher of all,
 Enlarged the work, for then it was too small.
 Though some improvement has been daily made,
 And will be so while idle drones are paid;
 The independents then, historians tell,
 With loud applause and a notorious yell,
 Rushed all together to destroy their creed,
 As for this humbug they would have no need,
 For every man could steer a future course,
 Without exhausting all his little source
 With idle drones who had no right to pray,
 Who were mere strangers to the righteous way;
 Let man be hence his own unerring guide,
 And from this maxim never stray or hide,
 The book is plain, a fool can demonstrate
 The better passage to a future state.
 This was the precept they established then,
 A guide unerring for the faith of men;
 Vile Cromwell then had an attentive ear,
 And joined the class, had nothing still to fear,
 The standing army sanctioned his control,
 Among them all, not a dissenting soul
 Could then be found, all pushing on the cause,
 And marked with pleasure all of Cromwell's laws;
 Deserted Charles, left him to his fate,
 Exclaiming loudly, he had ruined the state,
 And fearing Charles would again recruit,
 They raised the yell, and joined in the pursuit.
 The wretched King, when he was left alone,
 Without a friend that he could call his own,
 Had said, the persecution that arose,
 And had been practiced by immortal foes,
 Because concessions he had made of late,
 To quell the strife, and try to regulate
 With Irish Chiefs; that that had been the cause,
 That they* destroyed and mutilated laws,
 And called on them† for a protecting hand,
 But save himself that he would save the land,

* Cromwell and his followers.

† The Irish nation.

That land he deluged, with Milesian blood,
 Which made the rivers to appear as blood ;
 Audacious villain, hard must be his fate,
 To call the Irish from their native state.
 O ! guileless race ! how credulous they are,
 In time of peace, and in the time of war.
 The serpent comes, and with a breath impure,
 He knows he can their confidence secure ;
 He gives his tale a most commanding hue,
 They hear it all, and say it must be true ;
 They can't believe a lie, he could relate
 Till they're entrap'd, and find it out too late.
 Yet, this don't teach them to avoid the sin,
 He tells the tale, and they believe again,
 The reason why I will investigate,
 They think that man is not to fabricate.
 The Irish did unanimously agree,
 To aid the King, and set his kingdom free ;
 The second Charles was the proper heir,
 Who was entitled to the royal Chair ;
 Let what will come, he is the proper spring
 And regal son of the beheaded King,
 We must assist him now to wrest his crown
 From a usurper, and a British clown.
 These were the words the Irish said in vain,
 Not tacitly, but in a louder strain.
 Soon Cromwell heard these tantalizing words ;
 He then prepared his cannon and his swords,
 Twelve thousand men he had transported o'er,
 And landed safely on the Irish shore ;
 He was supplied with money and with means,
 And soon expected to augment his gains.
 Although that Isle was robbed a thousand times,
 For nothing else but for the want of crimes,
 And yet he thought there was a something still,
 That was worth robbing, or that he could kill ;
 He had with him some prairie birds of fame,
 A man would think that out of hell they came,
 A wicked crew that would no mercy give,
 To e'en the blind, nor let a child to live ;

Nothing else could be expected than
 A frightful outrage on the laws of man,
 Far worse than Satan was their ruling head,*
 He'd kill the living and he'd rob the dead
 Without contrition or the fear of sin,
 That God may damn him pray you all, amen.
 But hush, my friends, you have no need to pray,
 He is in hell and there he'll have to stay.
 He and his men to Drogheda repaired,
 And well for action they had been prepared,
 He had his cannon and his thousands all,
 To face at once a great stupendous wall;
 Within the wall five thousand men did lie,
 Bent to defend it, otherwise to die,
 Of daring spirits to protect the state,
 Who met with death, for that had been their fate.
 With heavy cannon Cromwell made a breach,
 Yet did his men with cowardice impeach.
 Time after time, they had been driven back,
 Till frequent races made a heavy track.
 When Cromwell saw how things had come to pass,
 As he sustained a very heavy loss,
 He grasp'd his sword, which show'd that he was brave,
 And cried out "Victory, or else the grave:"
 He rushed, himself, regardless of his life,
 Right through the breach, to terminate the strife;
 The men within, with vigor did assail,
 But yet his thousands did at last prevail.
 Then Cromwell cried, "I now command the peace,
 Let every man from dire destruction cease;"
 'Twas thus he cried, for he was losing fast,
 Though fully bent to have revenge at last,
 "Your brave resistance wont admit disgrace,
 You are but few, and I will keep the place;
 Therefore give up, and I will be your friend,
 I want the place, and nothing more depend."
 When he said this, then every man resigned,
 Relaxed his efforts, and to peace inclined.

* Cromwell.

But woe to them that did resign at all,
 Or paid attention to his cries or call ;
 That fatal hour, that was decreed by fate,
 The guileful, awful, direful reprobate,
 Gave orders then to put them to the sword,
 To a ferocious and unholy horde,
 Who rushed together countless to destroy,
 Like pagan Grecians sacking pagan Troy.
 Defenceless men they had consoled before,
 They slew, hacked, murdered, till they were no more
 This rage continued five successive days,
 Which demons love, and which the English praise,
 But few were left to tell the fatal doom,
 The carnage spreading universal gloom.
 Historians say, that some like twenty men
 Made their escape, who were confined within.
 Some pious priests, that never did no harm,
 Without a sword to nerve the saintly arm,
 Had been within to sanctify, and pray
 For those that died in that tremendous fray,
 He put to death—remorseless plunged the steel ;
 And caused a wound the villain could not heal.
 This long succession of afflicting woes,
 They still must bear from unrelenting foes.
 But thirty men remained, 'tis said, of all
 That lived, unknown to either sword or ball ;
 All citizens were butchered with the rest,
 By that unlucky, godless, brutal beast.
 The thirty men, when he did well revile,
 Then sent them prisoners to a foreign Isle.*
 When rage and malice, with vindictive care,
 Finished their labors in conjunction there,
 From thence the ruthless Cromwell steered his course
 And had with him a very strenuous force ;
 He left behind him many of his friends,
 Who lived as dogs, and died the same as fiends.
 He went to Wexford, to complete the work,
 The stern, furious, and relentless Turk ;

* Barbadoes.

There, as before, there did escape but few,
 He slew the women and the children too.
 The sad alarm universal spread,
 And nothing could be seen but heaps of dead.
 Remorseless, ruthless, godless, heartless, then,
 Destroyed, unmercifully, helpless men.
 Unmitigated rage had edged his steel,
 He had no ears to hear, or heart to feel;
 The screams of dying babes were his delight,
 No peace had he by day—no rest by night;
 A troubled conscience gave the imp no rest,
 He knew no mirth—as terror filled his breast;
 The enemy of God, to man a foe,
 He had no match on earth, or yet below,
 In that dire pit, where devils disagree,
 He is unmatched, and will forever be.

Dr. Lingard describes this massacre thus:—"No distinction was made between the defenceless inhabitants and the armed soldiers; nor could the shrieks of three hundred females, who gathered round the great cross, preserve them from the swords of those ruthless barbarians."

When there, as usual, Cromwell did destroy
 Each man and woman, babe and beardless boy.
 He thought he should then to Dungannon steer,
 And kill, unmercifully, the people there.
 The governor heard of Cromwell's near approach,
 And he resisted—fearing he'd encroach;
 And with small aid, which added to his fame,
 He made him travel back the road he came.
 He counted heads when he returned back,
 And found there was a very heavy lack;
 The tiger growled at such a serious loss,
 And at the disappointment that came to pass;
 He vowed revenge, and said it should prevail,
 And be inflicted on the great O'Neill.
 Then off he came in haste to do the deed,
 Urged by a double malice for his creed;

The ruthless tyrant travelled night and day,
 With force superior, and unbounded sway;
 As knowing well that he would soon assail
 The peerless, dauntless chieftain, Hugh O'Neill.
 But that flushed hope, that did before inspire,
 At seeing his rival did at once expire.
 A captive Bishop, who took up his cross,
 Who had been taken at the siege of Ross,
 There Cromwell thought to victimize the saint,
 Though, knowing his end, was never known to faint.
 The horrid, cruel, and audacious scamp,
 Had brought the Bishop to the Prince's camp;*
 Oppressive power, and insulting pride,
 The saintly man did all the way deride;
 Though Cromwell said that he may go in peace,
 If from resistance he'd in future cease,
 And preach obedience to the tyrant's sway—
 Thus speaking nonsense to him all the way.
 The saintly Bishop seemed though he were glad,
 Still praying in silence to Almighty God.
 The captive, brought to preach obedience then,
 And non-resistance to his countrymen,
 He thought the fear of death would operate,
 And his sound language would be moderate.
 Instead of that, the captive spoke at large,
 And gave his countrymen this serious charge,
 The Bishop spoke, and spoke so very free,
 "Combine, unite, and let a union be
 Among yourselves, against your mortal foe,
 Excited passions, strike a fatal blow,
 This haughty tyrant who has caused a flood,
 To flow in rivers of Milesian blood;
 My hours are few, I am resigned to fate,
 Here I'm bound a captive in this state;
 'Tis better suffer than to live a slave,
 You'll gather laurels on a patriot's grave;
 Resist your foes, and neither fear nor fly,
 For in that state it is a shame to die."

* O'Neill's camp.

He spoke those words, not caring for his doom,
 Another Regulus near the wall of Rome.
 No sooner said than he was forced to feel
 A weighty axe, that had been made of steel.
 O'Neill was fixed, and well entrench'd before,
 With fourteen hundred—(lacking just a score)
 Of brave provincials to dispute the ground,
 The cries of come did every where resound.
 But Cromwell then was willing to obey,
 And tho't their shouts was nothing more than play.
 But, to his cost, he found O'Neill was there,
 Who banish'd hope, and threw him in despair.
 Little he thought, that his small aid could say,
 This haughty tyrant we will keep at bay.
 Not that alone, but oft did overthrow
 The countless legions of the guileful foe,
 He thought it prudent to withdraw with care
 Beyond the town, to seek advantage there.
 For sixty days he did not move from thence,
 Or made an effort to attack the Prince.
 The Prince removed* when all his store was out,
 And then was forced to take another route.
 That base, perfidious, and ferocious foe,
 With schemes atrocious, gave a fatal blow
 To that fair gem, which was the Isle of Saints,
 Free from interior or exterior taints.
 That matchless savage, whose enormous crimes,
 With deeds of horror, signalized the times.
 Defenceless peasants he arrested all,
 The old, the young, the middling and the small,
 And them transported—which had been his trade—
 As Irish rebels, of the lowest grade.
 His daily thoughts and his nocturnal dreams,
 Were thinking, planning, fabricating schemes,
 To give at once a universal blow,
 And put an end to every Irish foe;

* O'Neill moved to Waterford, and those that remained behind in the town, (Tiperary,) made an easy compromise with Oliver; thinking he had the garrison within his reach, not knowing that O'Neill had taken his departure from hence.

Which, if he did, would then have holy been,
 To what they heard, felt, and afterwards had seen.
 No poet could in them, or in these times,
 Tell, or yet enumerate his crimes.

In Cromwell's time, yet to support his cause,
 He left three wolves in Dublin, making laws ;
 The names, indeed, of those infectious drones,
 Were Fleetwood, Ludlow, and notorious Jones.
 The laws they made it is a shame to tell,
 Would stigmatize the very imps of hell.

It read as thus, the venerable code,
 It had been then the fashionable mode :
 " Now, any Priest that you can catch or find,
 That's either sound,* or otherwise in mind,
 You hang him up, until he is half dead,
 And then be sure you do cut off his head ;
 And after that, I'll tell you what to do,
 Do not forget to have him quarter'd too ;
 Burn his entrails, with exceeding care,
 And show the rest a good example there ;
 Then place his head upon a naked pole,
 And such, you know, will terify the whole :
 And for each head, full of rebellious pranks,
 You'll get five pounds, and our collective thanks."'
 The Lord had heard such vile directions given,
 That must offend the very saints in heaven.
 All Ireland, then, was parcel'd out to those
 Who aided Cromwell to subdue his foes.
 Always he'd style them a rebellious race,
 Who had no title to their native place.
 Every follower got a rich domain,
 The cook, the butler, and the man insane ;
 All fared luxuriously on Irish soil,
 Rich, verdant vallies, paid them for their toil ;
 The hideous monster with a murdering hand,
 The more he kill'd, the more he got of land ;

* At that time, in consequence of violent outrages committed on the persons of Priests, by brutal ruffians, many of them were considered, in mind, in a state of aberration.

His guilty conscience to revive and cheer,
 Had been created an amazing peer.
 But, long since in retribution's name,
 He was well paid for his created fame.*
 Yet, the foul monster, or the man of sin,
 Had been ejected from his station then,
 And royal Charles did ascend the throne,
 To quell the widow's grief, the orphan's moan.
 If not blood thirsty, his fallacious ways
 Could not admit of any kind of praise.

In the year of our Lord 1660, Charles II., son of the decapitated King, ascended the throne of England. Every one was glad of his elevation, particularly the Irish Catholics. They seemed desirous of any change; for no change could make them worse. But his coronation did not afford them much relief, or hardly any renovation for the better. Charles was full of intrigues, treachery, and uncertainty, and no dependance could be attributed to his promises.

King Charles, then, like other Kings, was great,
 When fortune plac'd him in the Chair of State.
 His subjects then had altogether said,
 He'd heal the wounds that were already made;
 His first attempt was to deface the Kirk,
 And this debauch had caused a pleasing smirk.
 To all the preachers of that faith and creed,
 He would give nothing of a bounteous meed,
 And, if they pray'd, as he would make them fast,
 Without a doubt they'd go to heaven at last.
 Elizabeth's creed engraven in his heart,
 And from its follies he would not depart:
 As its adoption he consider'd best,
 He thought it proper to destroy the rest.
 Although his faith was sometimes made of wax,
 It varied oft as to avoid the axe;

* Below stairs.

He had to mould it trying still to please,
 And was a stranger to agreeable ease.
 It seem'd quite plain that he was always bound
 To hold with the hare, and not outrun the hound.
 But such a course oft proves, that in the end,
 We catch a foe, and surely lose a friend.
 It shows a mind built on a sandy base,
 Yet, running fast will never win the race.
 The Irish still assisted to defeat
 Poor Charley's foes, and to defend the state ;
 But, Stuart-like, he soon forgot that they
 Gave any help to organise his sway,
 Ere he landed, commissioners were sent,
 And strong entreaties, to a great extent,
 Excluding Irish from official seats.
 They ran as thus : " Each loyal subject greets
 The joyful news of your return as King,
 To change dark winter to perpetual spring ;
 But, sire, remember to exclude that race
 From trust, from post, from office and from place :
 Though still contending for your restoration,
 Be sure you claim of them a decimation
 Of what they're worth, us to support the crown,
 This adds a jewel to your own renown.
 Adhere unerringly to Cromwell's laws,
 And you defend them with a royal clause,
 Or else the friends who offer you this brief,
 Will turn your foes,—and then begins your grief ;
 You think now, King, of what we all desire,
 And shun the fate awaited on your sire."
 These works were written in the very brief
 That they presented to their King and Chief.
 'T is true enough, the King supported all,
 And meditated nothing but the fall
 Of Irishmen, who fought in front and rear,
 To prove that Charley was the royal heir.
 Who fought his battles without fault or fear,
 From day to day, and yet from year to year.
 When all deserted from the royal cause,
 They stood faithful to maintain his laws.

Yet all in vain, no gratitude was there,
 But hollow sounding from the royal chair.
 Charles plac'd two villains* in that Isle,†
 Whose acts and morals would a saint defile,
 That always did oppose the Stuart race,
 And help'd vile Cromwell to usurp his place.
 Stuart-like, he soon forgot his friends,
 And thought of nothing but to make amends
 To his dire foes, and the infernal stock
 That laid his father's head upon the block,
 And with the axe in Harry's time had been
 Of purple die from each beheaded Queen,
 Then with one blow that had excited glee,
 They launched their King into eternity.
 Such were the men that Charles did restore,
 He made them richer, though being rich before.
 The royal King was of the Stuart race,
 And well adapted to fulfil his place.
 It was his way to have forsaken those
 Who were his friends, and to adhere to foes.
 A course uncertain, though the course intends
 To change our foes into unerring friends;
 'Tis very seldom we can change the mind,
 Give what you will, there is a sting behind;
 Or if you give, don't say you'll give no more,
 Or all is lost that you did give before.
 So with the King, he did not stop at all,
 But fed the ox that had been in the stall;
 The greedy cormorants were craving still,
 And he allow'd them all to have their fill;
 Eight million acres of the Irish soil,
 Then had been granted to requite their toil.
 The confiscations Cromwell had first made,
 King Charles sanction'd, and confirm'd the said,
 His friends immerg'd in misery and woe,
 To feed and nourish his immortal foe.
 In Charley's time, a most notorious spy‡
 Had then excited the old humbug cry—

* Coot and Broughill.

† Ireland.

‡ Titas Oates.

"Papists ! Papists ! will destroy and slay
 All modern Christians that found out the way
 To righteous heaven, that neither pray nor fast,
 We are the best, although we are the last ;
 Apart, indeed, from any pious work,
 Our faith would save an unconverted Turk,
 Were he to kill a dozen of this race,*
 Among our saints his name would get a place ;
 Run and be armed for the coming strife,
 You cannot tell the hour you lose your life ;
 For a protection don't expect or hope,
 The thing is sanctioned by the very Pope ;
 Spread the alarm ; cry, my friends, aloud ;
 But be you careful when you'll see a crowd,
 Unless you know our saints assembled there,
 Who spurn good works, and every idle prayer,
 St. Ann, St. Bess, and the good St. King Harry,
 The kind old man that did his daughter marry."

It is said, and I believe, without substituting a lie in the place of veracity, that Ann Boleyn was the daughter of Henry VIII, by one of the maids of honor ; and at the time the King wanted to marry Ann, her mother did endeavour to prohibit the marriage, and it is said that on her bended knees she reminded him of their connection, and declared solemnly to him that she was his daughter ; and that the answer the King made was, that if she were the devil's daughter, she should be his wife ; and, indeed, she could be nothing else if she were the illegitimate daughter of old Harry.

This noted thief, for this excited fear,
 Had then received twelve thousand pounds a year.
 Titas then had nothing more to do,
 As he knew all, but swear to all he knew.
 The base informer, of the basest kind,
 Defective, guileful, in his heart and mind.

Poor, proud, pitiful, and audacious too,
 For a small sum would swear that black was blue ;
 Many an orphan he had make to weep,
 And many a mother he deprived of sleep ;
 Excessive grief had made them grieve and moan,
 And that on the strength of his bare oath alone.
 The lofty trees that tower'd o'er the rest,
 He cut them down, for they had been the best ;
 It made no matter, right or wrong the way,
 As he was certain of his ample pay :
 He stain'd the soil, indeed, with human gore,
 So big a fiend was never known before.
 The jails were full, and felons were let go,
 All to increase and aggravate the woe
 Of those aggrieved a thousand times before,
 And had no feeling yet to feel no more.
 Each starving demon got a handsome fee,
 And was commission'd with exulting glee,
 To watch the rebels with assiduous care,*
 And have no scruples when he'd go to swear ;
 No matter what he either heard or saw,
 The very thing was very good in law.
 What Titas miss'd, it's then they had to moan,
 They gave in names that never had been known,
 Until their actions would indeed disgrace
 The vilest faction of the human race.
 Poor Fox, the Quaker, had been clapp'd in jail,
 Oft he offered, but they'd take no bail.
 For his perversion of the sacred truth,
 In their opinion, was corrupting youth.
 The Scotch he punished for their faith and creed,
 And he well knew how Catholics could bleed ;
 The day he died, he left behind the flames
 To be extinguished by his brother James.
 The flames behind he had to feel no more,
 But had to feel the hellish flames before.

* This was still the appellation given to the inoffensive Irish, by their oppressors.

Hear what the historian Mooney says, concerning Charles II. I will give his own words:—
 “Charles died on the 6th of February, 1685, in the midst of political troubles, and was succeeded by his brother, the celebrated James II. On his accession to the throne, he released from prison, several thousand Catholics, who were kept confined for not attending Protestant worship. He also discharged 1200 Quakers, who were in imprisonment for some religious offence.”

James II. ascended the Throne in the year 1685.

King Charles died and left behind in flames,
 All sects and parties to his brother James;
 Feuds, broils, commotions, had been very rife,
 A Solon could not regulate the strife.
 Though James did all that any man could do,
 To wrest the oppress'd from the oppressor's screw,
 Twelve hundred Quakers he released from jail,
 Long there confin'd, and dare not enter bail;
 To some Catholics, he did then restore,
 The honest rights that they had lost before,
 Enacted laws that were considered good,
 And stopp'd the rage for shedding human blood.
 Every silly, visionary dream,
 No matter what, or whence the vision came,
 If not injurious to a Christian act,
 It had been sanctioned as a sacred fact.
 Can erring men produce unerring ways,
 It cannot be indeed the scripture says:
 Can figs on thorns to perfection grow,
 Or grapes on thistles? mind the answer, no.
 Self commission gives a man consent,
 How can he preach unless the man be sent?
 It made no matter, he had room to pray,
 And preach his nonsense in the open day.
 Every man at leisure did pursue,
 Whate'er his conscience told him to be true.

This law extended to the weak and strong,
 Which was but right and otherwise was wrong ;
 Though James indulged and tolerated all,
 He could not heal the ulcerated gall
 That malice hatched in every grave divine,*
 Who hated lean and lov'd the fattest kine,
 As being acquainted with the dainty dishes,
 They swore allegiance to the loaves and fishes ;
 And soon got jealous of the ancient creed,
 For fear 'twould cancel or decrease their meed,
 And other sects were starting at their heels,
 Some shouting, jumping, and some dancing reels,
 Others again with more exterior grace,
 They feared would soon eject them out of place ;
 Their fears at once excited them to stay
 Such frantic, frolic, and fantastic play.
 These grave divines united force to force,
 To stay, retard, and supercede their course.
 From what they heard, and evidently saw,
 They thought it proper to resist the law ;
 They blam'd the King, for the indulgence given,
 To every sect, to find a road to heaven.
 The King and laws they all did disobey,
 Which gave permission to begin the play ;
 Then thousands fell beneath the wicked spleen,
 Of wayward, wicked, and audacious men,
 The grave divines declaring as a cause,
 For acting then against enacted laws,
 That in his acts a tendency had been,
 To help strange sects in generating sin.
 Cromwell's grants they would retain them still,
 In spite of acts, and of the sovereign's will ;
 Now think of them, and you will think the more,
 Who swore allegiance to the King before ;
 Now, were they honest, conscientious men,
 That turned about and broke that oath again ;
 Each man entrusted with a shepherd's care,
 As was his duty did allegiance swear ;

* Church of England Ministers.

But for the sake of his dishonest pelf,
 He turned around, and had debauched himself.
 The flocks instructed by such holy men,
 Were inaccessible to a venial sin,
 About that time, not brought about by chance,
 A revolution did occur in France,
 The Jacobins fled, and cover'd with disgrace,
 To find protection in some other place ;
 Their means were small, but soon augmented where,
 They had found refuge and assiduous care,
 In that sweet Isle* where Ceres treads the dew,
 And gives the lily its exquisite hue,
 Where milk and honey at that time did flow,
 And cheerful smiles did dissipate their woe.
 Now, sad the lot of that unhappy land,
 That stretch'd to strangers once a generous hand,
 Oppressive laws have brough them to disgrace,
 And left them begging from some other place.
 King James commended, in his tender brief,
 To all those strangers then to get relief,
 Which shows the King was very good to all,
 Though fate predicted his immediate fall.
 James again insisted men were free,
 And every sect had been at liberty
 To preach the gospel as their conscience told,
 Within the limits of their new made fold.
 This act excited universal glee,
 But High Church Lords disliking the decree,
 Refus'd to name it in their law-made Church,
 Or bring the new lights from their hidden lurch,
 And more than that, the Mother Church of all,
 Had lanc'd and prob'd their ulcerated gall ;
 They thought resistance to her future sway,
 A sure direction to the righteous way.
 The law-made Priests, would no submission make,
 Though bound in duty for allegiance's sake ;
 The King indignant took another course,
 And thought the clergy to obedience force,

He brought their lordships then before the law,
 But in the action no defect they saw;
 They then acquitted each rebellious lord,
 And that no pleasure did the King afford.
 The lads at once did set the King at nought,
 And thought his mandates were not worth a groat;
 The Bench of Judges were rebellious too,
 And this the King soon afterwards well knew.
 The next attempt was to dethrone the King,
 A dire conclusion and a daring thing.
 Through a design he had defeated been,
 The sad result of an invidious spleen;
 The men who swore to his protection strong,
 Had sworn again, that what they swore was wrong.
 They swore that James was head of Church and
 State,
 And yet, digesting his approaching fate,
 They swore allegiance with a holy sigh,
 And well they knew that they had sworn a lie.
 Those human angels, made by human laws,
 Had died regretted for that very cause.
 They sent for William, Prince of Orange then.
 To chain the lion in the lion's den,
 There blunt his fangs, and pare his lengthy claws,
 For fear his actions would impair the cause,
 Then act as King, and they would sign his brief,
 But give them mutton, and the best of beef;
 Without a doubt they would his laws maintain,
 And swear allegiance to his future reign.
 So Billy sail'd, and landed in Torbay,*
 An indication of approaching fray.
 He there remained—like Noah in the ark—
 And gave the lords a little time to bark;
 Who fear'd the failure of a direful spring,
 And schemes attempted to dethrone the King.
 But Billy, then, impatient back to sail,
 Lay to, awaiting for a prosperous gale;
 Though strong temptations made him cross the main,
 He seemed determined to return again,

* He landed on the 6th of November, 1688.

Unless assistance should arrive in time,
 As nothing else could mitigate the crime.
 The English lords to palliate their crime.
 Had all concluded then to lose no time.
 As things were carried to such great extremes,
 They did join Bill, and then deserted James ;
 Yet, some proved faithful to the royal cause,
 And were deserving of a great applause ;
 And some divided 'twixt good Bill and James,
 Stood equi distant from the two extremes,
 But every thing that did occur of late,
 Informed James of his approaching fate.
 A daring Duke,* deserted from the King,
 The first affected by the direful spring ,
 Another followed to desert the cause,
 And act repugnant to the monarch's laws.
 One by one, until at last in crowds,
 They dous'd his rigging and pull'd down his shrouds.
 With their advice, the Prince, without delay,
 Put forth his efforts to commence the play.
 'Twas then the King espied approaching harm,
 And rous'd himself then to allay the storm ;
 He saw the storm fast approaching hence,
 And raised an army to defeat the Prince.
 How disappointed must the monarch be,
 When being acquainted with the treachery
 Of those proud lords, who had espous'd his cause,
 And sworn profoundly to maintain his laws ;
 Though much affected, never struck a blow,
 But him deserted when they met the foe.
 This sad desertion of the very best,
 And base perversion, did pervert the rest.
 The monarch fled, and had a narrow chance,
 And took his exit very soon for France.
 When James had landed, he related all
 His woes and troubles, and his fatal fall,
 To the French King, who sympathiz'd at once,
 And soon attempted still to raise in France

* Duke Colchester.

A well tried ally for assisting James,
 And help the monarch to allay the flames ;
 Replace the King upon his lawful throne,
 And seat of honor, which he call'd his own.
 But watch the spring of the infernal Duke,*
 Whose guileful acts have merited rebuke.
 He hindered James of bringing aid from France,
 But come himself would be the better chance,
 As foreign aid would agitate the laws,
 And make his subjects to renounce his cause.
 The day since came the Duke received his fee,
 A fee will last him for eternity.
 The High Church party raised a rebel flag,
 And Ulster men were foremost in the brag,
 That all his subjects should renounce from hence,
 Their lawful King, and aid the German Prince.
 The rebels then, to make the matter sure,
 Had been commanded by a Major Poor ;
 But Bellew met him, in fine style and trim,
 A Leinster Chief, and soon defeated him.
 Some had fled, and many dead there lay,
 The just result of a rebellious fray.
 Then Erin's sons, and mighty Chief arose,
 As being determined to confront the foes
 Of their good King, as they were bound to do,
 In mind, in conscience, and in honor too.
 She† raised an army thirty thousand strong,
 Then to assist and help the cause along ;
 She equipp'd all with very little aid,
 And fed them too, and saw that all were paid.

Of late years, Irishmen are traduced by a certain class of society ; but always esteemed, respected and venerated by men of fine taste, refined education, sound judgment and unprejudiced minds,—for their chivalrous actions, extensive qualifi-

* The Duke of Sunderland, who, the better to effect his treachery, affected to become a Catholic, but gave the King's secret to the Protestant Confederation all the time.

† Ireland.

cations, friendship, fine feelings and unbounded generosity. These attributes are left as an inheritance, by the sire to the son, and so descended, in an unbroken succession, from an original date to the present time. Let us take a look, for one moment, at the actions of Irishmen's sons, who are at present fighting the battles of our country in Mexico, and my testimony and investigation will be sanctioned. Hear and read the reputation of Col. S. W. Black, an Irishman's son. Is it not good, great, beautiful and unblemished? Read the unfading fame and reputation of Capt. Robert Porter, son of Judge Porter, of this city, an Irishman. Is not his conduct inaccessible to reproach? Is he not esteemed, venerated, and almost idolized by the company he commands? Does not this strengthen my testimony and investigation? There is something grand and noble in this inheritance.

Montgomery then, and with a rebel force,
Took up his march, and steer'd another course,
Against the monarch, to destroy his laws,
And act repugnant to the monarch's cause,
Tyrconnel sent brave Hamilton* to stop
The daring efforts of the haughty fop ;
Him when he met was in a proud array,
And show'd ambition to commence the fray ;
But all in vain, he soon was forc'd to yield,
And fly for safety from the hostile field.
With hurried pace, when he was routed hence,
He then sought shelter from the German Prince.
Tyrconnel, who commanded in that town,†
Although a man of very great renown,
Withdrew his men, which was a sad mistake,
And left it open for the foe to take ;
This great mistake had given to the foe,
The power at once to strike the fatal blow ;

* Richard Hamilton.

† Londonderry.

But ere 'twas long, Tyrconnell saw his fault,
 And caused his army on the way to halt ;
 He sent back Anthrim, with twelve thousand strong,
 Of Highland soldiers, whom he had along.
 Though some attempt Tyrconnell to disgrace,
 For leaving vacant this important place,
 The reason why Tyrconnell mov'd from hence,
 Was to resist an avaricious Prince.
 The thirst of glory and ambition's rage,
 Displayed in youth and in maturer age,
 Made him then covet that illustrious chair,
 And for that purpose discomfit the heir.
 Tyrconnell did as men of honor do,
 To keep unbroken his allegiance too ;
 He was so sanguine in the royal cause,
 And from his honor this conclusion draws,
 To meet the tyrant and usurping Prince,
 And show his valor in the King's defence,
 To let him know Tyrconnell was before
 The daring tyrant on the Irish shore ;
 Through this design Tyrconnell left his post,
 Alas ! by it, then every thing was lost.
 The Highland force had then approach'd the town,
 With much assurance to support the crown ;
 They looked ferocious, and so very brave,
 They'd give no quarters, or no quarters crave.
 No time was lost by those who lov'd the Prince,
 They had to fight, or else to fly from hence.
 Some thought it proper to escape and fly,
 Yet some, more noble, would prefer to die.
 Just at that time, nine noble lads did show
 Uncommon courage to defeat the foe.
 Each, it is said, was an apprentice bound,
 In whom such courage only could be found ;
 They snatch'd the keys, and rais'd the bridge in
 haste,
 For losing time would be denoting waste,
 Informed them of their immediate fate,
 If they would offer to approach the gate.

The guns were loaded for a strong defence,
 And then hurra'd for the approaching Prince ;
 Then thousands rush'd to rise with them or fall,
 And die a victim to a cannon ball.
 The Highland force, who saw the great defence,
 Then thought it prudent to withdraw from hence,
 They made no noise, but they withdrew in peace,
 And all exertions did entirely cease,
 King James, who had been all the time in France,
 There hoping still that men would soon advance,
 In might and main, as to resist the foe,
 And turn the scale, and cause his overthrow.
 But yet, the man who makes himself a sheep,
 Or lies inactive, all the time asleep,
 The wolf devours him with rapacious greed,
 And help is wanting in the time of need ;
 Whereas, resistance in a proper way,
 Might save his life, and drive the wolf away.
 However, then, the King had sail'd from France,
 Expecting yet to have a better chance ;
 And hoping still that those that broke the law,
 Would from their error this conclusion draw ;
 That sheer injustice had no right or cause
 To mar his measures or debauch his laws.
 With buoyant hopes he caught the swelling gale,
 And landed safely near the town Kinsale ;*
 Landed then, Tyrconnell did advance,
 And hailed his Highness from defensive France.
 Then, by the King, he was created Duke,
 Beyond the reach of any grave rebuke.
 The Irishman that kept his conscience free,
 Did hail his landing with exulting glee,
 And with alacrity to his King did fly,
 To succor him, or else with him to die.
 The King and aid to Dublin then withdrew,
 His aid was neither very small or few ;
 Forty thousand of courageous men,
 Had thaw'd the spirit that congeal'd within

* Kinsale, in the County of Cork, Ireland.

His royal bosom, since they did divorce
 Himself and crown, through an illegal course ;
 The loyal Irish did not disappear,
 Nor shun the monarch through ignoble fear.
 They never did a mean advantage take,
 But kept in order for allegiance sake ;
 When all his subjects in rebellion rose,
 The law-made clergy were his greatest foes.
 He found no safety, no protection pass,
 Among that godless, heartless, faithless class ;
 But Irish hearts, that did his state regret,
 There friendship was, and there it is as yet ;
 Their protection he had sought and found,
 And sound allegiance, as in duty bound.
 The Duke of Berwick* hasten'd to the north,
 And there, indeed, he was of little worth.
 Hamilton the brave, that never did resign,
 Though fierce in battle, cautious in design,
 Was there, the lion and the King of men,
 Who hunted rebels from the rebel's den,
 Who fought the foe, and never fought in vain,
 Had been encamp'd a-near the town Colraine ;
 The rebels then had held this little place,
 But fled, like swallows, to their own disgrace.
 When once they heard he was encamping near,
 They quaked with panic and exceeding fear,
 And left it vacant, without a defence,
 The paltry party of the German Prince,
 Who broke the bridge and then did disappear,
 By running wildly like affrighted deer.
 Next day he took possession of the place,
 And, as deserted, 'twas no trying case.
 Some staid behind, and had it in their care,
 Then to defend it for the proper heir ;
 He then proceeded to the town Strabane,
 And called a council to suggest a plan
 Still to defeat a contumacious foe,
 Whose guileful acts he soon did overthrow.

* The King's natural son.

When there, while ruminating what to do,
 He got a letter, with directions too,
 That all the rebels had assembled then,
 Near Cloddy Bridge, across the river Fenn.
 They all concluded to dislodge this force,
 And thought it was the most judicious course ;
 The general then determin'd soon to go
 Across the bridge, to discomfit the foe.
 The rebels, fearing the approaching fray,
 Then broke the bridge, to interrupt his way,
 Which he repair'd, and still, as heretofore,
 The foe had fled when they could fight no more.
 The Irish fought, and gain'd a great applause,
 Till James commanded, and destroyed the cause.
 Confus'd they fled the terrified foe,
 And were pursued as far as to Raphoe ;
 Their leader soon had caused the men to halt,
 And take a drink of some refreshing malt ;
 Regale themselves, and raise a hearty cheer,
 As they were proof 'gainst either death or fear.
 Such warlike force would have demolished Troy,
 Yet were augmented by the brave Galmoy ;*
 This augmentation terrified the whole,
 And struck repentance into every soul.
 The Derry men, though willing to resist,
 Then gave the olive branch into his fist ;
 They thought it prudent to renounce the cause,
 And yield obedience to the sovereign's laws ;
 A deputation came, and wanted peace,
 With humble manners and becoming grace,
 And said in future they would not oppose,
 But act as friends, instead of acting foes,
 And would request their liberty and lives,
 For sake of children and desponding wives.
 The general then with promptness did comply,
 And as they asked he then did ratify.
 The Derry men had then agreed that they
 Would leave the town at twelve o'clock next day.

* Lord Galmoy, with 800 men from the garrison of Trim.

The King, at length, had nothing else to do
 Than strike a course, and then that course pursue.
 Some nobles then the monarch did escort,
 From France, directly to the very north,
 As there the rebels had been much suppress'd,
 He thought his presence would subdue the rest;
 He took the ship from him that could her steer,
 And that created greater joy than fear.
 He then demolish'd every plan was laid,
 Supplied their place with foolish ones he made;
 But things don't go according to design
 Which shows indeed, there is a power divine,
 That told the sea in its rebellious flow,
 Thus far permitted, and no farther go.
 James, I am sure, was never fit to reign,
 For all his plans had all been laid in vain.
 He was more fit in some recluse to pray,
 Than to command on that ill-fated day.
 Hamilton then, to signalize his glee,
 Unto the King, who came across the sea,
 Related all, and with a soldier's fire,
 That Derrymen would on that day retire,
 That they no longer would the King oppose,
 They'd be his friends instead of being his foes,
 Those conditions he'd not wish to mar,
 For such he knew would terminate the war.
 King James at once had disapproved the act,
 Which marr'd the matter, is a stubborn fact;
 He thought each rebel, for rebellious strife,
 Had been entitled to submit his life.
 With great pretensions he to Derry went,
 A second Hector on destruction bent;
 Encamp'd convenient to the rebels then,
 And cried, "Surrender, you rebellious men,
 You know your crime has been so very great,
 You are deserving of an awful fate.
 I, James your King, will now the state arouse,
 Not like the mountain that brought forth the mouse,
 Your awful end will reconcile the rest,
 You can't do much, were you to try your best."

The thunder ceased, and James had said no more,
 But lay inactive as he did before.
 The Derry men, unmindful of his call,
 With forty cannon planted on the wall,
 Then said to him, approach us, if you dare,
 As now we're fighting 'gainst the royal heir ;
 We're headstrong, hearty, and a stubborn few,
 Impregnable, invulnerable, unconquerable too.
 The expected help, that made them James upbraid,
 Arrived at length, and gave them timely aid ;
 The King entrench'd and had ten thousand men,
 To starve or conquer those who were within.
 The seige continued very long indeed,
 Till hunger made them in the time of need
 To live on dogs for want of meat or fish,
 And cats and rats had made a dainty dish ;
 When they got scarce and neither could be found,
 A rat, a cat, a mongrel, whelp or hound,
 There to devour which, was a source of grief,
 Yet every hour expecting some relief ;
 The weight of hunger made them weary grow,
 And left them useless to resist the foe,
 They all agreed then to resign the place,
 To James at once, and then abide his grace.
 When they agreed their last farewell to take,
 They looked with sorrow on the beauteous lake,
 Boreas blew between a calm and gale,
 Which hurried fast a white approaching sail,
 Such shouts of joy as she appeared the more,
 From starving men was never heard before ;
 Their hunger ceased, and Derry rats did dance,
 And they told Jemmy to return to France,
 How soon they altered their sententious brief,
 When they were certain of their own relief.
 There soon appeared upon the spacious lake,
 With sails unfurled for protection's sake,
 A fleet well man'd which stretch'd from shore to
 shore,
 I'm sure the like was never seen before ;

Upon that lake to reinforce that town,
Which made King William wear a Stuart's crown.
King James decamped with greater loss than gain,
His threats proved fruitless, and his boasting vain.

The Battle of the Boyne.

The Prince appear'd the thirtieth day of June,
More like a vulture than a straying loon ;
He rode along with his advancing force,
And for the Boyne he took the nearest course.
There Scumberg lay, impatient, to await
The fearful event would decide the state.
The armies met, they were in number then,
Thirty-eight thousand of effective men ;
Well train'd, disciplin'd, often tried of late,
And all conversant with the shafts of fate ;
Vigilant, fearful, in their camp they lay,
As being determin'd to engage next day.
Prince William rode to view the flowery plains,
Where sylvan nymphs attended sacred fanes,
Where orchard full of mellow fruit were found,
With boughs encumber'd, bending to the ground ;
The verdant meads much added to the scene,
And lofty sumits cover'd o'er the green ;
Spontaneous verdure cover'd o'er the lea,
And hymns were murmur'd by the rhyming bee.
The Boyne meander'd with a gentle flow,
Producing verdure which inclined to grow.
Then William cried, " 'This rich superior soil
Will pay our trouble and requite our toil."
When this he said, then he was seen to smile,
And down he sat to rest himself awhile ;
While seated there, and planning how to ford,
Without thanksgiving to his gracious Lord,
They watch'd his motions from the other side,
Where Sarsfield was, and with a patriot's pride,
As he had been within the gunner's aim,
They tried the Prince to either kill or maim ;

They loaded quick, and did discharge from thence,
 A roaring cannon to discharge the Prince ;
 As William was not very fit to die,
 They kill'd two horses, and the man was by ;
 Although the King did wish to spare his life,
 For Mary's sake, the Prince's loving wife.
 The slanting lead had struck the Prince withal,
 Yet not decreed that he was then to fall.
 'Twas then reported that he met his doom,
 And such had reach'd to Italy and Rome ;
 It was related as a truth in France,
 And they, rejoicing, held a merry dance ;
 They rang the bells there to applaud the act,
 But yet, alas ! it had not been the fact.
 He cross'd the Boyne in sound good health next day,
 Which added much to his unbounded sway.
 The King observing William's warlike state,
 Seem'd almost conscious of his own defeat ;
 No force, no fire, no action then had he,
 To rouse his men to any energy :
 His courage cooled, he could no longer boast,
 As if he knew that every thing was lost,
 Though ere being anxious to commence the play,
 And act courageous in the direful fray ;
 Yet, when threaten'd by impending fate,
 The King's great brags did soon evaporate ;
 It is quite certain, and beyond dispute,
 The boasting hero then became a mute,
 All these symptoms did denote his fall,
 For, had he kingdoms, he would lose them all.
 He called a council in the evening late,
 To plan, to act, or then to meditate,
 Whether or not they'd stand the fearful blow,
 Or shift their quarters to avoid the foe ;
 James thought it prudent to retreat in time,
 As being defeated was a greater crime.
 Every leader who arrived from France,
 The same opinion did with James advance ;
 They saw great numbers in the camp of Mars,
 And all experienced from successive wars,

With forty cannon ready to display,
 When James had ten to vindicate the day.
 Then Sarsfield spoke, the bravest of the brave,
 Who had a heart and yet a soul to save;
 And said as thus—"My liege and august sire,
 Let us command, and you may now retire,
 If it be your wish, sire, to decamp and go,
 With daring efforts we'll confront the foe;
 As Irishmen we will contest the ground,
 For by allegiance Irishmen are bound;
 Let every man now keep his conscience clear,
 And if he fall he has no need to fear;
 Let us be valiant, now's the time to show
 Our holy efforts to defeat the foe."
 Hamilton spoke, courageous, bold and clear,
 No grief annoy'd him, or intrinsic fear;
 "Let us determine on what course to take,
 And fight like lions for allegiance's sake,
 How can we fly, or under what pretence.
 Without opposing this ambitious Prince;
 Death is glorious in a noble cause,
 Have not we sworn to maintain the laws?
 How can we break or violate the tie?
 O, no! my friends! we would prefer to die.
 Make up your minds, let us in union join.
 And try his mettle ere he'll cross the Boyne."
 Each Irish Chief declar'd he would obey,
 And use his efforts to maintain the day.
 The King had seen the Irish would oppose
 The bold invaders and courageous foes,
 He gave consent, but in a partial way,
 To stop their passage on the following day.
 Now this one act elucidates his view,
 He sent his baggage and his cannon too
 Too Dublin then, and left no means behind,
 To help a valiant and a generous mind.
 The dastard King, expecting a defeat,
 Made all things ready for his own retreat.
 To show at once he was prepared to flinch,
 He call'd around him his six thousand French,

To guard the body of the regal fool,
 Misfortune's minion, and misconduct's tool.
 He fled with them in an ill-fated hour,
 And left his kingdom in Prince William's power.
 But held command, which was a serious loss,
 Till William's army did begin to cross;
 It was not so with his opponent then,
 He spent his time in training all his men,
 From camp to camp, to animate and cheer
 The crouching coward from desponding fear,
 • To add more courage, and enkindle rage,
 Till every old man did forget his age.
 He then adjusted how to cross the Boyne,
 The men directed by a warlike trine;
 The right commanded by a gallant count,*
 Whose tactic skill had been of great account;
 Aided by Douglass† then to ford near Slane,‡
 A post they wish'd at every risk to gain;
 He had directed all the cannon there,
 Under command of an experienced pair;
 Though knowing then that James had very few,
 As all lay under his sagacious view,
 He told the Duke§ at once to wheel about,
 And drive with vigor through the middle route;
 Himself commanded on the left to show
 Stupendous courage to his daring foe.
 At twelve at night he had no more to say,
 Then went to bed until the break of day;
 The beaming forth of one refulgent ray,
 Proclaim'd to William the approach of day.
 The drums arous'd his sleeping men to arms,
 And jarring rattles caus'd such dire alarms.

* Count Scumberg, son to the old Duke.

† Lieutenant General.

‡ The bridge of Slane had been a post of great importance, and General Hamilton advised King James to send eight regiments to protect it; but James received the proposition with indifference, and said he would send fifty dragoons to defend it, Hamilton bowed submissively, and was silent.

§ Scumberg.

Each Chief had then attended to his post,
 And not one moment was consider'd lost.
 July the first,* the sun rose bright and clear,
 And all the warblers had been mute with fear.
 The Count and Douglas cross'd the bridge of Slane,
 The King's decision being considered vain,
 Without a man to hinder or oppose,
 Till they were ready to receive their foes,
 The King at last directed his left wing.
 To stop the action of the direful spring;
 The orders given were received too late,
 Which had encouraged their approaching fate;
 They had no cannon, but to fight they'd go,
 And Irish heralds did confront the foe.
 The Count commenced with all his might and main,
 And had an army of ten thousand men;
 In number then the Irish were not large,
 But still they made a very heavy charge;
 Each Irishman beyond the reach of fear,
 Though fell himself, had made his passage clear.
 The battle lasted with amazing wrath,
 And thousands covered in a gory froth
 Fell, lifeless fell, upon the crimson plain,
 And horses prancing on the heaps of slain.
 At length the Irish met with a defeat,
 And many perished in the sad retreat.
 The aged Duke, when he had seen that they
 Had landed safely, and commenced the fray,
 Prepared himself to cross the beauteous stream,
 To add more fuel to the fiery flame.
 The Dutch blue guards had play'd their favorite airs,
 And then to conquer every man repairs;
 The music ceased as they were on the brink,
 They went too far, and yet too late to think
 Of present bliss, or of a future state,
 If there were sent they would arrive too late.
 Then in they leaped there to maintain their fame,
 And washed their limbs in that pellucid stream.

* July 1st, 1790.

The troops sustained a very serious loss,
 When they attempted near the bridge to cross ;
 The Irish breastworks poured a galling fire,
 But could not make those daring men retire.
 They waded through, indeed, as valiant men,
 But soon their columns were attacked again ;
 Although their Chiefs the Irish did abet,
 The German lines remained unbroken yet.
 Hamilton brought the infantry to bear,
 And death was busy culling out his share ;
 Then hundreds fell, and left a vacant space,
 But other men had soon supplied their place,
 Experience taught them how to fall and fill,
 And yet determined on defeating still.
 William saw and knew the fatal die
 Was cast again, and fearing they should fly,
 Dispatched, three regiments to avert the blow,
 And turn the scale against the raging foe.
 Those he reserved, as he their valor knew,
 Two were French, and one was English too.
 Much like a meteor dashing through the sky.
 As if immortal, every man did fly,
 Then to assist and give the timely aid ;
 No sooner there than they were sweetly paid.
 The infantry met them on the river shore,
 And fought more warlike than they fought before.
 In spite of all they made their landing good,
 And paid their ferriage all in human blood.
 The Dragoons then with a resistless force,
 Had closed the gap of their intended course ;
 Their doom relentless they did antidate,
 And all were slaughtered by designing fate.
 The direful sweep can no historian tell,
 They fled themselves, and their commanders fell.
 The Danish horse had galloped up to join,
 But soon were driven across the river Boyne ;
 Never was found, perhaps, an equal force,
 Could make them yield or either fly the course.
 The aged Duke,* who saw the sad defeat,
 Without a chief to regulate their state,

* Scumberg.

Then rode across, inspiring them with zeal,
 Although dissected from the Irish steel;
 He took command, yet short had been his reign,
 When he fell dead among the heaps of slain.
 Some brave Milesian, without stain or speck,
 Had shot the hero in the very neck;
 At the age of eighty the old warrior fell,
 And where he's now I would suppose in hell.
 He many a widow and an orphan made,
 He killed himself, and gave to others aid.
 If the wretched James would then improve the hour
 That came within the limits of his power,
 When the Irish horse, with evolutions brief,
 Had shook their columns like an aspen leaf;
 When the Irish horse, with well directed blows,
 Had cleft, and cut, and terrified their foes,
 Dismay had spread, from rank to rank it flew,
 And every line was in confusion too.
 That was the time that James ought not to flinch,
 But bring to bear his own six thousand French,
 Who would inevitably decide the day,
 And put an end to that disastrous fray.
 The dastard King stood on the height Dunmore,
 A crime unusual and unknown before,
 Made no resistance, gave no timely aid;
 For want of courage made the King afraid.
 Whereas, if courage would impel him down,
 A laurel'd victory would grace his crown;
 But then the coward, losing every chance,
 Had lived a beggar, as he died in France.
 This sad result of cowardice and fear,
 Drew indignantly the patriot's tear.
 When William thought that every thing was lost,
 He drew his sword then to command at last;
 Then cross'd the Boyne, regardless of his life,
 And fought himself to regulate the strife.
 The Irish horse had met him in the field,
 And with reluctance made the Prince to yield.
 The Prince then fearlessly aloud did cry,
 "Come on! my friends! we'll either win or die!"

Think and look on our superior force,
 Can few in number e'er restrain our course?
 Where is the valor you display'd before?
 See all our friends here weltering in their gore?
 On! on! my boys, and we'll revenge the deed,
 Or otherwise, my friends, we'll die indeed."
 The electric word aroused them all to life,
 And then commenced the dire stupendous strife;
 A shout of joy that signaliz'd the will,
 Was heard from those who heretofore were still.
 They took their eyes from gazing on the dead,
 And each forgot that ever they had bled.
 On they went, the Irish horse were there,
 To take what they'd get, and give a larger share.
 The armies met, and awful was the strife,
 There many a herald had resign'd his life;
 Both sides displayed alternatè loss and gain,
 The side defeated would defeat again.
 The Irish horse had dealt destruction round,
 They plung'd, they dash'd, and cut at every bound.
 But yet, the Prince, with a superior force,
 Resisted still, and held an onward course.
 Though oft distress'd, and had been driven back,
 Well fought his men, nor neither was he slack.
 Brave Sarsfield went to animate the King,
 And give the coward an intrinsic spring.
 He said as thus,—“ If you will head the French,
 Without a doubt you will defeat the Prince;
 Arise, my liege, maintain your great renown,
 And make one effort to redeem your crown.”
 The royal dastard was afraid to die,
 He made one effort—that he made to fly.
 By slow degrees the Irish troops gave way,
 But still resisted till the close of day.

A
HISTORY OF IRELAND,

CONTAINING
A COMPENDIOUS ACCOUNT

OF HER
Moës, Afflictions and Suffering,

WITH A DIRECT REFERENCE TO HER
POLITICAL RENOVATION:

FROM THE TERMINATION OF THE
BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

TO THE PRESENT DATE.
IN EPIC VERSE,
BY JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN.

PITTSBURGH, JANUARY 1st, 1853.

Second Number.

A man can raze a mansion, made of stone or wood,
That could not build an oven where the mansion stood.

O'DONOVAN.

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While others labor to condemn the be -
A thousand critics we could count and more,
When we of Poets could not count a score;
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When I commenced the history of my native and illfated country, in Epic Verse, I commenced it without any hopes of a successful result, or of procuring immortal glory by my poetic effusions, but, we read, that others wrote before Homer, and that perhaps, the feebleness of their compositions had been the cause of his immortal productions, which stand unequalled, in force, beauty and invention to the present day, and probably, the sublimity of his composition, will remain ahead of any other human composition that will hereafter appear. Being always astonished that some illustrious bard had not written the history of my unfortunate native country, in verse, that could do it justice, by way of embellishing the subject with poetic fiction, but that hope, in me, intrinsically died, as certain I am, from my own feeble efforts in the attempt I have made, that it would require the pen and abilities of

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a Dryden, or a Pope, to furnish a smooth verse on the same subject, but—

Show me the man, who will attempt to cope,  
With lofty Dryden, or harmonious Pope.

The subject is too dry and steril, and entirely beyond the reach of poetic fancy, or poetic exuberance. No variety, no imagery, no shifting of the scene, or no room for digressions, without interfering with historical facts; treachery, murder, conspiracies, and hypocritical combinations, make the platform of the poem intended to demonstrate the afflictions of that unfortunate country. Soar as you will in the regions of fancy, no thoughts can be collected to embellish and beautify the poem, and subject with poetic flowers; such makes me think that poets of the highest order, will never attempt to write a poetic history of Ireland. In the first number of this work, there are nearly eight thousand lines, together with the intermixture of prose, and explanatory notes, all of which I composed in the short space of four months, and that by snatches, as I had been implicated in the vexatious quality of a teacher both by day and night, during said time, a situation that would interrupt and hebetate the incomparable poetic powers of the immortal Homer himself, and not a single line of the whole had been thrown into the crucible of literary criticism, neither did I apply the pruning hook myself, to one error originally inserted, though, I think I am something of an artificer. Some of the language I made use of in this production, bears heavily on the English government, and on the English Church, established by law, but I candidly confess it has no

tendency in my mind to disparage the English nation, as a mass, or individually ; on the contrary, there is no man, I respect more than an English gentleman, and I think no man is more worthy of respect than he, when he is one. When I commenced this history, I made an inflexible resolution, so I thought then, to make use of charitable language, but when I read of the sufferings of my countrymen, and of those who had the misfortune of being governed by the injustice of English laws, heated by fire and incurable animosity, I broke through my inflexible resolution, which caused me to make use of some expressions incompatible to charity. However, my investigation of that government and that Church, established by law, is no fabrication, and the enormities of both, could not be investigated by so superficial a pen as I wield, and only it fortunately had been my lot to be instructed and catechised in the Catholic Church, I would have been an atheist long ago, of the deepest die, while ruminating on the atrocities and detestable machinations, of that mass of corruption, found in the union of that Church and state. I intrinsically considered that it should be the Justice of God to annihilate that incurable mass with a thunderbolt from Heaven, and save his suffering creatures from the oppressive tyranny of the pandemonium council that established both, yet, on the other hand, when I consider that he bore with patience the crucifixion of his only begotten Son, between two notorious malefactors, I yield without a struggle to the supremacy of his will, and to the majesty of his patience.

I am the father of all the errors contained in this



production, which of course are countless, and if there be found also in it any thing resembling merit, it is mine. I would strenuously recommend charity to the readers of this little work, and I will point out to any gentleman into whose hands it will fall, how to obtain that virtue. Let him take a few pages of the history of Ireland, and turn them into Epic Verse, and I pledge myself, before he has done the sixth page, that he will relax and mollify the severity of his criticism, and that he will also require a competent share of that incomparable virtue, I have strenuously recommended.

## HISTORY OF IRELAND.

---

When night approach'd to stay contentious strife  
And throwing a shade for saving human life,  
The vanquish'd then, did not attempt to fly,  
As being determined to resist or die, 1691,  
The vile intruders void of inward grace,  
For hellish spleen had fill'd the vacant space  
Thus, fully bent, and in the open air,  
On bended knees they spent an hour in pray'r.  
Arising then, from thinking on the dead,  
Brave Sarsfield spoke, the king of men, and said,  
Altho, my friends a thousand chiefs are slain,  
And sleep in death on yon extended plain,  
'Tis sure I am, proud William can not boast,  
For well you thin'd his unrelenting host.  
And all the honour we to him must yield,  
Or he can claim, is the contested field  
And if our King had stood, and not to fly,  
I'm sure he'd have another fish to fry.  
Therefore, prepare and stand in your defence,  
And stop the fervor of this daring Prince. .  
They all agreed as a defence to stand,  
And drive the tyrant to his native land,  
Who had no right, to make the least pretence,  
To wear the crown as being a German Prince,  
As James had been the right and lawful heir,  
To reign as King, and sit in Stuart's chair,  
And those that swore allegiance to his cause,  
Had trampled on, or mutilated laws,

Which James had made, and which they did approve,  
 And swore the same they would sustain and love.  
 But O! what next! they broke this solemn vow,  
 And then looked back and left behind the plough,  
 And gave their King no other aid or chance,  
 Which made him live a pensioner on France.  
 March on and fight, if you will be opposed,  
 Altho, our King may have been now deposed,  
 Keep conscience clear, and swear not to a lie,  
 'Tis better friends, a thousand times to die,  
 And this advice there is no need or call,  
 For me to give, for well I know you all.  
 What must you think of that enormous church,  
 That broke her vows and quench'd her holy torch,  
 That baseless structure, envy not her call,  
 Your creed you teaches, you must pray for all.  
 Thus spoke great Sarsfield and Tyrconnell then,  
 To brave, determined, and unflinching men.  
 The Irish army then prepared to go  
 In quest of shelter to resist the foe.  
 And all the places they could claim their own,  
 Were Sligo, Cork, Stout Limerick and Athlone.  
 Those they sought with such assiduous care,  
 And fought like men until they sheltered there.  
 Prince William soon, was seen in bright array,  
 And seem'd quite anxious to renew the fray,  
 When other forces did his army join—  
 He faced the west, and left the river Boyne, 1691,  
 He had with him, a strong superior force,  
 To clear his passage and protect his course.  
 He sent bold Douglass with twelve thousand strong,  
 And fifteen cannon which he had along,  
 And two stout mortars to destroy the town,\*  
 Unless to William they'd concede the crown.  
 When Douglas saw the beauteous Shannon glide,  
 So smooth and gentle without rage or tide,  
 And being refresh'd by its reviving air,  
 He'd live and die if not prevented there.

\* Athlone.

He viewed the town and thought he could erase,  
 Each fabric there or set them in a blaze,  
 Or else he could without the least delay,  
 Subdue the town and make them all obey.  
 But soon he found his calculations vain,  
 And were the offspring of an addled brain.  
 He sent a herald to brave Colonel Grace,  
 Who then commanded that important place,  
 To yield at once and no resistance make,  
 Or with his cannon he the town would shake,  
 Or if he did, that he would then commence,  
 And show no mercy for the same offence.  
 Such idle dreams could not subdue the place,  
 As being defended by old Colonel Grace.  
 Douglas then had given his command,  
 To take the cannon to the Shannon strand.  
 Once station'd there convenient to the shore,  
 To ply the match and let the cannon roar,  
 Bombard the town, let desolation reign,  
 And dam the Shannon with the heaps of slain.  
 Athlone then, being left without a shield,  
 Will rue the day she had refus'd to yield.  
 All hands to work, each soldier's at his post,  
 And secret pleasure had impell'd the host.  
 The guns were fixt and soon began to play,  
 'Till smoke and dust had darken'd every ray.  
 And so continued a tremendous fire.  
 For seven long days before it did expire,  
 The fort was busy in its own defence,  
 And smoke and thunder issued forth from thence.  
 No lack of courage, no surrender there,  
 But fiery flashes and terrific glare,  
 Issued mix'd with an exulting cry,  
 That cheer'd themselves and did their foes defy.  
 Such mighty lustre and tremendous blaze,  
 Had soon attracted the commander's gaze,  
 Who sent a herald to old Colonel Grace  
 In due submission to give up the place.  
 Intrepid Grace then, hearing what he said,  
 Had fir'd a pistol o'er the herald's head.



These are my terms, tell your master so,  
 That bold presumptuous and insidious foe.  
 Audacious man, audac'ous must he be,  
 To send you here without my liberty.  
 He'll rue the day and that to him relate,  
 He'll place his hand upon this massy gate,  
 O! Not, until, I will resign my breath,  
 And sleep unconscious in the shades of death.  
 The herald then, had quicken'd back his pace,  
 And much astonish'd at undaunted Grace,  
 When Douglas ask'd him, to relate the news,  
 And to submission did the place refuse,  
 They must be mad, if they engage to die,  
 I think in short they'll quit the place and fly.  
 The herald spoke, now make no long delay,  
 As they are ready to sustain the fray.  
 You must not think such mighty men will bow,  
 In tame submission to your measures now.  
 They ask no favour, or no aid implore,  
 But brave defiance as they did before.  
 Every hero stands upon a throne  
 And is determin'd to defend Athlone.  
 You may therefore this sad conclusion draw,  
 That all your efforts won't avail a straw.  
 This stunn'd the chief, and he without delay,  
 Had given orders to suspend the fray.  
 Prepare said he, as life to each is dear.  
 I see no hopes of gaining laurels here.  
 Such made him think he'd shift his quarters soon,  
 And seek elsewhere a more substantial boon.  
 Yes, that he did, and went to join his Liege,  
 And thus had ended the tremendous siege.  
 When once decamp'd the vile intruding foe,  
 The sun display'd a bright and heavenly glow,  
 The warblers made the groves and vallies ring,  
 And mourning widows seem'd inclined to sing.  
 In snow-white robes, the saintly priests did pray,  
 And holy angels did revere the day.  
 Then, soon came forth, the brave undaunted Grace,  
 Who had defended that important place.

There came with him eight hundred\* more to pray,  
 As a thanksgiving on that holy day.  
 All offer'd thanks in holy fear and love,  
 To him who sees, who rules, and reigns above.  
 When Douglas met, his dear aspiring Prince,  
 Who was preparing for his own defence,  
 He had to him related his defeat  
 As such was sanction'd by decrees of fate.  
 For art and strength against the place conspir'd,  
 And we in anguish from the place retired.  
 Ten thousand men in armour cas'd to shield,  
 Could not compel such mighty men to yield.  
 The Prince then said, in a commanding tone,  
 It matters not if we have lost Athlone.  
 See, yonder fort,† and its stupendous fence,  
 And warlike men to stand in its defence.  
 Think its reduction will be dearly bought,  
 And that the subject should engross your thought.  
 Now let us think of some unerring way,  
 To raze the fort, or help, to gain the day.  
 A bulky baggage I expect in haste,  
 And loss of time denotes a woful waste.  
 Ere long you'll see that bulky baggage here,  
 And that indeed must dissipate your fear.  
 Then Douglas sent five hundred men to guard,  
 And bring the train to his rapacious lord.  
 Ambition will on lofty pinions soar,  
 But fate decrees it will ascend no more.  
 When Sarsfield heard of the approaching train,  
 He thought he could a great advantage gain.  
 Then, cross'd the Shannon, with a well train'd band,  
 And each well mounted with his sword in hand,  
 But being oppos'd by a superior force,  
 He stop'd behind to watch the baggage's course,  
 Till near the camp remote from human gaze,  
 They went to bed and let the horses graze.  
 Reclining, still, soon sleep had sealed their eyes,  
 Their bed was grass, their canopy the skies.

\* The exact number the Colonel had to defend the place.

† Limerick.

Not one perhaps had said a heavenly pray'r,  
 Or begg'd protection ere he slumber'd there,  
 Or rais'd his thoughts, and eyes, to heaven above,  
 As wicke'd vengeance fill'd the place of love.  
 Soon Sarsfield came, with his selected band,  
 To slay the robbers of his native land,  
 And said brave men, do massacre the whole  
 And don't attempt to spare one mother's soul.  
 Now death and carnage thro' the camp diffuse,  
 And let none live to circulate the news.  
 You burst their cannon, let them all explode,  
 For they can't injure neither snake or toad.  
 Then we will rally in the fort's defence,  
 And face to-morrow the audacious Prince.  
 When all was done, and death had strew'd the field,  
 And fierce invaders were compell'd to yield,  
 That warlike band, in triumph to the fort,  
 Returned back and made a full report.  
 The bursting cannon's loud explosion damp'd  
 The Prince himself, and all with him encamp'd.  
 Then, William summon'd his infernal court,  
 And held a council to reduce the fort.  
 Then each suggested to effect a breach,  
 With heavy cannon near the river beach,  
 And this once done, to use resistless might,  
 With troops selected to maintain the fight,  
 Then gain admittance thro' the open space,  
 To raze the fort, or else secure the place.  
 For once within there would be no delay,  
 To clear the place, and keep the foe at bay.  
 To this agreed the military host,  
 Without regard to either life or cost.  
 The siege commenc'd, so tells historic page,  
 With spleen unequal'd and tremendous rage,  
 As they continu'd with outrageous ire,  
 To swab, and charge, and then prepare to fire.  
 No rest, no stay, or no cessation given,  
 As frantic fury had impell'd and driven,  
 The vile invaders and ungodly host,  
 Whom some foul breeze had driven to that coast.

A host polluted with satanick kin,  
 Who all were devils in the shape of men,  
 The siege continu'd seven and twenty days,  
 To cause a breach, and then the fort to raze.  
 A fort impervious to the guiltful foe,  
 And not its strength, but men had made it so.  
 Men of might, and of superior skill,  
 Who knew each place, and had that place to fill.  
 Where danger lay by each directed shot,  
 In such a place the daring gunner sat.  
 The green triumphant quivering in the air,  
 To tell the Prince of no surrender there.  
 In spite of valour, vigilance and all,  
 The heavy cannon batter'd down the wall,  
 And made a breach or else an open street,  
 Which was in breadth, just six and thirty feet.  
 And that itself did not deter the men,  
 That had been station'd in the fort within.  
 Soon as the breach attract'd William's eye,  
 He uttered forth a most vindictive cry,  
 And then commenc'd exultingly to boast,  
 To cheer the chief and animate the host,  
 To drive resistless thro' the spacious gate,  
 And said one effort would subdue the state:  
 Eight thousand men were order'd then to face,  
 And force a passage thro' the open space.  
 The whole were lauded with a great applause  
 That did endeavour to support the cause.  
 And each commander had avow'd from hence,  
 A true allegiance to the German Prince,  
 And all would fight with honor and renown,  
 To make him King and wear a Stuart's crown.  
 Eight thousand more had been commanded near,  
 To stand as bulwarks to the men in rear,  
 Thinking still, that, that prodigious sight,  
 Would clear the place and put them all to flight.  
 Yet, all their planning and egregious care,  
 Could get no quarters or admittance there.  
 All Irish chiefs with emulation's glow,  
 Had been preparing to resist the foe,

And all rush'd forward to defend the gate.  
 Or yield with honor to the shafts of fate,  
 Each furious bloodhound, stain'd with human gore,  
 As those vile imps had often been before,  
 Had been approaching with tremendous show,  
 To try the valor of their Irish foe,  
 And all those bent to pilfer and to slay,  
 Were not allow'd to measure back their way.  
 They fell relentless to their sad disgrace,  
 Within the fort which had defil'd the place,  
 Till holy men who had commenc'd to pray,  
 With prayer and patience clear'd the stain away.  
 The fray commenc'd with an exceeding rage,  
 As being incited by the sire and sage.  
 Six thousand men and of the daring kind,  
 That had been back'd by all the troops behind.  
 Then furious ran into the outward gate,  
 And seem'd unconscious of impending fate.  
 To glut their vengeance and unhallow'd ire,  
 Was all they wish'd and all they would desire.  
 'Twas then well, fixed each Irish hero stood,  
 Alike an oak the monarch of the wood.  
 He stood awaiting every agile hind,  
 To enter first to close the gate behind,  
 And then with valor and determin'd will,  
 The blood-stain'd demon on the spot to kill:  
 Therein they rush'd, the most insid'ous foe,  
 Like mountain torrents on the plains below.  
 Each Irish hero made a gallant stand,  
 And cleft a viper with a daring hand.  
 The women fought with an amazing rage,  
 And men decrepid with declining age,  
 The foe that stood, they had constrained to die,  
 As well as those who did attempt to fly.  
 Such a scene was never seen before,  
 As was inside and on the naked shore.  
 The dying groans and unrelented fate,  
 Of wicked vipers that defil'd the state,  
 Found no compassion where compassion lies,  
 In Irish feelings, bosoms, hearts, and eyes.



As the aggressions of a direful foe,  
 Thus, made their feelings by degrees to grow,  
 And all survivors had been driven hence,  
 To find protection from a German Prince.  
 Again they rallied a revenge to try,  
 And those that came to conquer, came to die.  
 At last unwilling, the impotent Liege,  
 Had struck his colour's and resign'd the siege.

William, Prince of Orange, was entrenched at that time before the walls of Limerick, having under his command twenty-six thousand men, skilfully acquainted with military discipline and all other preliminary arrangement pertaining to tactics, and having also ancillary to him, generals of consummate skill, perseverance and courage, and as an appendage to all these advantages, he had in his camp forty pieces of heavy cannon, and some mortars, together with an abundance of ammunition and small arms to carry his design into execution. In a word he had every thing to secure to himself a victory, though being shamefully defeated in his undertaking. Before William had taken his departure from Limerick, he set fire to the houses where lay the sick and the wounded, and all inevitably perished, in the conflagration, the Irish on the other hand, wanted an equivalent, they were inferior in number, in means, in ammunition and arms, and other necessary implements to render the fortification of the place complete; the garrison had been defended by twenty thousand men, and half that number only armed; too small a force to render the place impregnable in the hour of extremity, against the ferocious assaults of so ferocious and formidable an enemy; the other ten thousand being partially armed with bludgeons, and every missile that came handy to render themselves obnoxious to the unholy invaders, and to the unjust usurpation and pretensions of an ambitious foreign Prince. The Irish rendered that battle memorable by the decimation

of William's army, including one hundred and sixty-eight of his officers that had been killed or wounded.

When William left with his defeated force,  
 He thought it prudent to pursue his course,  
 To seek some harbor, where he could embark,  
 And cross the Channel in the safest ark.  
 The sick and wounded he contrived to burn,  
 And for their ashes had no sacred urn.  
 He left to Ginckle under his command,  
 All his survivors in that fairy land,  
 And said to him before he did depart,  
 Beware my friend how you will act your part.  
 Bad news conceal from your desponding host,  
 When most in want you make the greatest boast.  
 All parts of moment to yourself secure,  
 And then with caution do the whole ensure.  
 To my directions give unerring heed,  
 I'll send you succor in the time of need.  
 So said, departed, steer'd his course for Hull,  
 To tell his losses to his friend John Bull,  
 Ere long the Prince had sent a mighty chief,\*  
 In tactics skill'd, and in direction brief,  
 Who soon had landed with a mighty host,  
 Of valiant soldiers on the Irish coast.  
 He said he came when landed on the shore,  
 To do the work which was undone before.  
 That all possessions that were lost—from thence,  
 Must be conceded to his gracious Prince.  
 His ships lay moor'd on undulating waves.  
 He shows no mercy and no mercy craves.  
 His acts accorded with the words he spoke.  
 His chains were fasten'd to his heavy yoke.  
 Aspiring then as full commission bore,  
 His threats were harsh, and still his vengeance more.  
 As Cork† was then defended by a few,  
 Of loyal chieftains and unflinching too,

\* The Duke of Marlborough.

† Cork, a city in the county Cork.

Who sat in council to defend the state,  
 'Gainst wick'd men and all the shafts of fate.  
 They in their council this conclusion drew,  
 To give to Cæsar what was Cæsar's due,  
 To use resistance let come weal or woe,  
 And brave the fury of the daring foe.  
 We'll stand said they as now the die is cast,  
 While life is left, and ammunition last.  
 Marlborough then, drew up in front and rear,  
 Ten thousand men with his unerring care.  
 Then faced the fort with unabated ire,  
 And gave directions to his men to fire.  
 Obey'd and fired, desired to load again,  
 To take the lives of inoffensive men,  
 That had united to protect their lives,  
 Their homes, their children, and their loving wives,  
 Against the force of a rapacious band,  
 That curs'd, polluted, and devoured the land.  
 The few united in the sacred cause,  
 Provok'd and madden'd by oppressive laws,  
 Enrag'd they fought, without a hope to gain,  
 And death prefer'd before the victor's chain,  
 Unmov'd by fear, or desperation stood,  
 That mighty band in streams of kindred blood,  
 And would resist if all were sure to die,  
 And in their trenches unlamented lie.  
 The siege was long and ammunition short,  
 Which had defeated every Irish heart.  
 Unwilling then did every brilliant star,  
 Resign himself a prisoner of war.  
 No mercy got from their immortal foe.  
 Their fate was certain, yet the poison slow.  
 In loathsome dungeons were compell'd to lie,  
 Till thirst and hunger caus'd the whole to die.  
 The chief's\* renown and universal name.  
 His brilliant skill and undecaying fame,  
 Had fired the chief and his prodigious host,  
 To waste the country and pollute the coast.

\* Marlborough.

To seek a chief of pure Milesian race,  
 The bold defender\* of his native place.  
 Some went by land, and some had gone by sea,  
 With shouts unequal'd and unbounded glee.  
 No winds obtruded, or no frightful gale,  
 Until they landed near the town Kingsale.  
 The noble chief had a commanding view,  
 Of ev'ry ship with her ungracious crew.  
 He saw the troops approaching then by land,  
 And all the sailors on the naked strand.  
 He spoke as thus to all his men and said,  
 We are but few, and can expect no aid.  
 Let us my friends, this daring host defy.  
 I have no fear that you intend to fly.  
 To such vile vultures we'll not yield an inch.  
 Perhaps they think that we intend to flinch.  
 Not so, I swear, by every sacred tie,  
 We'll stand this place, if every man should die.  
 The fleet commenc'd immediately to fire,  
 Which was returned with tremendous ire,  
 By brave M'Carthy and his little aid,  
 Who would with prudence all his debts have paid,  
 To all his foes that were on land and sea,  
 And still retain his sacred liberty.  
 A lengthy siege exhausted all his store,  
 Destroy'd his men when he could get no more.  
 The heroic chief and little aid forgot.  
 For want of means to fire another shot,  
 He was compell'd without another blow,  
 At once to yield to his immortal foe.  
 O! that day, a day of grief and gloom,  
 Had seal'd his fate, and nail'd his country's doom.  
 The generals† met in some great rendezvous,  
 And all their aids had there assembled too,  
 To form a scheme at which they could rejoice,  
 Without a jar, or one dissenting voice.

\* Colonel M'Carthy, defender of the town of Kinsale.

† Ginckle, Douglas, and Marlborough, chief generals.

As then divested of external fear,  
 Their foes being vanquish'd, and their skies being  
     clear,

They thus suggested to pursue this course,  
 To send bold Tatton with an armed force,  
 With an intention to subdue and slay,  
 And show no mercy on his blood-stain'd way.  
 They said to him you strict attention pay,  
 To all in council you shall hear to day.  
 Show no mercy, don't your mind perplex,  
 To make distinction between age or sex.  
 Make of both one huge promiscuous heap,  
 And rather laugh than be inclined to weep.  
 Their screams of pity do not seem to mind,  
 But stain with carnage every step behind.  
 Such trivial crimes will give us no offence,  
 And will be pleasing to our gracious Prince.  
 Tatten launch'd with all his might and main,  
 A warlike troop and a prodigious train.  
 His heart well steel'd to quell approaching strife,  
 Or in the act to sacrifice his life.  
 He thought he could resist opposing powers,  
 As wintry chills resist the growth of flowers,  
 Or as the tide with its resistless force,  
 Could stem a stream and renovate its course.  
 Most men will err, for few unerring view,  
 And Tatten did, and was mistaken too.  
 For soon he met with a convincing force,  
 That check'd his efforts and restrain'd his course,  
 Made him wheel back, with all his murderous host,  
 As by proceeding ev'ry one was lost.

General Tatten was advised at his setting out to penetrate as far as the county Kerry, and subdue the inhabitants of the place. But his enemies were so formidable and dangerous that it had been the general opinion that he never went half the distance, as his army had been harass'd by the fearless inhabitants of the county Cork, who assailed him in front and rear, and from behind hedges and ditches,



with fury, courage, and animation, and by a peculiar mode of warfare of their own, which unchanged and suspended all his military pretensions, and made him think to find shelter from the combined forces of his generals. On his rout he met with an undaunted chief of the Princely race of M'Carthy, who rendered the castle of Ross impregnable, and gave Tatten a warm reception that dispirited his troops and cancelled all his military ambition.

Ginckle went afterwards to Kerry to bring the loyal inhabitants of the place to submission, but with little better success. Douglas being incited by original animosity took his departure for Sligo where he was kept busy during that winter by the Duke of Berwick and his few followers, the country at the time being inundated with troops, ammunition, and arms, and all other preparations for a summer campaign.

When spring put forth her soft refulgent rays,  
 And warblers carol'd their amusing lays,  
 The Prince had sent to that unguard'd coast,  
 A most stupendous and amazing host,  
 Of hateful harpies a revenge to take,  
 That look'd like natives of the Stygian lake.  
 And all well furnish'd with abundant means,  
 To slay the Irish or to bind in chains,  
 All loyal chiefs who were devoted grown,  
 To James their King and to his royal throne.  
 They fill'd the land, with famine, crimes and throes,  
 And wick'd imps had made the worst of foes,  
 When summer came with all his rosy hues,  
 And balmy nights and their congenial dews,  
 To call to action that ignoble host,  
 The best consider'd that could curse the most.  
 When, then, excited by the dire alarm,  
 Each grasp'd his sword and rais'd his murderous  
     arm,  
 And all obedient to superior Lords,  
 In heavy columns mov'd the murdering hords,

All perverted by a poisonous spring,  
 To fight for William and denounce their King.  
 The Irish chiefs with patience did await,  
 For some assistance from a foreign state,  
 Which Louis promis'd to the exil'd King—  
 To have them sent the first approach of spring.  
 The spring appear'd and still the long delay,  
 Kept matters back, until the eighth of May.  
 At last the King had sent them some supplies,  
 When gales decay'd and came serener skies,  
 Not, that abundance or expected aid,  
 He said he'd send, that he so long delay'd,  
 As a defence he sent them puny arms,  
 Which when receiv'd excited fierce alarms,  
 And all together made but little show,  
 Without one cannon to resist the foe.  
 He sent them money such as he could find,  
 All in crowns\* and of the copper kind.  
 He sent them troops which is a solemn truth,  
 And as a leader gasconading Ruth,  
 Whom James made chief of that disastrous war,  
 Which doom'd the glory of each Irish star.  
 That's all he sent them to support the cause,  
 And help his subjects to enforce his laws.  
 King James in this was not indeed to blame,  
 As Louis promis'd to support his claim.  
 When Ginckle left with ostentatious pride,  
 The queen of cities near the ocean's side,  
 A place selected by devouring foes,  
 The place thro' which the gentle Liffey flows,  
 His great astounding and alarming train,  
 The land did tremble and disturb'd the main.  
 Such loud explosions must convulse the air,  
 By all the cannon had been firing there.  
 William's friends had witness'd the display,  
 A sign memorial of that direful day—

\* He sent one million and a half of copper crowns, two thousand barrels of powder and some clothing, six thousand troops, and many of them unfaithful to the cause.

When all was o'er the fiendish troops unblest,  
 Took up their march and then approach'd the west.  
 'Twas in their way enveloped by a wood,  
 Close to the road an ancient castle stood,  
 And once the seat of some unflinching chief,  
 Perhaps was slain, or liv'd to die in grief—  
 When left a waste few men as a defence,  
 Had shelter'd there, and gave no one offence.  
 When Ginckle saw convenient to the road,  
 The ancient castle and the grand abode,  
 He ask'd his men and then he ask'd in vain,  
 What Lord, or lady, own'd that great domain.  
 As none could tell he sent a faithful guard,  
 To tell the lady or the noble lord,  
 That all together must belong from hence,  
 To his own gracious and unerring Prince.  
 Go said he, and circulate the news,  
 'Twill show their madness if they dare refuse,  
 The tyrant stood awaiting in suspense.  
 As a refusal would create offence.  
 Away they went to gratify his ire,  
 But were repuls'd by a tremendous fire.  
 'Twas then the tyrant did his vengeance show,  
 He shot the men and hung their leader too,

That little company consisted of fifteen men and  
 a sergeant who commanded them, and urged them  
 to resist to the last the rapacious aggressions of the  
 unprincipled tyrant, Ginckle, and his formidable  
 army. If the tyrant were not wanting humanity,  
 he would applaud the incomparable magnanimity  
 of the heroic sergeant, rather than signalize his  
 name by a shameful execution.

The fray expir'd they soon were on their way,  
 Their drums to rattle and their fifes to play.  
 Long loud huzzas had issued from thence,  
 In praise of William the usurping Prince.  
 A troubl'd conscience was to each unknown,  
 Whilst moving forward to the town Athlone.

Before they went the length, they had to stand,  
 A brave defender of his native land,  
 And to encounter an undaunted band,  
 One thousand strong determin'd to resist,  
 And not for bounty did the braves enlist.  
 As courage prompt'd every man to stand,  
 In front of danger to defend the land,  
 All pledg'd themselves not to debauch the laws,  
 Nor act inglorious in the noble cause,  
 And pledg'd to combat when the die was cast  
 While one would stand and ammunition last.  
 The chief appear'd with a tremendous host,  
 And thirty cannon which he priz'd the most,  
 Which had been planted with judicious care,  
 Close by the fortress, both in front and rear.  
 The match applied without the least delay,  
 'Till smoke and thunder did consume the day.  
 Each Irish chieftain faithful to his trust,  
 Was not compell'd by any thing like must,  
 To move himself against the furious blast,  
 That blew so strong and promised long to last.  
 Impell'd by justice and internal ire,  
 A loud, tremendous, and incessant fire,  
 Had long continued to resist a host,  
 That curs'd the land and poisoned all the coast,  
 And by their actions every man could tell,  
 The very host had issu'd forth from hell.  
 The Irish fought as Irishmen will do,  
 With reckless courage and with caution too,  
 Till all was spent, no powder left to prime,  
 Without the hope of any more in time.  
 They then surrender'd in that fatal fray,  
 Which prov'd to them a most disastrous day.

This little garrison was situated within ten short miles of the town of Athlone, in a place called Ballimore, and had been defended by one thousand men, under the command of an intrepid chief, named Ulick Burke who resisted with invincible courage, skill and animation, until all ammunition was spent,

twenty-five thousand effective men, under the command of the consummate Ginckle. Ginckle had then also, with him, thirty pieces of heavy cannon and some mortars, and nothing left to continue the defence. After the survivors surrendered to Ginckle, seven hundred in number, he sent them to the Island of Lumbey, near Dublin, destitute of food and raiment, where they inevitably perished. Such savage barbarity inflicted on human beings, by any other civilized nation, is not recorded on the page of history.

Soon Ginckle came with a prodigious train,  
 And troops unnumber'd to escort the main.  
 Rich lands and titles, tenements and all,  
 Would undisputed to the victors fall,  
 And every hero, void of heavenly fear,  
 When all was o'er, would be created peer.  
 Each man intended what he could afford,  
 And many a shoe black had been made a lord.  
 On Shannon plains where nature is profuse,  
 And once the haunt of ev'ry rhyming muse,  
 The armies met distinguished and array'd,  
 And warlike colors ev'ry rank displayed.  
 A council sat and held discussion there,  
 And all commanders had to interfere.  
 Thence, to display his individual art,  
 Show in the contest how to act his part,  
 Arrange each line, and then, inspect the whole,  
 Address, command, and skillfully control.  
 Each plan submitted in that airy hall,  
 Had been rejected, or approv'd by all.  
 A long discussion on superior sway,  
 Dissolved the council, then commenced the fray.  
 The evening came, Hesperus blaz'd the most,  
 And seem'd the queen of all the starry host.  
 The chiefs were wishing for the morning ray,  
 Or blushing clouds that indicate the day.  
 All seem'd anxious for the coming strife,  
 And for his prince to sacrifice his life.



On the other side, the Irish boldly stood,  
 And seem'd regardless of their lives and blood.  
 The foe's display they did not seem to mind,  
 Altho' in number they were far behind.  
 With courage steel'd and animation's glow,  
 They stood awaiting the invidious foe,  
 And like the babe,\* that in the cradle lay,  
 Yet crush'd the serpent that approach'd to slay,  
 The valiant men, would crush the tyrants too,  
 But their commander wove a slender clue,  
 Whom James made chief of other chiefs, unknown,  
 Which ruin'd the cause and did himself dethrone.  
 The river Shannon just divides the town,  
 Which had been noted to support the crown,  
 Against the force of a usurping Prince,  
 Not long before was driven forth from thence,  
 Which is acknowledg'd to have been the case.  
 By the undaunt'd and immortal Grace.†  
 But to retrieve his lost lamented fame,  
 He thought it prudent to renew the same.  
 On Leinster side, there stood a fortress then,  
 Which had been guarded by three hundred men,  
 Who were averse to cowardice and grief,  
 And were commanded by an Irish Chief‡  
 Who sent them forward to contest the way  
 With daring Ginckle, of unbounded sway,  
 Who was approaching with a mighty host,  
 And threats and thunders, and exulting boast.  
 You think the thunderer would stem the tide,  
 With all his great pomposity and pride.  
 Those that lived by slow degrees withdrew,  
 And all survivors had been very few.  
 Tho' all that storm and amazing rage,  
 Is known to all in this enlighten'd age;  
 The haughty, lordly, gasconading Ruth,  
 A well confirm'd and undoubted truth,  
 Supinely lay within his tent that day,  
 Without assisting in that dreadful fray.

\* Hercules.

\*† Colonel Grace.

‡ General Fitzgerald.

He sent no aid to stem the direful spring,  
 Or aid the Irish to restore their King.  
 He was the cause of everlasting grief,  
 Whom exiled Jemmy\* had created chief,  
 That dimm'd the lustre of the brightest star,  
 A friend in peace, but otherwise in war.†  
 The little band that stood the outward siege,  
 And show'd allegiance to their banished Liege.  
 Some stood undaunted the devouring blaze,  
 While others left the Shannon bridge to raze,  
 Which they completed with judicious care,  
 Till nothing left but naked pillars there.  
 To the Irish fort, then all survivors went,  
 Not on submission but resistance bent.  
 When Ginckle heard the bridge had been destroy'd,  
 His mind seem'd ruffled and his plans annoy'd.  
 He sat concocting some judicious scheme,  
 Then, how with safety he could cross the stream,  
 Which would of course be well contested then,  
 By brave commanders and courageous men.  
 The river lay between contending hosts,  
 Which gave them time to fortify their posts,  
 The Irish town had a stupendous wall,  
 A sure resistance to a cannon ball.  
 'Twas lined with clay some eighteen feet in breadth,  
 And seem'd a refuge from approaching death.  
 Among that host, not one desponding soul,  
 Yet want of cannon‡ had destroyed the whole.  
 It was consider'd ere the foe could cross,  
 He would sustain a very heavy loss.  
 No time elaps'd till Ginckle did appear,  
 With brilliant banners both in front and rear,  
 Great roaring cannon issuing smoke and fire,  
 Which show'd his anger and display'd his ire;  
 Against the wall he pour'd his globes of lead,  
 'Till he considered every one was dead,  
 But finding then, his distance from the spot,  
 Made them impregnable to every shot,

\* King James.

† Sarsfield.

‡ They had some cannon but not of sufficient caliber.

He thought he'd form some judicious pass,  
 That could convey his daring host across.  
 And thinking then a near approach would rake,  
 The town interior, and the fortress shake.  
 With moving breastworks he approach'd the shore,  
 To make a bridge where cross'd the bridge before.  
 He stretch'd a plank on each successive pier,  
 'Midst roars of cannon to expel his fear,  
 Until a shell did set his works on fire,  
 Which made him quit and from the place retire.  
 Then, as a tiger in his iron cage,  
 That some intruders would excite his rage,  
 Or some fierce lion in his dreary den,  
 He roar'd the experiment he'd try again,  
 And so he did, determin'd to succeed,  
 And build a bridge to stand in time of need.  
 The bridge he laid with such egregious skill,  
 And quite regardless of the number fell.  
 Those death had cull'd from that enormous host,  
 As wanting mercy are forever lost.  
 The men, protected by the cannons' roar,  
 The beams projected to the other shore,  
 Which was consider'd as access to all,  
 And felt no danger that the bridge would fall.  
 But to their grief, and great lamented loss,  
 Not o'er the bridge was one allowed to cross !  
 Ten Irishmen, possessed of courage rare,  
 Withdrew themselves from all the army there ;  
 Tho' well aware of their ill fated lot,  
 They rush'd together, to the fearful spot,  
 To raze the bridge ; tho' every hero fell  
 By cannot shot, or some disastrous shell !  
 Their fate decreed, yet beams were seen adrift,  
 Which caused the impls to make another shift.  
 Was there such courage in the Grecian boy  
 Who sack'd and plundered proud imperial Troy ?  
 As, being conceal'd within a wooden frame,  
 To prop, establish, and complete his scheme ;

The men that fell acquir'd immortal fame,  
And their brave Serjeant\* had acquir'd the same.

The smoke had clear'd, as Phœbus shot his ray,  
To clear the mist and all the smoke away ;  
The bridge appear'd not utterly destroy'd,  
Still greatly damaged, and their schemes annoy'd ;  
Ten men, conspicuously with courage blest,  
Had boldly offer'd to destroy the rest.  
With noble pride from thence decamp'd the ten,  
But two returned to greet the camp again ;  
Yet every plank, and each stupendous beam.  
Were soon distinguish'd floating down the stream ;  
The ten, encouraged by a daring soul  
Who cheer'd his men till they destroyed the whole ;  
That God may grant them everlasting rest,  
As they lived happy, and departed blest !

I know not the name of the Serjeant who commanded the last band, but he must be a man of unspeakable courage who offered his services, and knowing the lamentable fate of his predecessors ; and as soon as Erin is free from the detestable grasp of intolerance, usurpation and tyranny, which must eventually be the case in the course of time, there will be a gigantic pyramid built on the same spot, to commemorate the valor, and immortalize the names of the champions, in the face of death and destruction, who demolished that bridge, with appropriate inscriptions, which I will leave to the inspiration of some future poet.

That blood-stain'd chief, more fond of human blood  
Than any tiger in the dreary wood,  
From thence withdrew with his exhausted host,  
As being unable to maintain his post ;  
Being fixed, determined to retire and fly,  
Rather than perish, or oppose to die.  
And yet, one thought did stimulate the whole,  
And forced to action ev'ry mother's soul ;  
The chiefs then sat, consulted, and arose  
Again, determin'd to confront their foes ;

\* His name was Costume.

To try one effort then, the die was cast,  
 If that should fail, that it should be the last.  
 The chiefs agreed to the arrangement made,  
 To rise with courage, and the Shannon wade ;  
 While heavy cannon, and incessant fire  
 Would make the Irish from the beach retire ;  
 Knowing full well, St. Ruth, with all his force  
 Was too remote to interrupt their course ;  
 The Shannon never was before so low,  
 And that with courage had inspired the foe :  
 Therein some plunged, the feat encouraged more,  
 And thousands fell before they reach'd the shore ;  
 Though great the havoc, with amazing pride  
 They cross'd the Shannon to the other side ;  
 Where then was Ruth ? remote, carousing, slow,  
 And made no effort to retard the foe ;  
 The few\* were left in that defensive post  
 Were soon repulsed by a repulsive host ;  
 Alas ! St. Ruth had been appriz'd too late,  
 To his surprise of an approaching fate ;  
 Then, lion-like, more angry than before,  
 He shook his mane, and made a thundering roar ;  
 He view'd afar, a vast prodigious host,  
 And put himself in a defensive post—  
 The King of men† was second in command,  
 The shield and shelter of his native land.  
 Oh ! were he chief of that disastrous fray,  
 The thrush would warble her harmonious lay,  
 The barren plants would vegetate and grow,  
 And stagnant waters would begin to flow ;  
 As with his sword, and his undaunted men,  
 He'd clear the Isle of ev'ry viper then,  
 Who soil'd that soil with treachery and fraud,  
 At home a brute, and nought but brute abroad ;  
 Who knew not God, nor his celestial laws,  
 And stopp'd at nothing, to promote his cause—  
 Where is he now ? come, serious reader, pause,

\* 1,300 men defended the fort against 25,000.

† Sarsfield.



To Aughrim, then, the tyrant bent his course,  
 With noted chiefs, and a tremendous force.  
 When, being apprised St. Ruth was posted there,  
 He was surprised, and shook with inward fear,  
 Tho' Ruth in vigilance was wanting, still  
 He was a man of a superior skill;  
 He seem'd elated in his warlike camp,  
 As nought the courage of his troops could damp;  
 The ground he chose was solid, high and dry,  
 To view the foe with a sagacious eye—  
 Tho' far behind in number he had been,  
 He built his hopes on his undaunted men;  
 Who were as anxious to confront the foe,  
 As a bride in marriage, to enjoy her beau;  
 No spot could he to more advantage find,  
 As being protected from approach behind  
 By towering hills, stupendous, straight and high,  
 By nature fixed between the earth and sky;  
 Broken bridges, rivers deep and clear,  
 With other breastworks to defend the rear.  
 In front there lay a very deep morass,  
 Which seem'd impossible for man to pass—  
 By nature's hand projected long ago,  
 As if determin'd to prevent the foe;  
 Two passes then were only known to yield  
 A safe admittance to the hostile field.  
 Soon Ginckle made arrangements to proceed,  
 As more the danger, more will be the need;  
 He thought it prudent to pursue the chase,  
 And force a passage through each narrow space;—  
 Tho' both were guarded with assiduous care,  
 And men of valor to oppose him there.  
 The priests prepar'd before that fatal fray,  
 Each chief and hero, who, inclined to pray;  
 As hundreds fell of that annointed host,  
 And fell defending the contested post;  
 Old age and youth, the patriot and the sage,  
 Were swept alike in that convulsive rage;—  
 The holy church, whose Godlike virtues, still  
 Have been assail'd by ev'ry whip-poor-will.

And by vile heresy's deluding cry,  
 When fearless saints preparing men to die,  
 Had stood that siege, regardless of their lives,  
 While parsons frolick'd with their handsome wives,  
 Is there a prize for those that fast and pray,  
 While hunting parsons will consume the day  
 In feasting, dancing, drinking punch and wine,  
 And, bless the mark! they call themselves divine!  
 July 12th the tiger did prepare 1692  
 To bring his forces on the place to bear;  
 Aughrim's pass had stretch'd along the fen,  
 And had been guard'd by two thousand men,  
 That no compulsion could compel to yield,  
 As being enclos'd within an ancient\* shield;  
 With giant hearts they stood to overthrow  
 The vile perfidious and rapacious foe,  
 And being encouraged by a valiant chief,†  
 Whose style was lofty and oration brief.  
 On the other pass, the first attack was made  
 By well drilled armies, who were not afraid,  
 And sought the Irish to dislodge from thence,  
 Who fought like lions in their own defence.  
 The first explosion had convulsed the ranks,  
 And thousands labored with deserved thanks,  
 Contending still for every inch of ground,  
 And hundreds fell to gain a rising mound.  
 Surprising fought all Irishmen that day,  
 And being victorious in the first affray,  
 The foe broke loose and soon rebounded back,  
 As being defeated in the first attack—  
 And when they rallied, with redoubled ire,  
 As children subject to a faithful sire,  
 They moved in columns, heavy, close, and slow,  
 And still determined to dislodge the foe,  
 Who still awaited with unerring aim,  
 To clip their pinions and efface their fame;  
 They stood immovably the strenuous shock,  
 And seemed the efforts of their foe's to mock.

\* An ancient castle belonging to the chieftain O'Kelly.

† Colonel Walter Burke.

'Tis rather horrid to relate the way  
 That mortal hands did other mortals slay ;  
 " Don't flinch my heroes," was the Irish cry,  
 Which made them run, or in disorder fly ;  
 And then pursued with such impetuous force,  
 That made them shift and quickly fly the course.  
 St. Ruth when pleased with Irish valor there,  
 Pulled off his cap and threw it high in air.  
 That sad defeat and unexpected blow,  
 Had much discouraged the intrepid foe,  
 Who sat in council to suggest a scheme,  
 Would aid their efforts and retrieve their fame ;  
 Consulting thus, they had considered then  
 Across the moor to send two thousand men,  
 And trust once more to the decrees of fate,  
 Which seemed averse to their designs of late ;  
 Then force each pass, with unremitting ire,  
 Retrieve lost fame, or in the scheme expire ;  
 Like wolves that pant for a defenceless fold,  
 The men just did as their commanders told ;  
 Each crossed the moor to terminate the strife,  
 Or in the effort sacrifice his life.  
 The Irish saw with a sagacious eye,  
 Then rushing forward unprepared to die,  
 An alien host, unscrupulous, unjust,  
 Polluted, vicious, treacherous, unblest,  
 Who fought with vengeance, bold, vindictive, brave,  
 Tho' many met with an untimely grave,  
 And all survivors were compelled by force,  
 To face the moor and measure back their course ;  
 When the Irish did, with animation drive,  
 Like bees unnumbered flying to the hive,  
 The foreign locust and unholy race,  
 Devoid of mercy or the sign of grace,  
 They seemed inclined exultingly to boast,  
 As every chieftain thought himself a host ;  
 And Ruth reluctantly had thrown aside  
 His lofty manner, and contemptuous pride,  
 And at that time, with ostentation, said,  
 He loved the living and revered the dead,

And with such men he thought he could destroy,  
 The Grecian heroes that subverted Troy.  
 Not hours, but seconds, did effect a change,  
 You read the sequel and you'll think it strange ;  
 The chiefs again, to this conclusion came,  
 That strenuous valor would restore their fame ;  
 And thus agreed to make the matter sure,  
 To send four thousand men across the moor,  
 Commanded were, by a superior chief,  
 With skill and prudence could allay their grief ;  
 Some other chiefs with an amazing host,  
 Tho' being commanders were affrighted most ;  
 Through Aughrim's pass, a ridge along the fen,  
 Which had been leading to the lion's den,\*  
 They did pursue, determined, cool, and brave,  
 As being aggressors, could no mercy crave ;  
 They had no room to either shift or fly,  
 But fight they should, or else inglorious die,  
 And that sad fate undoubtedly they feared,  
 As nothing else had to the whole appeared.  
 Still, fate agreed another die to cast,  
 Which gave the vipers longer time to last ;  
 They onward moved unto the very spot,  
 Within the limits of a deadly shot ;  
 The Irish took a sure, unerring aim,  
 Which added much to their extensive fame,  
 They made some thousand cross the Stygian lake,  
 The whole of whom had long accounts to make ;  
 'Tis there vile Pluto with imperious gloom,  
 Assigned each villain his eternal doom ;  
 It's there wise Minus' regulating laws,  
 Producing effects from a hidden cause ;  
 By this you'll know what will the wicked gain,  
 Who there forever unredeemed remain.  
 Few rounds were fired to discomfit the foe,  
 But fate averted the impending blow ;  
 Full flushed with hope, in a defensive state,  
 And not expecting that avenging fate

\* Lion's den, the ancient castle of O'Kelly, which pass had been defended by 2000 heroes.

Would change the scene, and circumvent or plot,  
 Their sad destruction by exchanging shot ;\*  
 Which filled the hopes of all defenders then,  
 Who had been heroes in the shape of men.  
 Alas ! what caused the great mistake that day,  
 I pause to think and still I cannot say ;  
 Tho' that sad change appeared, the Irish stood,  
 Intent to perish for their country's good.  
 They watched with vigilance the approaching host,  
 And praised the valor of who'd slay the most ;  
 The fearful odds resistance did defy,  
 Tho' the defenders were compelled to fly ;  
 Or such as stood had been compelled to yield,  
 And give admittance to the hostile field.  
 To that unholy and outlandish band,  
 Who came to thin or desolate the land.  
 Saint Ruth observed, and with a naked eye,  
 That fate adversely threw another die,  
 And then exclaimed, that something mighty strange  
 Must cause that sudden and surprising change ;  
 His brave reserve he called then to his aid,  
 And in their presence this oration made—  
 “ You see my friends, our troops are made to fly,  
 And such as stood, they have adjudged to die ;  
 Come now, my friends, and let us scour the plain,  
 And slay the vipers that pollute and stain  
 This holy soil with an unholy breath ;  
 We'll cleave the foe, or else will suffer death ;  
 Rapacious harpies and invidious foes,  
 Will feel the might of our vindictive blows ;”  
 Then, death unseen, on pinions widely spread,  
 Espied this leader and shot off his head.

That shot, and that only, decided the fate of the  
 day, and threw victory in the hands of a foreign,  
 unscrupulous, and corruptible enemy, and excluded  
 King James for ever from the throne of his ances-

\* Whoever supplied the garrison with ammunition, sent in  
 mistake casks full of cannon shot instead of bullets ; that had  
 been the cause of all their misery and defeat.



tors. St. Ruth's arrogance and lofty pretensions were offensive and disgusting to the Irish generals, and to the whole Irish army. He being appointed commander-in-chief, by James, of the Irish army. James, as well as the rest of the Stuarts, always neglected the elevation of his friends, and appointed his foes to fill every situation of trust, honor, and emolument. Ruth's ascendancy added much to his natural arrogance and vanity, and also to his extravagance; the Irish though much mortified by his ostentation and unsufferable bearing, which I believe is hereditary in French officers, bore all with unparalleled patience, as they well knew him to be posssssed of great military talents, and such, they considered, would counterpoise all his other deficiencies; and if successful, would plunge all his faults in the stream of oblivion and dereliction, and also, the undying animosity they intrinsically cherished for an army of foreign, murderous, and invidious invaders, made them patiently bear his pomposity extravagance and similar other defects, which are repugnant and at variance with the solid immutable considerations of a skilful and consummate general. When Ruth fell all his plans demolished, as he never submitted them to any of his generals, which exposes his vanity, and shows his government was self-approbation; when Ruth, with his undaunted reserve, left the hill of Kilcommodan, where his army was posted, to oppose and retard the approach of the enemy, he left Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, who was second in command, with a great body behind, with strict orders to remain immovable until such time as he would receive fresh instructions from himself. With this injunction, though humiliating to the distinction and dignity of so eminent a general as Sarsfield, he submissively complied rather than incur his displeasure, or mar, in the slightest manner, his plan for carrying his designs into maturity at such a critical moment, though if he had known

in time of the death of Ruth, he might, with his formidable reserve, turn the battle in his own favour, but being unconscious of his death he remained in his post according to instructions, until he saw his countrymen flying in all directions before their pursuers, or an army treble their number. He then immediately rushed to their assistance, and with his usual skill and magnanimity covered their retreat, and cut his way through the enemy's lines, and with many of his countrymen pushed towards Limerick, the point of rendezvous and attraction, and the theatre of his former glory. At the same time that Ruth fell, unfortunately fell an Irish priest of the name of the Rev. Mr. Stafford, and his death dispirited the Irish army. The Reverend gentleman remained with his countrymen, animating them in the hour of extremity, and affording them spiritual consolation in their dying moments, and while living, his admonition and encouragement were equivalent to an army. They all seemed inconsolable at the death of the Reverend gentleman as no substitute of encouragement could be found equal to himself. The Duke of Tyrconnell, once an ambassador to France to procure munitions of war, and other necessary assistance from the French King, to repel the rapacious intrusion of the Williamites, had been accused by some of the rabble in the Irish camp, of some trivial misdemeanor, which accusation received strength and countenance from St. Ruth, left the camp, mortified and disgusted with some of his countrymen, and with St. Ruth, and with him also left eight thousand men, which debilitated its strength, and much discouraged those who immovably remained behind. This is an illustration of the gratitude and veneration his countrymen entertained for the Duke, for his services and indefatigable exertions to redeem his country and countrymen, from the grasp of the most unscrupulous, unrelenting, hypocritical, and

damnable usurper, that ever existed or disgraced a throne. Historical truth compels me to acknowledge disunion to be hereditary in all Irish transactions and managements, internal dissensions and disunion among themselves, afforded their enemies an opportunity of conquering them. I will relate another circumstance that operated against the welfare and favourable result of my countrymen on that day, and contributed strongly to their total overthrow. A worthless and abandoned miscreant of the name of O'Donnell, left the province of Conought with eight thousand men under his command, to act on Ginckle's rear, whom he treacherously detained from coming to action; treachery and the want of patriotism stimulated the wretched and miserable O'Donnell, and every man under his command, for if they were faithful to the cause, when they discovered his treachery, they would immediately dismiss him, and appoint another that would bring them to action, and instead of doing so, every miserable fellow of the above specified number, under the command of their contemptible commander, assisted the Williamites at the siege of Sligo, but the detestable wretch received the reward of his disloyalty and treachery, from his countrymen who cut him in pieces in Flanders, and at the same time in the service of King William. As an offset to the stigmatical and stupendous treachery of O'Donnell, the base scoundrel, I will unravel the great sacrifice and perseverance of Anthony O'Carrol, a gentleman of rank and wealth, and a native of Tipperary, who spent with alacrity, unbounded zeal and patriotism, his time, fortune, and interest, opposing a diabolical and contaminated host of English, Dutch, Danes and Devils, all invulnerable veterans. He could with half an hour's warning bring five thousand undaunted men to his assistance, and in spite of all opposition, he kept possession of the castle of Nenagh, and kept the enemy at bay, until his

countrymen were defeated at the battle of Aughrim, and until they brought their heavy cannon to bear on the castle, to dislodge himself and five hundred followers, still, in spite of all opposition he with his friends after cutting his way through that formidable enemy, took shelter within the walls of the garrison of Limerick, a garrison impregnable to the force and stratagem of the enemy. O'Carroll possessed the strength of a lion, the agility of a deer, and the heart of an Irishman, so that he or such men were not responsible for the actions of such a contemptible scoundrel and deceiver as O'Donnell, but we ought to forgive him on account of the name—a name illustrious in Irish history. To return to Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. After taking shelter within the garrison of Limerick, he with a body of cavalry amounting to four thousand men, scoured the country all round, and protected the inhabitants from the cruelty and vengeance of an infuriated and ferocious army. Ginckle, with his formidable army and a park of artillery, had been encamped before the walls of Limerick, pouring shot and shell into the fort during sixty-seven days—and doubtless the garrison with vigor and animation returned the compliment. Provision and ammunition were getting scarce within, without any hopes of getting any supply, that would encourage them to continue the defence, as every passage and avenue were blocked by the vigilance of the adversary. The Irish made an inflexible resolution not to surrender an inch, but with their lives. King William's affairs in the low country had been much embarrassed, being fighting against the combined armies of France and Spain. This difficulty caused Ginckle to make proposals of peace to the garrison on any honorable terms, which terms he proposed, and after some consideration were accepted by the Irish. The stipulation had been honourable to the Irish, they were granted the privilege they then



demand, which were afterwards dishonourably violated by the English, one and all, without shame, compunction, or hesitation. When peace had been concluded between the Irish generals and the Williamites, the Irish generals with thousands of their countrymen went to France and other countries, and entered the ranks of some king or potentate, were they had an opportunity of displaying their courage and animosity in the hostile field to the oppressors of their native country. When King William died, Anne the second daughter of King James by his first wife, the daughter of Chancellor Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, ascended the throne of England. She was married to George, Prince of Denmark, and was saturated with spleen, bigotry, and intolerance.

The Irish chiefs, then, left their native soil,  
 Well bent and worn from egregious toil.  
 Peace at last tumultuous strife defied,  
 And all hard feelings heretofore had died ;  
 They left for life their own beloved land,  
 Its spacious harbors and its golden strand ;  
 Where full and plenty crown'd the festive board,  
 With all could nourish a fastidious lord.  
 Each chief had left his patrimony there,  
 Without protection but a stranger's care.  
 Ah ! Isle of saints, now sad and grievous waste,  
 Where men lived sinless and the women chaste ;  
 Where weary wanderers could repose and stay,  
 'Till guileless mirth would steal their woes away.  
 Your chiefs then fled from the oppressor's brand,  
 Who rules there yet with an oppressive hand.  
 They show'd their strength in each successive fray,  
 And Irish valor always gain'd the day.  
 Before the king they did his troops destroy,  
 \*At Lafelt, Corona, and at Fontenoy ;

\* Charles II. who commanded personally at Fontenoy, and who had victory secured to himself, till the Irish by their valor turned the success of the day in favor of the French army by



Who curs'd the laws, and all for sake of pelf,  
 Exil'd such subjects to defeat himself.  
 When kings agreed to quell the furious rage,  
 And peace had blessed the happy sire and sage,  
 All feuds and broils existing heretofore,  
 They then consider'd to revive no more,  
 But have them buried in a silent tomb,  
 Or plung'd forever in oblivion's womb—  
 The host dismiss'd, they could no longer stay,  
 And when discharg'd they all demanded pay  
 For their long service in disastrous wars,  
 Some lame, some useless, and some full of scars ;  
 For all their dues, the government was bound,  
 But where could that enormous sum be found ?  
 Ah ! One round million of pure sterling due,  
 The king pretended he was puzzled, too.  
 As he had none, his friends would not dispurse,  
 And who would dare the heavy bill endorse ;  
 The knaves assembled round the monarch's throne,  
 And much astonished how the sum had grown,  
 And then consider'd, how to liquidate  
 The monstrous debt that had involv'd the state.  
 In Pandemonium council they had sat,  
 Each bloated budget, heavy, huge and fat,  
 Digesting laws, disgracing every throne,  
 But Orange Billy's, which was not his own ;  
 That godless den, without compunction met,  
 Contriving means to pay the awful debt.  
 To add to all their sacrilegious crimes,  
 They robb'd the Isle they robb'd a thousand times,  
 To pay that million, solid, huge and round,  
 No other measure was convenient found.  
 The ungracious king had died, the Irish foe,  
 Condemn'd was he, and sent in chains below.  
 Soon Ann was called to fill the royal chair,  
 As William died without a child or heir.

breaking through the British lines, destroying many and dispersing the remainder. The Irish brigade had been afterwards an expression of terror to their enemies.

Approving nobles did support her cause,  
 And thought her worthy to sustain the laws.  
 While on that throne her grandsire lost his head,  
 And other victims in profusion bled,  
 Without a crime, the blood-stain'd block to feed,  
 As monarchs sanction'd the atrocious deed;  
 While wicked Harry was beheading wives,  
 Some guiltless thousands had resign'd their lives;  
 And Ann, the last of that ill-fated race,  
 Was voted in to fill a Stuart's place.  
 The godless robbers with satanic ire,  
 Who thron'd the daughter, had dethron'd the sire.

1714. As soon as Ann evaporated her last breath, pursuant to acts of succession, George I., son of Earnest Augustus, first Elector of Brunswick, had been appointed for the crown, and through some remote affinity to the Stuart family, ascended the British throne, in the 54th year of his age. Some historians say he was illiterate, intemperate, contemptible and avaricious, while others speak of him in opposite terms. This question I will leave to the decision of posterity.

When George was crown'd, as being advanc'd in age,  
 Some dupes imagin'd he had been a sage;  
 If he were such, not then, a single ray  
 Of wit or learning did the king display;  
 A friend he was, to every friend he'd see,  
 And that's the way that ev'ry man should be.  
 Yet, every Stuart had revers'd that law,  
 Being blind to friends, still ev'ry foe he saw.  
 Which left some headless—some surviv'd by chance,  
 And one had lived a pensioner in France;  
 A man oft tried, and still unerring found,  
 That man in conscience and in heart is sound.  
 All trivial faults be sure to overlook,  
 Or be you ready heavier faults to book.  
 George must be contemptible and mean,  
 Forgetting duty for the love of gain;

He ne'er abolish'd William's hellish code,  
 Which then had been an execrable load ;  
 Betsy's laws were wicked Billy's theme,  
 And George kept Billy's in the same esteem.  
 So ran the law in each succeeding age,  
 And getting worse with each ascending sage.  
 A sage he was, for he observ'd the game  
 That Betsy played, as he had play'd the same ;  
 The law progress'd without amendment—'till  
 The royal king prepar'd to make his will.  
 Where are those kings, I pray do me inform,  
 And that base bitch,\* who was a bastard born ?  
 Where is she now, would she come forth and tell  
 The huge dimensions of the gates of hell ?

George the 2nd ascended the throne in 1727,  
 full of prejudice, and was perhaps one of the most  
 illiterate Kings that ever disgraced the English  
 throne. He neither possessed natural or acquired  
 abilities or embellishments, that would grace the  
 dignity of a King or edify a courtier. He showed  
 no inclination to mitigate the sufferings of his Irish  
 subjects during his reign, and for that reason I  
 shall not try to separate him from his predecessors.

The king enthron'd, it was design, not chance,  
 Which made him quarrel with the king of France ;  
 Some ancient spleen, or some expect'd gain,  
 Had made him quarrel with the king of Spain ;  
 The great offence of searching ships at sea,  
 The usual act of British tyranny,  
 Which Spain resist'd that aggressive course,  
 With a tremendous and efficient force,—  
 On Neptune's plains they gain'd superior sway,  
 When oft John Bull they forc'd to run away ;  
 That fright unusual had allay'd his rage,  
 And such being written on historic page,  
 Had made him mad or verily insane,  
 As not consider'd monarch of the main ;

\* Elizabeth.

He sued for peace, which was his humble lot,  
 And all dissensions heretofore forgot ;  
 Let us now trace the cause of his defeat,  
 And I, with candour, will the whole relate.—

From Luther's fall, who left the right'ous way,  
 And leagu'd with Satan he became his prey ;  
 Or impious Harry who deserv'd the rope,  
 By self creation was created Pope,—  
 Who built a church of stubble or of straw,  
 And fenc'd it round with an outrageous law.  
 Ah ! from that date did persecution rage,  
 Not sparing women nor declining age,  
 Till Cromwell died, the most detested brand  
 Of all the imps in his Satanic band.  
 The worst, most gloomy, and secluded cell,  
 Within the limits of tormenting hell,  
 Is far too good for such a man to dwell.  
 The lapse of time between each monster's\* sway,  
 Would stain, defame, and stigmatize a dey,†  
 That would contract one solitary clause,  
 So fondly cherish'd in the British laws.  
 Vile laws enacted to destroy a race,  
 Unless relinquish an eternal grace ;  
 To that they held in spite of blocks and fines,  
 Which were invented by the new divines ;  
 They went abroad before an inch they'd yield,  
 To face their foes in the contested field.  
 At Fontenoy, the king and all his host,  
 From Irish allies had receiv'd the most ;  
 With Irish aid the British had to fly,  
 Without their aid the French would have to die.

The following admirable and memorable sketch  
 is given by the celebrated Samuel Lover, Esquire,  
 of the Irish brigade, in the battle of Fontenoy,  
 a memorable battle fought in the reign of Louis  
 the 14th, when the French were routed in every  
 direction, and the field of battle covered with the

\* Between Harry the 8th and Cromwell.

† Moorish governor.

dying and the dead, Louis addressed his general as thus, "Can any thing be done to preserve the honor of France?" His general answered, "Yes, my Liege, there is a gallant intrepid band, the Irish brigade, upon whom all my hopes rest." Dillon said, "Marshal Saxe, let the whole Irish brigade charge; to you I commit its conduct. When Dillon's regiment leads the rest will follow, the cavalry has made no impression yet: let the Irish brigade show an example." "It shall be done Marshal," said Dillon, turning his horse, "Victory," cried Saxe, or "death," cried Dillon, and plunging his rowels into his horse's side, galloped to the front of his lines, where the brigade stood impatient for the order to advance. Dillon gave the talismanic word, "Remember Limerick," and heading his brave regiment, down swept the brigade, and shortly the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed; the very earth trembled under that horrible rush of horse. The brave Dillon fell, but he lived long enough to know that the glorious charge of the Irish brigade had won the day.

George the 3rd, grand-son of George the 2nd, ascended the throne in 1760. His Majesty's first care was to assemble his Parliament, and settle the annual sum of £800,000 to support his dignity, for the honor of the crown, and to meet other expenses pertaining to royalty. His abilities, if not brilliant, were solid, and pre-eminently superior to those of some of his predecessors. He was a hide-bound Episcopalian, a religious bigot, properly speaking, full of duplicity and dissimulation, notwithstanding he was the best monarch of all the reformers. He had a long and prosperous reign.

The king enthron'd, yet did not interfere,  
But left his subjects in the fatal snare;  
Some hop'd he soon would renovate the laws,  
Annul each odious and informal clause



In that vile code the heavenly hosts despise,  
 As every act to heaven for vengeance cries ;  
 Yet hope drew blanks, and no amendment still,  
 For direful acts had been the sovereign's will,  
 Hunting priests had been a favourite play,  
 When caught, men sold them, and received their pay.  
 Among that pure, anointed, persecuted class,  
 In gloomy caverns celebrated mass,  
 There was a priest that all deplore his fate,  
 Who fell a victim to invidious hate,—  
 A gracious God will amply recompence  
 The vile abettors of the vile offence,—  
 Each curs'd, vindictive and ferocious beast,  
 Had mark'd for vengeance the anointed priest,  
 Who glean'd the church from that obnoxious weed,  
 Which grew at once, and which was call'd a creed ;  
 The craven harpies anxious for a flood,  
 To drink luxuriously of human blood ;  
 Accus'd the priest of having leagued with France,  
 By which the priest could have no other chance  
 To save himself or yet elude the rope,  
 But bless the Queen and curse the reigning Pope.  
 He then prefer'd an ignominious death,  
 To all the splendor of prodigious wealth,—  
 He suffered death by \*her unholy laws,  
 And died a martyr in a holy cause.  
 The charge preferred, some thousand did resort  
 To hear the sentence of the wick'd court ;  
 The vultures stood with eyes revolving-spread,  
 And fiery vengeance from their sockets fled,—  
 There trembling stood, impatient for the feast,  
 Each greedy monster and ferocious beast,  
 That thought to banquet on the pious priest.  
 Such awful swearing ne'er was heard before,  
 And each refuted what the other swore,  
 Which brought the priest in spite of spleen and rage,  
 Unsing'd, uninjur'd, from the lion's cage.  
 As envy will its victim still pursue,  
 And take for granted ev'ry thing is true.

\* Elizabeth.

They met, determin'd to digest once more,  
 A crime more heinous than the one before,  
 And so they did tremendous to relate,  
 Which brought the priest to an untimely fate.  
 The crime was thus, as he before was tried,  
 And then acquitted as each witness lied.  
 The usual mode of giving a reward,  
 To catch transgressors, not against the Lord,  
 But 'gainst a church so mild in her restraints,  
 The pride of devils and the scorn of saints ;  
 Or 'gainst a throne those past three hundred years,  
 That's wash'd from widows' and from orphans' tears,  
 Three hundred pounds of all rewards the least,  
 There had been offer'd to arrest a priest ;  
 The second crime was a tremendous scheme,  
 Such none but demons could suggest or frame :  
 A man well known had disappear'd from home,  
 And for that purpose had been brib'd to roam ;  
 Ungracious vultures caus'd the news to spread,  
 That he was missing and that Bridge was dead ;  
 Dead and murder'd, as not being the least,  
 But the main witness to condemn the priest,—  
 They swore to this, denoting date and time,  
 That he committed the atrocious crime.  
 The priest, of course, was apprehended then,  
 By vile, malicious, and ferocious men,  
 And was confin'd within a loathsome jail,  
 Beyond the reach of any future bail.  
 The long-fac'd imps, like inmates of some cell,  
 In the dark regions of polluted hell,  
 Pushed into court, and rais'd an awful cry,  
 That Bridge was dead, and that the priest should  
 die.

Those men, well known to be a great disgrace  
 To honest men and to the human race,  
 Still after all their oaths did heavy weigh,  
 And in that court they swore his life away.  
 The priest was hung on a perfidious clew,  
 And spite and vengeance had him quarter'd too.

Now, reader, pause and contemplate awhile  
 On that dire vengeance and satanic guile ;  
 And know him clear of the atrocious deed.  
 They sung with joy ; they afterwards had sung,  
 That Bridge was living and the priest was hung,  
 Now, pause again, for that had been the fact,  
 And weigh with horror the unright'ous act ;  
 As Bridge soon after from the dead arose,  
 To cheer his friends and aggravate his foes.

As the priest had been acquitted of the first accusation brought against him by the vilest imps of degraded humanity, the children of satan, and government spies,—a logical definition of that infernal combination,—they met soon afterwards to concoct a scheme of greater magnitude, and of a more heinous nature, and in that malicious and wicked design they were successful. There was a man of the name of Bridge living in the same locality, of the same letter and of the same dye, yet his character was not altogether as notorious, or stamped with the same ignominy as the rest of the confederacy, with whom he stipulated for a certain sum to leave the country, and which he did, agreeably to stipulation.

After his disappearance, the fiendish faction circulated that Bridge had been dead and murdered, by a fatal conspiracy ; and that the priest participated in the murder, as Bridge had been the main witness in the first accusation. On this, the priest had been again tried, found guilty, hung, and quartered, with more than savage barbarity. The pious, exemplary, and inoffensive priest, professing his innocence to the last moment of his existence. When things got cool, Bridge came to life again, and made his appearance among the living ; still, no preliminaries were offered to disturb the tranquillity of the perjured villains who hung the priest.

Read the *Star of the Sea*, written by the gifted Mrs. Sadler, of New York, who gives a full explana-

tion of the lamentable and melancholy fate of the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy.

Since the commencement of the monarch's reign  
 He took no care to mitigate the pain  
 Of suffering subjects, whose oppressive yoke,  
 When first constructed was designed to choke;  
 Far o'er the deep a mighty \*empire rose,  
 A sure retreat for those oppressed by foes;  
 Where giant strength and unremitting toil  
 Had cleared the forest and reclaimed the soil;  
 Yet oft affrighted by ferocious foes,†  
 They made it blossom like the blooming rose;  
 When, greedy Britons did their wealth espy,  
 Or saw it with an avaricious eye,  
 They framed at once some vile atrocious laws,  
 And claims enormous to sustain their cause;  
 With weighty taxes made the empire groan,  
 And claimed a decimation as their own;  
 But to oppressors they disdained to yield,  
 And sought resistance in the hostile field;  
 To British chains they would prefer to die,  
 They met, they fought them, and they made them  
 fly.

Since that time the lion seems to fawn,  
 And show obedience every where he can;  
 He seems bereft of his Herculean might,  
 And shows no action or design to fight,  
 Except small things that come within his laws,  
 He grinds to powder with his mighty paws;  
 Nor does he utter his prodigious howl,  
 But now and then the brute's inclined to growl;  
 And if again he will demand a share,  
 The King of birds will flap him to his lair.  
 When that great Empire had thrown off the yoke,  
 And British laws had been reduced to smoke,  
 All nations prayed for their sweet liberty,  
 And in thanksgiving held a jubilee;

\* America.

† Indians:

The Irish prayed with an interior joy,  
 And noble hearts without the least alloy,  
 Returned thanks for England's overthrow,  
 Their own old artful and invidious foe.  
 That was the dawn of universal hope ;  
 Since wicked Harry, the perverted Pope,  
 Divorced his wife, and left the christian fold,  
 And holy truth and revelation sold ;  
 Filled up his trunks and his exhausted hives,  
 Without lament for his beheaded wives.  
 To make amends, his new born church he built,  
 Which added much to his anterior guilt.  
 Dear Erin then, divested of her fame,  
 Was only known by her hibernian name ;  
 She slumbered long in a lethargic state,  
 The sport and scorn of an unholy hate.  
 When her dark embers had been stirr'd around,  
 A glorious spark was unextinguished found,  
 And by a process gave a signal blaze,  
 On which the tories were compelled to gaze ;  
 Four \*men were there, in that ill fated Isle,  
 Who blew their trumpets and exposed the guile

\* Four men,—these four men or rather comets, that had shown with so much brilliancy in the horizon of obscurity and interruption, when the political atmosphere had been defiled by political intrigues ; when religious animosity perverted and petrified the members of a peculating and Godless government ; when the Irish parliament had been crushed and controlled by British mamon ; when the most daring men would not utter a sentence, or a sentiment, though polished with refinement, truth, and veracity, to show forth their lamentable condition ; then did these men vivify and electrify their countrymen with hope, and reminded them by historical sketches and other investigations, of their ancestral dignity, of their firmness and invincible courage. This animated the mass, and made them boldly demand of the British government a relaxation of their tyrannical operations and persecutions, and which demand was partially granted. From that date their condition seems to be more cheering, and I am confident, though not prophetically inspired, that God in his mercy will completely free my native country from the tyrannical jurisdiction of that atrocious, unfeeling, and Godless government, under whose lash it has for centuries groaned.

The names of those four men are as follows : Dr. Curry, Mr. O'Conner, Mr. Wise, and Mr. Keogh. Curry and O'Conner



Of that foul monster, who'll hereafter rue,  
 His own vile acts, and peculation too.  
 That was the dawn of heaven's consoling rays,  
 Which first illumin'd dark unholy days.  
 What gloomy days appear'd since Luther's date,  
 Who swapp'd the gospel for his darling Kate.  
 The Lord of all, and for salvation's cause,  
 Had built a church and left us holy laws ;  
 But Luther came when he seduced his Kate,  
 As being repugnant to his marriage state,  
 The first dire step to the infernal gate,  
 And built a church which threw the Lord's aside,  
 To prop himself and his deluded bride.  
 Next Harry came, with his long pruning knife,  
 And built another to divorce his wife ;  
 That which he bas'd upon beheaded whores.  
 With various teachers and a thousand doors ;  
 Which by a law he brought to consummation,  
 O ! gracious God, and what a reformation !  
 What days appeared since that deceptive man,  
 Which changed his creed for his angelic Ann !  
 A poor, vain man, without the aid of grace,  
 Will surely tarnish and disgrace his place.  
 And yet, his fall will not reflect on those  
 Who stand erect and will the fiend oppose.  
 O ! woman, woman, what temptation lies,  
 In your sweet prattle and bewitching eyes,  
 And in your melting and half-stifled cries !  
 Survey the monarch with a due regard,  
 And one a priest anointed by the Lord !  
 Ah, both prov'd rebels, and as rebels fell,  
 And steer'd directly to the gates of hell.

were historians, Mr. Wise of the Norman race, but a faithful Catholic, had been a strenuous agitator, and Mr. Keogh, who indefatigably travelled, petitioned, and agitated, and finally succeeded in obtaining liberty to hear mass, read law, and receive instructions from a Catholic teacher, together with other privileges. So that the most sublime and exalted panegyric is neither too superfluous or extravagant to be devoted to the memory of such men.

Heresy rages at a fearful rate,  
 Since the union of the church and state.  
 The Church of God will triumph in the cause,  
 In spite of Russel and the British laws.  
 She'll bind that dragon or infernal foe  
 That was unchain'd three hundred years ago.  
 Almighty God has been the special bail,  
 That hell cannot against the Church prevail.  
 Tho' shafts at her, and furious darts are thrown,  
 She seems to prosper and to guard her own.  
 Soon after them a constellation rose,  
 That sadly frighten'd the unchristian foes.  
 The craven vultures were compell'd to gaze  
 Upon its brilliant constellated blaze.  
 The Irish bar with Grattan as a head,  
 Whose towering language would have raised the  
     dead,  
 Could make a coward signalize himself,  
 Or make a miser sacrifice his pelf.  
 O! that patriot of undying fame,  
 Unborn patriots will revere his name.  
 Next comes Flood, whose comprehensive view  
 Their vice, their plans, and machinations knew,  
 And who oppos'd them, with egregious ire,  
 With Irish feelings and a statesman's fire.  
 He had assail'd the pandemonium crew,  
 Expos'd their secrets and corruption too.  
 Another star of magnitude had then,  
 The craven vultures in the shape of men,  
 Assail'd with language of uncommon force,  
 And shew'd most clearly their unhallow'd course,  
 That brilliant comet nothing left undone,  
 The brave, courageous, mighty Yelverton.  
 Another\* yet, above meridian glow,  
 Appear'd, confronting the invidious foe;  
 His shining merit has diffus'd his fame,  
 And future ages will revere his name.  
 In that great cluster that was seen afar,  
 Eloquent Grattan, was the leading star;

America then, her holy freedom won,  
 By the assistance of the sire and son.  
 Their Lords and Ladies, had to cross the tide,  
 As Yankee valor batter'd down their pride.  
 They sent the vultures of the human race  
 To seek for garbage in some other place;  
 And our strong union had been form'd then  
 By wise, prudential, and sagacious men.  
 O! may that union, long and strong remain  
 Beyond the limits of the tyrant's chain;  
 May no disunion ever mar the cause  
 That stop'd the vengeance of the British laws;  
 May peace and plenty smile upon the soil  
 That had been purchas'd by the hero's toil,  
 Tho' now no more, but crumbled into dust,  
 Revere his mem'ry, as revere you must;  
 Preserve the boon he purchas'd with his blood,  
 And the assistance of Almighty God;  
 Let not one spark of angry feelings rise,  
 Support the cause—there all the honor lies.  
 Liberty! Liberty, is the sacred word  
 Which has been purchas'd by the warrior's sword;  
 Think and remember you were born free,  
 And part your life before your liberty.  
 If daring monarchs would invade our soil,  
 They would be paid for their audacious toil;  
 Adopt'd sons would watch the Eagle's flight,  
 Rush into battle and maintain the fight;  
 Dispute the ground with an insid'ous foe,  
 And stain with carnage ev'ry step they'd go.  
 If hostile foes would our allegiance try,  
 Ambition's slaves would either fall or fly;  
 And if they come to discomfit our laws,  
 They'll find us ready to uphold the cause.  
 About that time the British had their wars  
 On land by soldiers, and on sea by tars,  
 Then France and Spain combin'd, had chas'd her\*  
 flag,  
 Well cool'd her courage and allay'd her brag,—

\* England's.

To a low murmur her tumultuous boast,  
 And that confin'd to all the English coast,  
 Had been reduc'd, and not a yard she'd steer,  
 From fate impending and tremendous fear;  
 The sullen brute forgot his angry roar,  
 And sought his lair, and then began to snore.  
 Oft England robb'd my native isle of pelf  
 That contributes to defeat herself.  
 The lion hid with great assiduous care  
 In his remote and unfrequented lair.  
 Tho' France and Spain were his egregious foes,  
 They could not drag him to decisive blows.  
 And such being known, they plann'd to steer their  
     course,  
 And land in Ireland with a mighty force;  
 The Irish then to full perfection grew,  
 And thought resistance to a foreign crew  
 Would guard the State against exotic force,  
 Which would be then the most judicious course;  
 And that a union 'mong themselves would cause  
 The British lion to impair his claws.  
 They all agreed with one decisive stroke  
 To free themselves from his unholy yoke.  
 Then such being framed, and was the people's  
     choice,  
 Had not been marked by one dissenting voice.  
 The Irish soon accumulated force,  
 As being attach'd to their adopted course—  
 Preparing then for a tremendous deed,  
 The whole declared but one defensive creed;  
 Old feuds were buried, no dissensions rose,  
 And nobler feelings fill'd the place of those—  
 Then all was friendship in the first degree,  
 As nothing thought of but of liberty.  
 By slow degrees, and gradual steps they rose,  
 To gain respect, and overawe their foes—  
 As being determin'd to protect the coast,  
 From a commencement grew the mighty host.  
 The lion saw it with an evil eye,  
 Said not a word, and knew the reason why

They wanted arms to renew their fame,  
 And caused the Viceroy to supply the same.  
 The sons of Erin soon became a host  
 Of warlike men, without a shade or ghost ;  
 Each corps, and Colonel, and commanding band  
 Had been the pride of that ill-fated land.  
 Like various streams from various sources flow,  
 At first unseen, still creeping small and slow—  
 Each limpid stream pursues its feeble course,  
 Assumes more width, and moves with greater force ;  
 All meet, and then with a tumultuous roar  
 They make a river, and they form a shore.  
 Such was the case with that determin'd host,  
 Green Erin's pride, and her triumphant boast ;  
 When all assembled for a grand review,  
 With courage high, with arms bright and new,  
 Bent and determined freedom to restore,—  
 A finer army ne'er was seen before.  
 They were inspected with egregious care,  
 And all seem'd heroes that assembled there.  
 The chief applauded their superior skill,  
 Which they displayed at each repeated drill.  
 The artillery made a most imposing show,  
 And were commanded by the high and low.  
 Their label'd guns declared their constitution,  
 Which was "free trade, or speedy revolution ;"  
 When that was got they thought the strife was  
     o'er,  
 Which only help'd them to require the more.  
 Parliament met, and worthy to relate,  
 The house contended to defend the State :  
 Free trade conceded, all with joyous glee  
 Suggested them to have the country free—  
 That they themselves, should regulate the laws,  
 And frame with prudence, each unerring clause—  
 To shield themselves from an invidious foe  
 Whose hellish schemes had been their overthrow.  
 Their Lords and Commons with unbound sway,  
 Brought in their measures which inclined that way.



When Leinster\* met with all the volunteers,  
 They gave three hearty and tremendous cheers—  
 Each fill'd his glass and drank a friendly toast,  
 First to the Duke, and then to all the host.  
 After they all had drank their bumpers round,  
 And wit and mirth the festive board had crown'd,  
 All sat then on a convenient seat  
 To hear the cause that brought them there to meet.  
 The Duke arose, their venerable head,  
 Address'd them calmly, and as thus had said—  
 “My friends, consider, and with caution, too,  
 The very subject that we have in view,  
 And he from it will deviate—I vow  
 Must be consider'd as his country's foe.  
 Friends, here we meet to circulate our fame,  
 Or live companions of immortal shame.  
 Let us announce the course we mean to steer,  
 Without internal or external fear.  
 Doom'd to die, but not as craven slaves,  
 Some future heroes will adorn our graves.”  
 That mighty host would first prefer to die,  
 And cried aloud—“We'll neither flinch nor fly.”  
 They then resolved that they were amply fit  
 To frame such laws as would not agitate  
 Their present prospects, or their future state;  
 To have free trade for that ill-fated land,  
 Long, long oppress'd by an oppressive hand.  
 Their Lords and Commons had a right, they said,  
 Of making laws, without a foreign aid;  
 Erin only was the source and spring,  
 And with the sanction of their gracious King,  
 Had power to act, or legislate at all—  
 As other measures would ensure their fall.  
 The King from this a sure conclusion drew,  
 That his assistance was not wanting too.  
 So things continued in their usual way,  
 And still preparing for the fatal fray,  
 As force to force was added ev'ry day.

\* Duke of Leinster.

A grand convention contemplated then  
 By wise, prudential, and aspiring men  
 Had been suggested, to sustain the cause,  
 That would exterminate the British laws ;  
 And would with vehemence resist the crown,  
 Was to assemble in Dungannon town ;  
 Two hundred men were then empower'd to act,  
 And, at discretion to report the fact—  
 To make good laws, and substitute a code,  
 Would be no burden or vexatious load.  
 Reject, eject, each vile obtrusive clause  
 That was inserted in the British laws ;  
 Such once established, and if known to ply,  
 Would cause the lion in his lair to die.  
 Oh ! then, what dreams of happiness they had,  
 All flush'd with hope, and all exceeding glad.  
 Parliament met, and ev'ry soul was ripe,  
 To glean the list of ev'ry odious stripe,  
 And blot forever each perverted clause  
 That was embodied in the British laws.  
 They sat to hear the sage, sagacious men,  
 When Grattan spoke the words of prudence then,  
 After a pause, the venerable sage,  
 Tho' being defeated by declining age,  
 Uprose, and spoke his sentiments and mind  
 In lucid language of the strongest kind—  
 Bold, keen, conclusive, without ire or rage,  
 Then spoke in wisdom, the historian sage,  
 Tho' ne'er deserted by a statesman's fire,  
 He then well managed to conceal his ire.  
 His course was clear, and clearer still was made,  
 When it came forward from its gloomy shade.  
 He said that none,—which was a serious fact,—  
 Had then a right to legislate or act.  
 For Erin's Isle, or Erin's sons, but those  
 Who were her friends, and would oppose her foes.  
 And that, in Ireland, such were only found,  
 As for that purpose were in duty bound ;  
 No foreign lords, should give or should exact,  
 Or make for Ireland an invidious act.

But her own lords, and her own cannons would  
 Protect her freedom, as protect they should.  
 When he named freedom in his grand address,  
 The house cried out, in affirmation—"yes."  
 When Grattan sat to rest his tottering frame,  
 As being arous'd by an internal flame.  
 Brave, Brownlow rose, a brave unflinching aid,  
 And still approving ev'ry word he said,  
 He then remarked, and with emphatic force,  
 That all should steer and navigate that course;  
 And, thus, alleged, that parliament was free,  
 Which, to her sons, will be a jubilee;  
 That with our statesman we will rise or fall,  
 And that his will, should be the will of all.  
 Stentorian lungs had shouted with applause,  
 And all acknowledged to support the cause;  
 Freedom sounded thro' the spacious hall,  
 Had brac'd the news of ev'ry one and all.  
 The magic sound, so pleasing to the heart,  
 In spite of faction, or deceiving art,  
 On wings expanded pass'd the gentle sound,  
 Diffusing happiness to all around.  
 To make you still acquainted with its fate,  
 The holy sound had pass'd the outward gate;  
 Then hous'd round the better to diffuse,  
 The cheering tale and circulate the news;  
 From rank, to rank, the joyful news had spread,  
 And loud rejoicing would awake the dead.  
 At last with pleasure to the commons flies,  
 And move the whole till thunder rent the skies.  
 Tho' Gratten made a most successful hit,  
 Tho' grand his talents, and tho' great his wit,  
 He n'er could ring from a remorseless King,  
 Or the supporters of a fatal spring,  
 A spark of freedom, till her volunteers  
 With polish'd bayonets and tremendous cheers,  
 Such made them sanction ev'ry noble clause,  
 That was consistent with a holy cause;  
 Such pretensions made the trembling few,  
 Grant them their freedom, and, revere them too.

The Irish then returned from the toil,  
 And some went back to cultivate the soil;  
 Each display'd his individual part,  
 As being encourag'd to display his art.  
 All trades have blossom'd with amazing sway,  
 Tho' long declining and in great decay;  
 The golden days were fast approaching there,  
 And need was nourish'd, with an ample share,  
 Ah! poverty met its inevitable doom,  
 Within each friendly, hospitable home;  
 Where often strangers by misfortune led,  
 Had found a refuge and an easy bed—  
 Soon as admitted, the afflicted guest,  
 Had been admitted to enjoy his rest.  
 The more misfortune triumph'd at his fall,  
 The more attention he receiv'd from all—  
 All his troubles being remov'd by care,  
 As he was nourish'd whilst remaining there;  
 Such was the case, no murdering Russel then,  
 Could kill with famine such devoted men.  
 That godless tyrant of a godless race,  
 Who slew the Abbots and possess'd their place;  
 That impious chief who is accurs'd by all,  
 Will get, a sudden, and tremendous fall,  
 And he should think and with compunction pause,  
 On his atrocious and inhuman laws.  
 For all the acts of his unholy life,  
 Are plainly written in the book of life.  
 The trembling lord who could no pity spare,  
 Will be rewarded for his feelings there.  
 As Irishmen are noble, true, and sound,  
 And never can they otherwise be found.  
 They thought they would to cover his\* expense,  
 Grant him a sum by way of recompense;  
 And that was done which they considered due,  
 Tho' not enough, it was abundant too,  
 As merit should, receive a rich reward,  
 Be it in the peasant or the pompous lord.

\* Grattan's expense.

Erin then, progressing, and progress'd,  
 Her trade abundant and her harvests blest ;  
 Refreshing showers fertilised her soil,  
 And yeomen flourish'd by an easy toil.  
 She gem-like stood, conspicuous to be seen,  
 Of all the islands as the ocean's queen.  
 Until her union with a wanton belle,  
 Then doomed dishonor'd and a victim fell.  
 O ! Pitt was then, the Nestor of the realm,  
 And chief commander of the British helm.  
 Who, saw at once, and with invid'ous hate,  
 The growing greatness of the sister state.  
 He thought it prudent to reverse the laws,  
 Or frame some other to support his cause.  
 A law, he thought, which would create a storm,  
 And soon produced another new reform,  
 Ingenious Pitt, who had a lofty call,  
 Left nought undone that could be done at all.  
 Who never took a superficial view,  
 As by the present, he the future knew.  
 Then, thought he could a reformation cause,  
 Which, still was adding to his great applause.  
 In Ireland Flood, of universal fame,  
 A match for Pitt in any other name,  
 Whose deep extensive, and conclusive thought  
 Had found solution for the problem sought.  
 He launched his bark among the rising storm  
 And hail'd with pleasure what was call'd reform.  
 The volunteers also, had a rendezvous,  
 All loyal men and all reformers too,  
 As being successful in demands before,  
 Were fully bent then on demanding more.  
 'Tis oft the case when things are overwrought,  
 Their colour's lost and ev'ry thing they sought.  
 In that grand meeting stood conspicuous then,  
 Great noble Harvey, and the best of men,  
 A better friend could not be found on earth,  
 Tho' being an Englishmen by name and birth.  
 Unmov'd he stood, amidst the rising storm,  
 Oppos'd with vigour each fallacious storm ;



Truth made him bold, and goodness made him kind,  
 No threats could dim the lustre of his mind.  
 Unflinching stood, and to the very last  
 The giant oak in spite of ev'ry blast—  
 Assail'd completion, in the inward core,  
 And told afflictions they endur'd before.  
 Advis'd a union of the strongest kind,  
 Or else their policy would fall behind.  
 His memory's fresh and venerated name  
 In Irish hearts, that venerate his fame.

Harvey, a Protestant Bishop of Derry, and Earl of Bristol, an Englishman by birth, a peer of the realm, a gentleman whose private property was very extensive, enjoying the rich benefice of Derry, and a gentleman of profound erudition. In early life he was a curate of a parish in Wales, but gradually ascended, by the strength of his talents, to the most exalted summit of the peerage, with all the pomp of a Wolsey. Though entirely divested of his avaricious desires and meanness, Harvey fought hard and manly for Ireland's independence—

A greater man,\* if greater then could be,  
 In Irish hearts who holds a jubilee ;  
 Had shone conspicuous in that rendezvous,  
 A Priest, a wit, and theologian, too.  
 Who like a flood resistless in its rage,  
 And mark'd with terror on historic page.  
 Whose headlong fury and agregious force—  
 Spread waste and terror in its furious course.  
 He swept all scribblers with superior sway,  
 And left them groping in meridian day.  
 His skill, and judgment, and poetic fire,  
 Awoke the muses to attune their lyre.  
 Smooth Pope, or Dryden, could perhaps define  
 That noble patriot, or that great divine ;  
 Who in that meeting had acquir'd applause,  
 For his great wisdom to sustain the cause.

\* The celebrated and Reverend Father O'Leary.

Dr. O'Leary was a Roman Catholic priest, and a native of the county Cork, who professed an extraordinary share of wit and humor, which signalized his name throughout the world, and as a theologian and writer he had but few equals, and no superior. He was the first after the Reformation who had the courage to write against the heterodox doctrine of Michael Servetus, reviewed by Dr. Blare, in the city of Cork, and against Dr. Woodward, Protestant Bishop of Cloyne, who wrote with hatred and avidity against the primitive Church, but had been silenced by the irresistible eloquence of Dr. O'Leary. The Bishop had the courage and manliness to acknowledge the superiority of his diction, and the truth of his doctrine. Mr. Wesley, also, submitted and sunk beneath the stupendous weight of his forcible language; and acknowledged him to be an incomparable wit, a profound scholar, and an able theologian. The Doctor's writing against those gentlemen had been void of acrimony, tempered with moderation, seasoned with charity and full of clemency. For many years he resided in London, officiating as a Catholic clergyman, highly esteemed by all denominations, and dearly beloved and venerated by his own flock. He died at an advanced age in the year 1802, and was buried in St. Pancras' churchyard, universally lamented.

Then Pitt express'd, that, let what would betide,  
 That he would conquer if he could divide.  
 This was his shield and his consoling trap,  
 Which always yielded an abundant crop.  
 Divide and conquer is their favourite creed,  
 And such they practis'd in the time of need.  
 Two rivals then contended for the chair,  
 The highest honor that was offered there.  
 The worthy Bishop of undying fame,  
 And Flood stood foremost to advance their claim.

On the other side to counteract the pair,  
 Charliamont then was wishing for the chair ;  
 And had succeeded to his heart's desire,  
 As being assisted by a Grattan's fire.  
 It was adjudged that Charliamont was chief,  
 Which prov'd a source of everlasting grief.  
 He changed his mind and took another view,  
 And so did Flood, and was corrupt'd too.  
 They both made way for others to succeed,  
 Who mix'd the wheat with some obnoxious weed ;  
 Just as the serpent crawling to deceive  
 With new disclosures, unsuspecting Eve.  
 A guileful foe and an invidious fiend  
 Came as a prudent and judicious friend.  
 But, oh ! too late, and Eden overcast,  
 They cried, alas ! our paradise is lost.  
 Eve's transgression by a common fruit  
 Brought sin and death without the least dispute.  
 The vile deceiver and deceitful beast  
 Knew the woes of the forbidden feast.  
 Such was the case, a fiend did them divide,  
 And marr'd their laws or threw them all aside.  
 That sad misfortune or disastrous blow,  
 Which had been given by a secret foe ;  
 A foe invested with infernal pow'r,  
 And serpent-like defil'd the sacred bower ;  
 Had sown disunion in their social ranks,  
 With vile delusions and deceitful pranks,  
 Receiv'd for it, alas ! respectful thanks.  
 Charliamont, then, through either pride or pelf,  
 Had been corrupted, like the wretch himself.  
 The gap was made, dissensions had been ripe,  
 And then commenc'd the agonizing strife,  
 Which had continu'd to excite surprise,  
 Till English treachery had seized the prize.  
 As Pitt was then Prime Minister of State,  
 And he the mint of ev'ry dire debate ;  
 He thought from such he'd realize a gain,  
 Such was his hope, nor did he hope in vain.

Expensive wars had plung'd the crown in debt,  
 And there she lies without ascending yet;  
 Nor is there hope, that, e'er she will restore  
 A single cent of what she owed before.  
 To this great maxim Englishmen adhere—  
 The more she owes, the less she has to fear.  
 Pitt sent a bill into the House to say,  
 That he would wish they'd condescend to pay  
 A prudent share of that enormous claim,  
 And that, said he, will circulate your fame.  
 But all in vain, the bill was thrown aside,  
 And then to conquer he had cried divide.  
 About that time the King got very bad,  
 And symptoms show'd that he was raging mad.  
 A thing that did his royal parents try,  
 And in succession fated them to die.  
 Pitt being a tory of the brightest stripe,  
 The head and foot, the leader and the type  
 Of that great class that did the Whigs oppose,  
 And who in politics had been their foes.  
 Said thus a regent by commission will  
 Best suit our measures while the King is ill,  
 And that had rais'd some very stormy gales,  
 As Whigs had voted for the Prince of Wales.  
 To calm the strife it was refer'd from thence,  
 To Irish Peers who voted for the Prince.  
 Pitt, for that act, and that decisive blow,  
 Had been to Ireland an egregious foe.

During the King's insanity, Chatham, as Prime Minister of State, and head of the Tory faction, thought to establish a regency by commission. But that scheme met with the unmingled and unanimous disapprobation of the Whigs, who considered the Prince the fit personage for that august distinction during the King's insanity or disability; and to decide the controversy the question had been referred to the Irish Parliament for a decision, and without much hesitation that body decided the matter in favor of the Prince. For that unexpected defeat Pitt could never forgive the Irish.

Now I come to that tremendous time,  
 Describ'd in prose and otherwise in rhyme ;  
 When blood stain'd fiends of every grade and hue  
 With rage and vengeance did their hands imbrue.  
 In Christian blood, without a fit or faint,  
 For the destruction of each priest and saint  
 That did adore the meek Redeemer here,  
 And taught his gospel with a holy care.  
 They hung and butcher'd with satanic spleen,  
 The pious, humble, and anoint'd men.  
 The imps of hell were not arous'd by chance,  
 When they immur'd the noble King of France,\*  
 And his great queen, who had in goal to lie,  
 'Till both together were condemn'd to die.  
 The awful scene of inundating flood,  
 That then appear'd and all of christian blood,  
 Would shock the man who'd take no active part,  
 Congeal his blood and discomfit his heart.  
 Such by infidels had been brought about,  
 Under the cloak of liberty no doubt.  
 Charlemont then, to figure with the rest,  
 Had something brooding in his anxious breast,  
 Had form'd a club that was entirely Whig,  
 As each could motion to his favourite jig.  
 But that he found to be a serious loss,  
 When he excluded members of the cross,  
 From that unholy and unwholesome den,  
 Where imps attended in the shape of men.  
 A club dishonor'd, and their felon rag,  
 Had disappear'd before the Union flag,  
 Which was display'd and floated high in air,  
 Green as a leek, and never in despair,  
 And that continu'd beauteous, bright and green,  
 'Till the Whig flag could be no longer seen.  
 For that exclusion Grattan was to blame,  
 Ah ! that exclusion cancel'd half his fame.  
 For not resisting such a base attempt,  
 Which gain'd them nothing but a great contempt.

\* Louis XVI.



About that time, a brilliant star arose,  
 The hope of all, to discomfit their foes ;  
 Its pure, refulgent and amazing blaze,  
 Outshone the lustre of meridian rays ;  
 A star, the brightest that appear'd as yet,  
 By laws inhuman, was compelled to set ;  
 A star, that had with so much splendor shone,  
 Now bears the name of the immortal Tone.  
 That murderous law, without a clue to save,  
 Consign'd that star to an untimely grave.  
 O ! gracious God, who knows the time and date,  
 When men do err and act the reprobate,  
 Stretch forth thy hand against that direful race,  
 Or change their hearts with thy celestial grace.  
 A gov'rment steel'd by ev'ry vicious crime,  
 Untouch'd by prose, and yet unknown to rhyme,  
 That find relief from each ungracious act,  
 Which they deem worthy and a solemn fact,  
 Who find contentment in the widow's moan,  
 And feel diverted at the fate of Tone,  
 Stretch forth thy hand, and mend their wick'd ways,  
 O ! hear and sanction my poetic lays ;  
 Altho' with patience God had seen the past,  
 It is quite certain he'll revenge at last.  
 'Tone, advis'd a union among all,  
 And with that union he would rise or fall ;  
 Resist each fiendish and oppressive clause,  
 That was embodied in the British laws.  
 The vilest, direst, most unchristian foe,  
 There was, or is, or will be chain'd below,  
 Or has existed with unbridled sway,  
 To sanction ill would not that law obey.  
 Atrocious law, that would reflect disgrace,  
 If it were practis'd on the heathen race.  
 "Resist," said he, "and now united be,  
 And God and men will vouch your liberty."  
 Such words as these, inflam'd the minds of men,  
 Against that odious and unholy den  
 Of bloated lords, quite anxious to devour  
 The scanty living of the wretched poor.

O! in their fall how many would exult,  
 And bless the hand that caus'd the same result!  
 Among them stood, much like a tower'ing oak,  
 And proudly stood, and with discretion spoke,  
 Great McNeven, patriot, statesman, sage,  
 Who spoke his words between a calm and rage,  
 To those of age, in manhood, and in youth,  
 That seem'd elated by the words of truth,  
 To rise at once, encourage and enlist,  
 As nothing else can dissipate the mist,  
 That hovers over this ill-fated land,  
 Since first disabled by the tyrant's hand.  
 "Arise," said he, "it is no more than right,  
 That every man should for his freedom fight,  
 If we will fall, we'll fall my friends with fame,  
 And if we'll rise, we will acquire the same."  
 As a convention then in Taylor's hall,\*  
 Had been consider'd as the head of all,

\* Taylor's Hall, Dublin. In that Convention were men of consummate and irreproachable character and integrity, among whom were the following: Lords Kinmere, Fingal, Trembleston, Germanston.

The delegation sent by the Catholic Convention held in Taylor's Hall, to his majesty George the Third, consisted of the following gentlemen: Edward O'Byrne, John Keogh, James Edwards, — Devereux, Christopher Bellow, and Sir Thomas French, accompanied by the ever memorable Wolf Tone and Major Edward Sweetman, as secretaries to the delegation. Tone and Sweetman, were consistent Protestants, and would to God, that all Irishmen possessed the same feeling, determination, and unshaken resolution, that they did, and Ireland had been long since redeemed from the cruel and tyrannical grasp of unjust, peculating, and ruthless invaders, that held it then, as now, in lamentable subjection. The delegation had been introduced by the intrepid and incomparable Edmond Burk, the statesman and metaphysician, on whose magical tongue, hung thunder and lightning, and the introduction of such an extraordinary man had the desired effect. The men who composed the delegation were of the highest order,—men of profound erudition, courteous manners and of lofty and insinuating address. His majesty received them with marked veneration, and promised to remove far from them, such aggressions and disabilities as seemed repugnant to his majesty's Catholic subjects, and sent a message to that effect to the Irish parliament; but that body did not comply with his instructions, and the message remained unheeded until the fiend Fitzgibbons,

Where laws were measur'd with judicious care,  
 In spite of struggle or rebellion there,  
 With patience waited for a better hour,  
 To face the foe with a resistless pow'r.  
 Tho' men of genius, splendor, wealth and fame,  
 Were at the bottom to secure the game.  
 They halted still, in hopes a better day,  
 Would soon appear to consecrate their sway,  
 And then concluded to send worthy Tone,  
 With a remonstrance to the British throne.  
 And as secretaries, he and Sweetman went,  
 As better men could never have been sent;  
 Protestants pure, which they did not deny,  
 Still, for the cause, the heroic Tone did die.  
 He died for Ireland in the bloom of life,  
 And then lamenting the unequal strife,  
 May God, who sits upon his heavenly throne,  
 Grant life eternal, to immortal Tone.  
 The King receiv'd them with a courteous air,  
 And promis'd freely every thing was fair,  
 That all aggressors he'd remove from hence,  
 Which did annoy them or create offence,  
 Against themselves, or each respective creed,  
 And that, said he, I think is all you need.  
 Such assurance from their gracious sire,  
 Was all they wish'd, or all they could desire.  
 When they objected to concede at all  
 To no concessions in the house or hall,  
 These valiant men then wish'd the cause to try,  
 And gain their cause or for the cause to die.  
 All sects and parties had concerted then,  
 To act with spirit and as Irishmen—  
 Forget all feuds that hitherto were rife,  
 And love each other as each loved his wife,  
 Then all avow'd they would profess no creed,  
 But one in common to effect the deed.

brought in his convention act, which hindered the future exposition of Irish Catholics, for a relaxation of their grievances, or a removal of their disabilities for a time.

Join heart and hand to undermine a throne,  
 From dire oppression had enormous grown.  
 Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian—all  
 Had then consented at a moment's call  
 To free themselves or in the struggle fall.  
 The crafty foe devoid of christian love  
 And disobedient to the God above—  
 Had been alarm'd at the great display  
 Of loyal men to vindicate their sway,  
 And their redemption from the royal yoke,  
 With one decisive and avenging stroke.  
 He then as usual opened wide his net  
 To hang all rebels that in it would get;  
 But being confronted in the holy cause  
 By men of honor and of great applause,  
 Whom I will name, and of the common creed,  
 And all were worthy gentlemen indeed.

The following gentlemen formed a combination  
 for the redemption of Ireland at that time—men of  
 wealth, fortune, and erudition, and some of them  
 had been thoroughly acquainted with military discipline. Hamilton, Kervan, Dr. William Drinen,  
 the Honorable Simon Butler, James Napertandy,  
 Hutten, Tone, and Russell, and many others un-  
 mentioned.

Some were taken from their homes and wives,  
 And some absconded to preserve their lives.  
 In France, some symptoms had appear'd that year,  
 That fill'd John Bull with some unusual fear.  
 The Irish always breathe a purer air,  
 When things appear to be fomenting there.  
 Westmoreland then had granted all their claims,  
 Which quell'd the lustre of the rising flames ;  
 To which all men acquiesced, but a small  
 Unholy fry would not consent at all,  
 To give concessions to the Irish then.  
 And such, my friends, were pious Orangemen,  
 Who swore resistance to their knees in blood  
 'Gainst all concessions tending to do good

To Irishmen of a peculiar creed,  
 For which our fathers were compell'd to bleed.  
 It has existed eighteen hundred years,  
 In spite of shafts and angry pointed spears,  
 Were thrown at her with a malicious eye,  
 Tho' well they know that creed can never die.  
 The promise made, we have a right to heed,  
 That hell itself cannot efface that creed.

Altho' concessions at that time were given,  
 By erring men who were oppos'd to heaven;  
 Tho' small they were, and with reluctance—still  
 They had encourag'd every man to till  
 The spot he held, and as a longer lease  
 Had then been granted to improve the place.  
 At length the harpies, deaf enough to truth,  
 Allow'd'd them schools to educate their youth.  
 And more than all it further came to pass,  
 That all were then allow'd to go to mass.  
 No such concessions would be granted then,  
 But France being full of all rebellious men;  
 And soon, or late, she will revenge her spleen  
 On lordly England to relieve the green.  
 The Lord may grant, she may subdue the foe,  
 The cause of famine, pestilence and woe—  
 The northern star,\* a sheet of great renown,  
 Assail'd with vehemence the British crown,  
 And well depicted the unwholesome laws,  
 Which had been sanctioned by the British flaws.  
 Malicious, cruel, inconsistent, foul,  
 That kill'd the body and defil'd the soul;  
 For this exposure all were sent to jail,  
 But soon relinquish'd on a weighty bail;  
 The bond of union faithfull to its call,  
 Which made one creed the common creed of all,  
 Had taught this blessing with its holy breath,  
 Which gave to fueds the withering stroke of death.

\* The Northern Star had been a literary sheet, owned by seventeen liberal, consistent and responsible Protestants in Belfast, who, after being taken prisoners, were immediately bailed by seventeen Catholics. This clearly shows the union of the parties.



With English critics truth became a lie,  
 And said, the owners had a right to die.  
 Therefore, the truth converted in its prime  
 By dangerous men becomes a dangerous crime,  
 By men with pleasure who could antitiate,  
 The doom of virtue in the book of fate.  
 Without a check to modify the cause,  
 Or blunt the vengeance of the British laws.  
 The French that year to gain their liberty,  
 Compelled the king by a severe decree.  
 To lose his head without the least defence,  
 And being a king, which was his chief offence,  
 The fractious French, unsettled in their state,  
 Confin'd their king and then defin'd his fate ;  
 To gain their ends poor Louis lost his life,  
 Still, left unsettled the disastrous strife.  
 The English still, who hated freedom's shade,  
 Some great intrusions on the people made.  
 And war, the offspring of ambitious views,  
 'Gainst France declar'd, which France did not  
 refuse.

Two daring foes that fought from age to age,  
 Attack'd each other with amazing rage.  
 When thus engag'd the policy of Pitt,  
 Impreguably fixed, and always fixed to fit,  
 Gave some concessions in the hour of strife,  
 Whilst war was raging and commotion rife.  
 When war expir'd he soon forgot the whole,  
 And show'd a gizzard for the want of soul.  
 Then acts he made to counteract the past,  
 For good concessions were not made to last.  
 Which had decreed, that on a certain day  
 All men should meet without the least delay,  
 Give up their arms to some British slave,  
 Or to a squire, or some notorious knave ;  
 You must comply, which was considered best,  
 Or else the law will regulate the rest.  
 No kind of meeting was allowed to be,  
 As such was tending to democracy.

And other strictures too severe to tell,  
 Had been suggested by the heirs of hell.  
 Two Irishmen,\* quite sanguine in the cause,  
 Condemned their horrid and atrocious laws.  
 Declar'd the British had no right to pry,  
 Or watch their actions with an evil eye.  
 For this objection, which did not avail,  
 Both were committed to a felon's jail,  
 Tho' being confined they felt relieved of sin,  
 For acting honest, conscientious men.  
 United Irishmen had paid their fine,  
 An act but just, and in itself divine.  
 Brave Doctor Renolds suffered for the cause,  
 As he with vengeance had denounced their laws ;  
 For five long months incarcerated—he  
 Reproved his foes and their fell tyranny ;  
 But still unmoved, did all his foes remain,  
 And seemed rejoiced at their unholy stain ;  
 Conscience suffered no internal check,  
 As crimes to them had been a venial speck.  
 We come again to the immortal Pitt  
 Who studied vengeance more than holy writ ;  
 The Orange faction he inspired with hope,  
 And still pretended to revere the Pope.  
 That beauteous Isle with human blood he drenched,  
 And lit a blaze that never can be quenched.  
 Give bread to all, had been his only cry,  
 And yet the starving he allowed to die.  
 United men were still increasing fast,  
 'Till deep laid treachery prevailed at last.  
 Fitzgibbons then, the vilest imp in Clare,  
 With Beresford, Camden, an unholy pair,  
 Conspired together to resist their course,  
 And stop their progress with a strenuous force ;  
 But freedom cherished in the heart an hour,  
 Will there remain in spite of pride and power,  
 For freedom blossom'd is the fairest flower.  
 Government then, defective on its part,  
 With the advantage of insidious art,

\* The honorable Simon Butler, and Hamilton Rowen, Esq.

Had framed a scheme to send out secret spies,  
 And all the villains who were prone to lies,  
 Would hang and torture all convicted men,  
 Without attrition for that grievous sin,  
 Like wolves that hunger makes devoid of fear,  
 That range the forest when in quest of deer ;  
 Or like wild vultures when in search of game,  
 They pounced with malice on a man of fame ;  
 With pointed talons, they their victim bore,  
 And swore to things they never saw before.  
 The imps were up to every wicked plan,  
 And did their best to criminate the man ;  
 On mischief bent, and desperation too,  
 The wayward, wicked, swindling, swearing crew,  
 Had seized a man of venerable fame,  
 That rank and fortune had enthroned his name ;  
 Who was convicted and confined in jail,  
 Beyond redemption by the strongest bail.  
 Yet he escaped by an amazing chance,  
 And had been carried by his friends to France.  
 How he escaped from his unfeeling foes,  
 It is as thus, and thus the story goes :  
 When once confined that nobleman had been  
 By cruel, heartless, and designing men,  
 His steward came in great despair and gloom,  
 And asked admittance to his master's room ;  
 He said, he would, without the least delay,  
 Return soon, and measure back his way ;  
 Permission gained, he soon exchanged his clothes,  
 With Rowan in jail, unknown to all his foes,  
 Who soon appeared and hurried in his peace,  
 And left his steward to enjoy his place.  
 Who \*laid the scheme, and framed it void of sin,  
 Had died, the light, of all United men.  
 Soon came the jailor, with exceeding care,  
 To give his boarders some refreshing air ;  
 And when he went into the steward's place,  
 With due submission and exceeding grace,

He said, as thus, and with a courteous air,  
 As, I your honour, very much revere,  
 Sir, thus I say, and give myself as bail,  
 I'll be your friend while you remain in jail,  
 Don't spare my toil, I will to you adhere,  
 As gentlemen fit, but ill, our station here.  
 The steward spoke, but a tremend'ous laugh  
 Produc'd a violent and convulsive cough.  
 But being restor'd he then as thus, did say,  
 I thank you sir, I don't intend to stay.  
 Thro' all my life I kept within the law,  
 And by permission I will now withdraw;  
 A guiltless man immur'd for any time,  
 Must be a heinous—unforgiven crime.  
 Therefore I'll shift, and to relate the truth,  
 I'd like a drop to hebetate my drouth.  
 Blood and wounds, the gentlemen is fled,  
 And left his steward to enjoy his bed!  
 The jailor cried, ran out, and lock'd the door,  
 And quite forgot to ventilate the poor.  
 O! Lord, said he, to me a sad affair,  
 That he escap'd from my unerring care.  
 The very act will bring me to disgrace,  
 And some strange hand will occupy my place,  
 A large reward was never known to fail,  
 And, will bring back that gentleman to jail.  
 But, if again, I catch him in my net,  
 He must be strong, if out of it he'll get,  
 Great is my grief, and greater still will be,  
 When that vile steward gets his liberty.  
 A little craft that in the harbor lay,  
 Or on the bosom of the beauteous bay.\*  
 Had then been charter'd to convey at once,  
 Freedom's champion to protective France.  
 Five Irish seamen of surpassing skill,  
 Who knew the art of navigation well,  
 Had been engaged to consummate the task,  
 And got whatever they inclin'd to ask.

\* Dublin.

It was to them, but an amusing freak,  
 Not knowing the person, whom they had to take.  
 That night on board the fugitive had crept,  
 And not a wink the gentleman had slept.  
 And there remained for five successive days.  
 Unknown, unburnish'd by the solar rays,  
 How he had felt in that tremendous state,  
 Sensation tells, what tongue cannot relate.  
 A breeze ahead, and not inclin'd to change,  
 The tars pronounc'd and thought it mighty strange.  
 While thus delay'd a sailor went a shore—  
 To hear some news which he heard not before.  
 On his returning, he espied a card,  
 Which did set forth a terrible reward,  
 To any man that would arrest, it said,  
 The cheat, the rogue, and fugitive that fled  
 From jail unknown, without the fear of God,  
 And left his steward in the room he had.,  
 They well describ'd his person and his clothes,  
 To all his wicked and ferocious foes.  
 Then seem'd, indeed, each vile intriguing lark,  
 Was searching him and he within the ark.  
 Unknown, unseen, uncomfortably,—there,  
 Sometimes in hope, and sometimes in despair.  
 When Jack on board the tempting card had read,  
 The true exponent of the man that fled.  
 Amaz'd he knew, by adverse gales delay'd,  
 The man\* on board and had his passage paid,  
 Jack spoke, and said, your looks to me reveal,  
 You are the man who ran away from jail,  
 Then Rowan spoke, my friends and countrymen,  
 I had deserted from the lion's den,  
 Patriots suffer from oppressive laws,  
 But, always suffer in a righteous cause.  
 My country's ruin'd, for which I fain would die,  
 And for that reason I am forced to fly.  
 And leave to despots, full of wrath and guile,  
 That heaven-like gem, my native emerald Isle.



Therefore, come back, and take the paltry pelf,  
 I tried my best to liberate myself.  
 The sailors spoke, with all the reverence due,  
 To rank and wealth as he enjoy'd the two.  
 Most worthy sir, as honor is at stake,  
 We'll take much less than we agreed to take.  
 And land you safe beneath the southern skies,  
 Beyond the reach of all official spies—  
 Our country's batter'd by the stranger's maul,  
 And we would perish to retrieve her fall.  
 We are your friends, you have no need to fear,  
 And Ireland yet will hold your memory dear.  
 The wind blows fair, the lucky change we hail,  
 Let fly the sheets to catch the rising gale;  
 With skill they steer'd and not by trial or chance,  
 Until they landed on the coast of France.

An Irishman, I acknowledge, has a great many faults, and manifest ones at that. Nevertheless, by taking into consideration the dignity of his mind, and his inflexible integrity, in the hour of trial, and in the hour of extremity, and when honor is at stake, and by doing him ample justice you will find that these qualifications will preponderate all his other faults and misfortunes. We had various opportunities of recording the fidelity of Irishmen, but this, as well as other incidents, goes far to establish its authenticity. The five sailors who commanded the little craft that was to carry Rowan to France beyond the reach, of his heartless, ferocious, and treacherous pursuers, were Irishmen, who had agreed to take him for £100 to France, without being acquainted in any manner whatsoever, with the circumstances attending his escape. These men could unquestionably enrich themselves and their families, by betraying Rowan into the hands of his enemies. Still honour would be sacrificed by the commission of such a shameful action, and honour they thought to leave to their children and to posterity, untarnished, unspotted, and pure, and which

they did, this shows that honour is the natural inheritance of Irishmen, and no man on earth could have a better comrade or companion, in the hour of extremity, in the time of war, or in the time of peace, than an honest, faithful, generous Irishman, or no man would be further from deserting his friend in time of sickness and danger.

Another man had figur'd on the stage,  
In that sad dismal and devouring age.  
Was Nappertandy who escap'd to France,  
By some contrivance, or some lucky chance ;  
Who had endeavour'd to retrieve the land,  
From the oppression of a tyrant's hand.  
A land once bless'd, by a creative pow'r,  
Resembling that, perhaps, of Eden's bow'r.  
But got accurs'd by an ungodly race,  
That always tried to brutalize the place.  
Since Luther fell by his unholy strife,  
Or since old Harry had divorced his wife.  
The tyrants strove, with an oppressive hand,  
And laws unjust, to desolate the land—  
Who had shap'd Tandy's final overthrow,  
Still God diverted the intended blow.  
And gave the chief some time to meditate,  
On heinous laws they strove to propagate.  
And honest Corbet fled from all his foes,  
Attired and modest in a woman's clothes.  
Some thousands more had been compell'd to fly,  
For, if arrested, they were sure to die.

The brave Nappertandy, a man of animation and courage, and an unflinching patriot, in the year 1682, challenged Toler, afterwards the ever memorable hangman, Lord Norberry. In 1798, Tandy left France with Humbert, for the invasion of Ireland, and being prevented by a tremendous gale which separated his ship from the fleet, and which hindered them of landing in that ill-fated country. Hearing on the coast of Donegal of the

dispersion of the entire fleet intended for the invasion, he sail'd immediately for the coast of Norway, with an intention of travelling to France, when Tandy and some of his companions arrived in Hamburg, which was at the time a republic; he halted to refresh himself, as he considered he had been beyond the reach of his unscrupulous and insatiable enemies. In that he was much mistaken, and he soon found his confidence reversed, for he and his associate, Corbet, at the requisition of Lord Granville, the British minister, at that time residing in Hamburg, were surrendered and sent by that plenipotentiary to Ireland, where they were tried and convicted of high treason, and would unquestionably suffer the penalty of the law, were it not for the intervention of Napoleon, and his assurance to the British Cabinet, that he would retaliate their suffering by the execution of some of the English nobility that had been in his power at the time. Such had been the cause of Tandy's liberation, as the British government had been aware that Napoleon was very decisive and prompt, and when he made use of the expression, that he would have carried it to consummation and maturity at all hazards.

The French had sent a wise and Reverend sage,  
 Who seem'd devoted to the sacred page,  
 To tell his friends to strike the fatal stroke,  
 And free themselves from an ignoble yoke.  
 The Reverend man had made some reverend vows,  
 That he would then his country's cause espouse;  
 Thro' thick and thin, in sunshine and in storm,  
 To free the oppress'd he'd raise his reverend arm.  
 Fulfilling vows he wrought to quell the strife,  
 And the attempt had ended with his life.  
 On his way home, to his own native place,  
 To free the captives of an ancient race,  
 He stop'd at London, as he did intend,  
 To tell his secrets to a bosom friend;

That fiend the tale to government did tell,  
 For which in chains he was convey'd to hell,  
 Where vicious man receives his due reward,  
 And is forsaken by his gracious Lord.  
 The man was made of only clay and dust,  
 Betray'd his friend and then became accurs'd.  
 Ah, Pitt, sent then a fascinating friend,  
 To watch the movements of his bosom friend.  
 As he designed, when he had sent him o'er,  
 To hang the men who had escap'd before.  
 With due observance he collected—then,  
 The best, most zealous, and conspicuous men.  
 Among the chiefs of that disastrous scheme,  
 Brave Tone appeared and introduced his name  
 To the arch fiend, who coil'd himself to hear  
 The truth itself and utter'd without fear.  
 As he was bent a sacrifice to make  
 On some high shrine for constitution's sake;  
 He had arrested and betray'd the whole,  
 And stain'd his conscience and eternal soul;  
 Betray'd his friend, and all for love of gain,  
 Without compunction for the shameful stain—  
 The Reverend man being left without a hope,  
 Had swallow'd poison to avoid the rope :  
 Some men of rank for Tone did interpose,  
 And got him clear of his invidious foes,  
 On terms severe that make a man to mourn,  
 And British laws repudiate and scorn.  
 He was compell'd his native land to fly,  
 The very land for which he had to die ;  
 If back he came his doom they'd antidate,  
 Or bind the champion with the chains of fate.  
 Therefore, he fled to save his threaten'd life,  
 And took with him his children and his wife ;  
 Without delay he stood away to sea—  
 And sought the land of glorious liberty.  
 The Orange faction had disunion sown—  
 And their abettors fawning round the throne,  
 Had them advis'd immediately to wage  
 Destructive war without regarding age,

'Gainst ev'ry man who lov'd his country dear,  
 Be he a priest, a peasant, or a peer,  
 And that they did, remorseless and severe.  
 The gallant Tone, who fled his native place,  
 Which had been harrass'd by an alien race,  
 The most intrusive on a soil that trod,  
 Which was created by Almighty God—  
 A soil ordain'd for human hands to plow,  
 And gain a living by a moisten'd brow—  
 Tho' being ordain'd by an ambitious race,  
 Such is revers'd and blotted out of place,  
 They like an ox that fatten'd in the stall,  
 Do sit contented as the Lords of all—  
 They eat and drink at ev'ry gorgeous feast,  
 While those that labour have receiv'd the least—  
 To trivial crimes they carry out this plan,  
 Accuse, then try, and execute the man.  
 When Tone arriv'd\* he made no long delay,  
 Impulsive feelings forc'd the man away;  
 The love of freedom dwelling in his breast,  
 Inspir'd his feelings and annoy'd his rest—  
 And such a scheme, with prudence to advance,  
 He soon depart'd for the coast of France,  
 From thence he steer'd across the boisterous sea,  
 To help his friends and set his country free,  
 In the attempt, alas! by savage laws,  
 He fell a victim to his country's cause.  
 Things remain'd in operation still,  
 As wick'd passions urg'd the human will,—  
 The land was cover'd with official spies,  
 The source of terror and malicious lies.  
 Each spy would hug and kiss the sacred book,  
 Whose cream-like visage and satanic look,  
 Bespoke at once the trembling victim's state,  
 Whose chains predicted his approaching fate;  
 When a dire friend, for sake of British pay,  
 Would swear his brother's precious life away;  
 A patriot's blood, as oft remark'd before,  
 In place of one will yield a thousand more—

\* America.



That wholesale slaughter did but aggravate,  
 And made men anxious for a dire debate.  
 The north and south, the east and west, were rife,  
 As all were anxious for the coming strife—  
 No ancient worship, or sectarian creed,  
 Did sow disunion in the time of need.  
 While such exists within the human mind,  
 Goes far to show that man was born blind;  
 Liberty of conscience is my only claim,  
 Why not my brother be allow'd the same.  
 This inward grudge bespeaks the want of grace,  
 How can we grudge, and we of Adam's race;  
 And if at times, that we should disagree,  
 What are we still, but of one family?  
 They should, therefore, without a sigh or moan,  
 Resist united and destroy the throne.  
 The best of men enlisted in the cause,  
 As being disgusted with the British laws,  
 Which had been bearded with the shafts of fate,  
 To clinch the union of the church and state;  
 That strange connection ill befits its place,  
 And acts repugnant to the acts of grace.  
 Tempestuous gales, and bleak inclement skies,  
 Repulsed the French in that great enterprise.  
 Perhaps kind Providence had sanctioned all,  
 And saved that time the withering structure's fall;  
 Tho' spared it then, and clings together still,  
 Down she'll fall with the Almighty's will;  
 Her tottering frame and her enormous weight  
 Will make her rue her marriage with the state.  
 From those that preach for such enormous pay,  
 Withdraw their sums, and they'll forget to pray;  
 Such weighty sums, feigned great devotion's leaven,  
 And glittering dust will keep them out of heaven.  
 Four worthy \*men of eminence and fame  
 Had joined the cause, and each prefixed his name  
 To all conditions, in the rendezvous—  
 As men of honor in such cases do.

\* Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmet, McNeven, and Arthur O'Conner.

Tho' France being foiled in the attempts she made,  
 They thought it prudent to implore her aid,  
 And try once more what Providence would do,  
 To raise the many and depress the few.  
 Two \*chiefs were sent as I will here relate,  
 For some assistance to emancipate—  
 The struggling patriots from a foreign yoke,  
 And words of wisdom to the purpose spoke;  
 Official fiends did always interfere  
 With lips cemented, and attentive ear,  
 To watch their motions as they did advance  
 With care and caution on their way to France;  
 And one small hint will now completely show,  
 The wiles and actions of their subtle foe.  
 Lord Edward stopped at Hamburg on his way,  
 And there detained by some unknown delay;  
 Perhaps detained to consummate some plan,  
 Could purchase freedom for his fellow man.  
 Attached to this I will to you reveal  
 A curious fact, and not a comic tale—  
 Lord Edward met a comely goddess there,  
 With fine dimensions and agreeable air,  
 To whom he freely had divulged his mind,  
 Thought as being handsome that she must be kind,  
 That time he made a disingenuous hit,  
 As that fair goddess was employed by Pitt;  
 Which shows his spies were scattered far and near,  
 To send him word of every thing they'd hear.  
 Prudential motives held the chief behind,  
 Or daring plans, peculiar to his mind;  
 Whereas he sent O'Conner in advance  
 To league, not trifle, with majestic France;  
 To ask her aid to discomfit a throne,  
 There pride and plunder had enormous grown.  
 A throne when humbled, tho' being bold and strong,  
 The world will wonder how she stood so long.  
 The French averr'd to venerate the case,  
 And raze that hydra to her very base.

\* Lord Edward and Arthur O'Conner.

The lord returned to his native home,  
 Without internal or external gloom ;  
 And was proclaimed unanimously then  
 The chief and leader of United men ;  
 To whose opinion and superior skill  
 Each wavering man should bend his wavering will.  
 And as his tactics were admired and known,  
 Each man submitted and resigned his own.  
 The French who always did neglect the cause,  
 Or else submitted to a lengthy pause,  
 Had sent a letter to the noble lord,  
 What they would do, and what they could afford ;  
 That in four months they'd send the noble chief  
 Five thousand men—a very small relief—  
 And other things that would his foes disarm,  
 In spite of them in the approaching storm.  
 The news aroused the lion-hearted lord,  
 Which made him issue a sententious card,  
 To rise and strike a simultaneous blow,  
 Which should prostrate and discomfit the foe ;  
 He said delays unquestionably will drown  
 Our future prospects to upset the crown.

Pitt's policy was impregnable, and his policy and intrigues were in a direct proportion to the rest of his admirable abilities. His extravagant distribution of British gold, adulterated and putrified many a man that would stand immovably beyond the reach of temptation on any other occasion. Gold, and the promise of a speedy elevation, and the assurance that such invaluable services rendered the crown, and in defence of the constitution, would inevitably reflect on the informer's posterity and raise them to estimation, dignity, and future prosperity ; such were the dazzling, insidious, and delusive offers that opened every avenue to discovery. Pitt and his infernal satellites were the framers of the abundant supply, and of that extravagant encouragement, nevertheless, no excuse or encouragement, be it ever so rich,

so rare, so insinuating, or so well galvanized with promises of future happiness, can palliate the accursed crime of an informer, as he is always considered below the level of the meanest malefactor. That gold so extravagantly lavished on such creatures by the defenders of the throne, had been wrested from the Irish and given unjustly to every scoundrel that would give information to a crown authority of all plans contemplated for the subversion and overthrow of the British government.

Among the Irish informers we find the name of Thomas Reynolds, and through the treachery of Reynolds, the leaders, or many of them, were arrested in Oliver Bond's house, in Bridge street, Dublin, on the 12th of March, 1798. That meeting was considered the final rendezvous of the executive committee or leaders of the national confederacy, for all things were previously adjusted to commence an immediate warfare for the restoration of their national liberty and their future independence; yet Reynold's treachery counteracted their designs and prostrated the lofty schemes of gigantic considerations.

That treacherous man, a scandal to his place,  
To all his friends and to the human race;  
That vile informer and degraded man  
Divulged, revealed, related ev'ry plan  
To a vile vulture under British pay,  
Still fed and fatten'd, was in quest of prey;  
Which he conveyed with an amazing haste,  
And left the whole a wilderness and waste.  
Lord Edward fell in an unequal strife,  
And by a drummer was deprived of life.

It is alledged, and with truth and much certainty, that Lord Edward came to his death by a wound he received from a drummer while struggling with his adversaries. When Major, sir\* Captain,

\* Ryan.

and some others of the officious vultures had arrested Lord Edward in Murphey's house, in Dublin, on the 29th of May 1798, he resisted them with incredible strength and determination, and having one of his assailants under, when in a bent position over him, he received a stab of a bayonet in the back of the neck from the drummer; an animal, by the most accurate investigation I could receive, not of a greater magnitude than an ordinary sized family teapot or a Gibraltar monkey, who was afterwards raised to the dignity of a Peer—the usual reward of English clemency to all notorious informers and murderers who signalized themselves by such savage barbarity and shameful insinuations in defence of the Government.

The King, and Pitt, and Castlereagh were then  
 But reckless savages in shape of men,  
 Who had conspir'd to desolate the soil,  
 And reckon'd hanging but an easy toil.  
 The men excited to rebel and rise,  
 And which they did, which caus'd no great surprise;  
 The worthy men had suffer'd for the state,  
 For virtuous actions only wrought their fate.  
 But three small counties had withstood the fray,  
 If all would rise, they would have gained the day.  
 And such thro' life let every man revere,  
 Brave Wexford first, then, Wicklow and Kildare.  
 The sad afflictions that tormented men  
 Cannot be told by a poetic pen.  
 Himself,\* in his poetic prose,  
 Could not describe their pestilence and woes;  
 If hell were swept, and all the imps below,  
 To find another corresponding foe.  
 For Pitt's officials, such could not be found,  
 Link'd, cemented, and ungodly bound.  
 I speak the truth, without the least mistake,  
 That such a set, n'er crossed the Stygian lake;  
 But, who compos'd that hellish, hateful clique,  
 The vile believers of reform'd Dick.†

\* Fenelon.

† Old Harry the VIII.



The Irish saw, with what malicious spleen,  
 They hung their chiefs and lacerated men.  
 They thought it better to resist than lie  
 Or sit inglorious 'till the whole should die.  
 Tho' unprepar'd they made a sudden break  
 To gain their freedom or the throne to shake;  
 The awful carnage ere the fray was o'er,  
 Of heaps promiscuous weltering in their gore.  
 Not those that fell upon embattled plains,  
 Of Irish chiefs, or of majestic swains;  
 Resistless fell, by a polluted race,  
 And fell promiscuous in their native place.  
 A race accus'd, acquitted, and accurs'd—  
 The wicked offspring of unlawful lust;  
 Such were the fiends who signaliz'd the strife,  
 Without compunction, or regard to life.  
 When thus engag'd with an outrageous foe,  
 That had been neither fickle, faint, or slow.  
 Where is the man who deems himself a sage,  
 Without experience knows the weight of age;  
 Where is the man that felt the tyrant's heel,  
 Who would not use the poinard and the steel.  
 But how to judge of that polluted throne,  
 Is by the widows' and the orphans' moan;  
 The widow's moan, must penetrate the skies,  
 And God himself, has heard the orphans' cries;  
 Who will at last, I use no taunting jeer,  
 Make tyrants tremble and his vengeance fear—  
 That God whom Pharaoh had refus'd to heed,  
 Display'd his power and reveng'd the deed.  
 His potent word the waters did obey,  
 Which swept vile Pharaoh and his host away.  
 O! Lord of hosts! how oft vile asses bray  
 When holy saints in solemn silence pray!  
 Ah! tyrants, tremble and prepare, a torch,  
 Will light you back to the unerring church.  
 Prepare yourself, for death will come unknown,  
 And beg for mercy for your sins alone.  
 Drop Luther's creed, that wretched, fallen man,  
 Whom Harry sanction'd for the sake of Ann.

Too late it came, could no salvation bring,  
 It bears no blossom, and it has no spring.  
 Presumptuous man, why are you not afraid,  
 As God made man and all the things are made.  
 That fatal fall from religion and truth,  
 The ruin and poison of old age and youth.  
 And all the acts that Russel made of late,  
 O! late or early will ensure his fate—  
 That impious man, whose hellish acts and strife  
 Are duly enter'd in the book of life.  
 Contentious man, 'tis better to resign,  
 Than madly struggle with that strength divine;  
 For, do your best, in that unholy fight,  
 That strength will leave you in the shades of night.  
 During that strife, brave Tone was busy still,  
 And all were happy if he had his will.  
 A gallant fleet had been at his command,  
 For the redemption of his native land.  
 Yet adverse winds had caused the great delay,  
 And in the harbor all the time she lay;  
 For five long weeks they did not heave the lead,  
 The ships being anchor'd and the gale a-head.  
 Until at length, a British fleet drew nigh,  
 Block'd up the harbor and then anchor'd by.  
 The fleets engag'd for a memorial sway—  
 Alas! the British had maintain'd the day.  
 When Tone had seen that ev'ry thing was lost,  
 Without consulting the enormous cost  
 He plac'd his shoulder to the sturdy plow,  
 And sought Napoleon with a haughty brow.  
 His case related with pathetic fire  
 Before that august and ambitious sire;  
 He said, as thus, "my liege, be you aware,  
 I feel despondent from intrinsic care;  
 My country's doom to slavery, by those  
 Who are her deadly and imbitter'd foes.  
 No peace or comfort there can man enjoy,  
 Her cities sack'd alike ill-fated Troy.  
 Long ere this I could revert her laws,  
 But gales tempestuous did oppose my cause.

The thoughts of it my constitution shake,  
 As I could perish for my country's sake—  
 Could I but say before I would expire,  
 My country's free from all despotic ire.  
 And now, great sire, I come to you to ask  
 For strenuous help to undertake the task;  
 If I succeed 'twill add to your renown,  
 And dim the lustre of the British crown."  
 Soothing words on lofty minds prevail,  
 When all compulsion would entirely fail.  
 Napoleon knew how oft he tried before,  
 To land an army on the Irish shore;  
 But an unlucky and tempestuous gale,  
 Repuls'd his fleet and shatter'd ev'ry sail.  
 The sire then said, "I'll give you means and men,  
 And ev'ry chance to try your luck again;  
 I know your country groans beneath the weight,  
 Of hungry harpies that devour the state.  
 I say, therefore, don't hesitate or rue,  
 We'll try once more what Providence will do;  
 We'll help you now as we had help'd before,  
 And trust yourself to Providence once more."  
 These words he said compos'd unting'd with ire,  
 Which spoke the will of that potential sire.

In this explanatory note it may not, perhaps, be unnecessary or out of place to give an idea of the inflexible courage, indefatigable exertion, and incomparable assiduity of the immortal Tone, in his attempt to redeem his unfortunate and ill-fated country, from the grasp of an insolent, despotic, and tyrannical government, an unchristian combination. He took his departure from America, for France, without abundance or means, with the approbation only of some chiefs of the united confederacy, destitute of any introduction, but his commanding appearance, beautiful address, and the rectitude of his cause; such were his letters of recommendation, and when we consider under these circumstance, his negotiations with France, then we can form some

idea or opinion of his cleverness, of his patriotism, and of his desire for the redemption of his country. When first he left Brest for that purpose, that is, to exonerate his country from the thralldom and the miseries of a foreign yoke, he had with him sixty ships, and all other means for the invasions of Ireland. He would unquestionably at that time accomplish the emancipation of his country had he landed, as he had on board a formidable army, under the command of one of the most skillful and consummate general that could be appointed for that enterprise,—Hoche, the very general tactically instructed Napoleon, whose approbation of an army and arrangements in the field, would ensure success,—under such favourable circumstances, the lion-hearted Tone felt encouraged and gratified, and seemed confident the sun displayed more than usual brilliancy. Alas! alas! such was not the case. The fleet had been dispersed at sea, by one of the most terrific and tremendous gales that ever blew from any quarter of the heavens, defied all efforts, and rendered the attempt fruitless, and abortive. After his disastrous discomfiture in his first attempt for the freedom of his country, he made a second application to the republic of Hamburg, and succeeded in raising another formidable fleet, which had been anchored in Texel harbour, and there detained by another extraordinary gale during thirty five days, until a British fleet sailed from England, blocked up the harbor and rendered the fleet ineffectual. The British and Batavian fleets had a severe engagement, and the British fleet finally defeated her adversary, which result Tone anticipated. This second defeat was not powerful enough to destroy the future exertions of Tone for the redemption of his country. He was neither dismayed nor disheartened by repeated misfortunes, though pressed somewhat from vicissitudes, his courage hardly yielded an inch. Tone being reduced to extremities, and baffled by the caprices of fortune, thoroughly excited his courage

to accomplish his design. He then immediately repaired to France, related his misfortunes to Napoleon, investigated the miseries of his countrymen, and supplicated his assistance, once more to free his oppressed country, from the hostile ferocity of English demagogues. Napoleon and the French Directory fitted out another expedition for the redemption of Ireland, which alas, proved his final overthrow, and closed his earthly career. The last fleet by a preconcerted plan, did not set sail together, but at different times, and in separate divisions, to avoid the probability of detection, as it had been a gigantic and perilous adventure. Alas! as usual! they were opposed by the irresistible ally of the British constitution, a furious and indescribable gale, which separated the fleet, and compelled each division to seek shelter, wherever convenience or opportunity afforded them shelter, from the inclemency of the weather. Nevertheless, Hubert, one of the French generals, on the 30th of August, 1798, landed at Killalla, with one thousand men, some clothing, and some ammunition, and other implements of war. Such a force was insufficient to bring his design to maturity, though not knowing the destiny of the rest of the fleet, on his landing, he hoisted a green flag, with the ever memorable motto, *Erin go Bragh*, which at once kindled a flame of original animosity in the hearts of all the country people, in that locality, who rushed to his standard without fear or hesitation. The French general expecting the immediate attack of his adversary, placed his army in an attitude of defence, and proceeded immediately to Ballinah, to dislodge a garrison left there for its protection; and cowardly, indeed, they fled from the place without showing the least sign of resistance to the approaching little army, consisting of eight hundred regular troops and fifteen hundred of yeomanry, and after deserting the fortification they united with a formidable force of royalists that had been sta-



tioned at Castlebar, not far from hence. The French general hotly pursued them with his little army and all the countrymen who came to his assistance with alacrity and determination, on coming up to them, they were advantageously posted. The royalists, were drawn out to advantage on an eminence, consisting of eight thousand affective men, prepared immediately for action; and on discovering their warlike preparations he, the French general, displayed much skill, courage and discipline, harangued his followers with unmistakable eloquence, until they seem'd animated with an extraordinary desire to encounter the enemy, and the result was, that the royalists gave way and fled in consternation and dismay towards Tuam forty miles from Castlebar, leaving behind them on the battle ground fourteen pieces of cannon, and all other implements of war they had for their protection. This was a stupendous overthrow and altogether unexpected. It is confidently stated that some of the south and Kilkenny militia deserted the British ranks, and through patriotism joined their countrymen to defeat the royalists. This was as it should be, and would be the case to-morrow, if the like opportunity offered. Hundreds of those gallant patriots were afterwards hung at Ballynamuck, by the orders of the unrelenting and blood thirsty demon, Lord Cornwallis. After all the magnanimity displayed by the French general, there was still a deficiency in the general character of his generalship. This was the want of perseverance and impetuosity, for if he vigorously proceeded, without delay, or hesitation, to the capital of the kingdom, as he would be acquiring strength and encouragement every hour, the goddess of liberty would not be at this present time pensively repining in the dungeons of captivity, under the lash of aristocratical pride, insult and detestation, and spurned by those gentlemen, who tremble when hearing of her venerated name. The French general instead of pursuing the above-mentioned course, re-

mained inactively in Castlebar, until he was attacked by twenty thousand efficient men, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, and of course, overpowered and defeated, which put an end in that country to his military career, and defaced his future pretensions. All Irishmen of note, and respectability, who distinguished themselves in the Irish rebellion, were executed to glut the vengeance of the British government, and no remonstrance or, interposition could hebetate the ferocity and savage barbarity of the British tyrants, until the last execution took place. Another division of the fleet intended for the invasion of Ireland entered Lough Swilly in the north of Ireland, about the same time. The squadron consisted of six or seven small frigates and one ship of the line, and had on board three thousand men under the command of general Hardy, among whom had been the indomitable, but ill-fated Tone. No sooner had the squadron entered the lake, than seven men of war belonging to the British entered also, and bore down on them with unparalleled desperation and vengeance. This detection could not be avoided, as Pitt had been in possession of the destination of the squadron or fleet since it left the coast of France, and had been prepared to give them a warm reception. A desperate engagement took place between the two squadrons, and after a desperate struggle the French were defeated, and all the men aboard taken prisoners of war. Tone passed as a French officer, unknown and unmolested, until all the officers were invited to breakfast at the mansion of the Earl of Cavan, where, and when, at breakfast unfortunate Tone was identified, by Sir George Hill, who accosted him by name, and to whom Tone responded unequivocally, and soon as breakfast was over, he was called into an adjoining room, and there unscrupulously bound hand and foot with a heavy chain that foretold his approaching calamity and misfortune, and sent in that predicament to Dublin, to be tried for his life,

by the most unrelenting and unscrupulous judges, perhaps, that could be found at that time under the canopy of heaven. Tone wanted to be tried by the laws of honourable warfare, but his request had been indignantly spurned, and Tone had been tried as a traitor and an outlaw, and sentenced by martial law to be hung as a malefactor on the scaffold. When the brave but unfortunate Tone heard their fatal conclusion, he again requested to die as a soldier, that is by a round from the grenadiers, an hour after the sentence of death was passed on him. That consolation also they denied him, but to be hung would be too degrading for the lofty conceptions of the ever-lamented and venerated Tone, and too ignominious a death for the patriot to suffer, and therefore he attempted his own life, by making an incision in the jugular vein, which though not causing instant death, proved fatal. The immortal incomparable and ever to be lamented John F. Curran, my country and county man, and one of Ireland's incorruptible patriots who was always found at the side of mercy, moved the King's bench by a habeus corpus to have him tried by the laws of his country, and through the means of that friendly interposition, Lord Kilwarden, issued to the same effect, but when the law officer arrived at the barracks, he was indignantly refused admittance, and on hearing that, the lord sent the sheriff to facilitate its execution, and the answer he received was, that Tone was fast approaching dissolution, and that no hopes could be entertained of his recovery. The prediction proved too true, brave Tone fell in the arms of death, from the loss of blood, and with him fell at that time the courage and exertions of all united Irishmen, and the fortunes of his unfortunate country. 1798.

Tone no more, the vile decrees of state  
 Too, soon predicted his untimely fate,  
 All freemen then and bondsmen did as well  
 With patriots mourn, when the patriot fell.

In spite of vultures, who the patriot tried,  
 He nobly fell and for his country died.  
 Doom'd freedom fled then to lament his fate,  
 And left the vultures to enjoy the state.  
 I bid adieu to that illustrious name,  
 Tho' died a victim, rais'd his country's fame.  
 Three jewels sparkle in the following lines,  
 Would dim the lustre of Peruvian mines.  
 The great Mc'Neven that in dungeons pray'd,  
 Confin'd by tyrants when a fiend betray'd.  
 And the great Emmet bound in loathsome holes,  
 Prepar'd and furnished by the English moles.  
 With brave O'Connor, the united three,  
 Who struggled hard to set their country free,  
 These three great men expected no relief,  
 Betray'd by Reynolds, the infernal thief.  
 But, still, unseen decrees, suspended fate,  
 And all its terrors till another date.  
 As this one act is worthy of all praise,  
 And of all the charms of a poet's lays.  
 It shows precisely in the hour of strife,  
 The great affection of a virtuous wife.  
 Emmet's wife in spite of pride and power,  
 Had forc'd her way into that massive tower.  
 Than part with him she would prefer to die,  
 Tho' cold the cell, and hard the place to lie,  
 The power of Briton could not make her fly.  
 She thought she would in his misfortune share,  
 And try how happy she could make him there.  
 Of earthly pleasures she would not partake,  
 Forsook them all for her dear Emmet's sake,  
 For three long years in jail with him she lay,  
 And seem'd as happy as the Queen of May.  
 The French were then around the Irish shore,  
 They saw their sails and heard their cannon roar.  
 Which frighten'd Pitt, and his colleague\* to death,  
 And made them belch the most offensive breath.  
 As usual then they molified their wrath,  
 And took at once a second sober thought.

\* Lord Castlereagh.

They knew the evil of their wicked cause,  
 And thought it best to moderate the laws.  
 It happen'd well and fortunate to those  
 Whose lives were pending on their English foes,  
 To Scotland then the noble patriots went,  
 Or I should say compulsively were sent.  
 And there confin'd within an iron jail,  
 Which art constructed on a mammoth scale.  
 Detain'd, confin'd, despondent, sick, and sad,  
 Without a hope, but confidence in God;  
 And those that trust in his unerring word  
 Will find him still to be a gracious Lord.  
 A Scottish\* chief of an illustrious race  
 Had been commander of the fort and place.  
 A better man could not exist than he,  
 His words caus'd mirth, his acts a jubilee;  
 Unlike some tyrants would exult and crow,  
 He used his art in mitigating woe—  
 He show'd his will in tending ev'ry call,  
 And felt, and wept, and sympathiz'd with all;  
 And many a man, tho' conscious of his fate,  
 Enjoy'd himself and quite forgot his state.  
 The Irish chiefs who had been in his care,  
 For noble motives had been banish'd there,  
 Had been at liberty to range at large,  
 As if he never had them in his charge.  
 There was no guard, no penalty, no pain,  
 But their word only, to return again—  
 That was enough, the governor had thought,  
 As Irish honor can be never bought,  
 The Irish chiefs were to their honor true,  
 And the brave Scot was honourable too.  
 Some time elaps'd, in a peculiar state,  
 Unmov'd, yet chill'd, from an impending fate;  
 'Till Pitt, consider'd to release the three,  
 Who suffered hard, for what, for liberty.

\* His name was Steward, an invalid officer, and a gentleman of honour. They felt entirely happy under his control, as they were at liberty to go and come in whenever it answered their purpose.



The patriots suffered in their country's cause,  
 And dared the vengeance of the British laws;  
 They press'd the hand of the illustrious\* chief,  
 With great affection and intrinsic grief.  
 And then each patriot press'd him to his heart,  
 And hard indeed it was to make them part.  
 The cloud dispers'd, and ev'ry thing was gay,  
 All fields were green and lambkins seem'd to play,  
 The sun put forth his most refulgent ray;  
 It seem'd that nature did rejoice to see,  
 The Irish patriots get their liberty.

Reynolds, the notorious informer, is considered to be one of the basest characters and most degraded scoundrels that could be found in the catalogue of informers, and no epitaph could stand the test, answer the purpose and immortalize his name so well as that of Luttrell's, the infamous traitor and informer of the year 1691, which is as follows:

If heaven be pleas'd when mortals cease to sin,  
 If hell be pleas'd when villains enter in—  
 If earth be pleas'd when it entombs a knave,  
 Then all are pleas'd for Luttrell's in the grave.

Dr. McNeven and Thomas Adis Emmet, after leaving confinement, spent some time in France, and then came to America, and immediately after landing declared their intentions, and afterwards became useful and distinguished citizens of this country, universally esteemed when living, and much lamented after their departure for happy eternity. Arthur O'Conner, one of the sufferers, remained in France, putting every impediment in the enemy's way whenever an opportunity offered; the last effort, a combination of any magnitude that had been formed to gain Irish independence, had been formed by the celebrated but unfortunate Robert Emmet, of glo-

rious memory, and the extraordinary yet unsuccessful Mr. Russell, of Belfast, who had been imprisoned in Fort George, Scotland, with the forementioned Irishmen, namely, McNeven, Emmet and O'Connor.

The wily web, a legislative clew,  
 Was strong and stout and comprehensive too,  
 That England made for that ill-fated land—  
 Which bears the stigma of a stranger's brand.  
 A brand that withered with entire disgrace,  
 Whate'er it touch'd as being bereft of grace;  
 And all the prayers of the pious saints,  
 Could scarcely cancel the unhallowed taints.  
 If it but touch'd the solar rays of light,  
 The day was turn'd into sable night.  
 It were the doctors Castlereagh and Pitt,  
 Had wrought that strong impenetrable net;  
 And caus'd the union a tremendous scheme,  
 To rob Hibernia of her wealth and fame.  
 And since that date, they have, to their disgrace,  
 Enforced bad laws to brutalize the place.  
 Our latest statesmen, two\* ambitious lords,  
 Who knew all tricks and how to shuffle cards;  
 Profoundly wise they magnifi'd their sphere,  
 Still, future ages will condemn the pair.  
 They made sad use of all the power they had,  
 When they in effigy the mother of God  
 Consum'd with fire before the signal gaze  
 Of fiends exulting in the sinful blaze.  
 But woe to them, whose laughter long and loud,  
 Made them conspicuous in that hellish crowd;  
 Let them be sure, that did the like abet,  
 She has a son that will revenge it yet.  
 Did they conceive that effigy and fun,  
 Had been perceiv'd by her eternal son,  
 They would withdraw from that polluted place,  
 And beg for mercy, penitence and grace.

\* Lord John Russell and Palmerston.

The day will come, indeed, as sure as time,  
 Will find them guilty of that heinous crime.  
 The two great lords were hurl'd into the shade,  
 Their pride, and pomp, and ev'ry act they made ;  
 And if a prayer be heard, and void of sin,  
 I pray those lords may ne'er remount again.

1783. *Robert Emmet, the Patriot and Martyr.*

Low lies the chief, the patriot and the sage,  
 Who lost his life in an enlighten'd age ;  
 Whose towering language like a comet blaz'd  
 When fiendish judges on the patriot gaz'd.  
 When Erin's free from all exotic rust,  
 We'll write his epitaph and show his bust.  
 She will be then as she had been before,  
 The seat of *freedom, and the throne of lore,*  
 The stranger's home, where he was fed and clad,  
 And taught devoutly to adore his God.  
 His cares and woes by slow degrees then fled,  
 And he paid nothing for his board and bed.  
 No haughty tyrants then dictated laws,  
 No patriots suffered in a righteous cause ;  
 In dreams of happiness, his throes were lost,  
 As being supplied without expense or cost.  
 Such was the case, 'till England's laws and chains,  
 Consum'd her pleasures, and reduc'd her means ;  
 But, when she's free, puissant, bold and brave,  
 We'll make a rush to see the patriot's grave.

When the lamented Emmet, my county\* and countryman, was arraigned before a full bench of judges, the most implacable, cruel and unjust that ever met together to try a man for his life, he delivered the following celebrated speech, with uncommon firmness and composure. Every child should read it after reciting his morning prayers, as it will stand, an impregnable barrier, against the future atrocities of that unrighteous and infernal government.

\* County Cork.

## SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET.

WHAT have I to say why sentence of death shall not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say, which can alter your pre-determinations, nor that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me, more than life, and which you have labored—as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country—to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court, constituted and trammelled as this is—I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal—I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur—but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my *character* to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice:—the man dies, but his

memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from *some* of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope; I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more, or a little less, than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

LORD NORBURY. “The weak and wicked enthusiasts who feel as you feel, are unequal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.”

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view, than that of their cure and the emancipation of my country from the super-inhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this



for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written, until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretence to impeach the probity, which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

LORD NORBURY. "You proceed to unwarrantable lengths in order to exasperate or delude the unwary, and circulate opinions of the most dangerous tendency, for the purposes of mischief."

Again I say, that what I have spoken, was not intended for your lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of affliction—

LORD NORBURY. "What you have hitherto said, confirms and justifies the verdict of the jury."

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer with tender benignity his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime, of which he had been adjudged guilty; that a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt—but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice; if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and

truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge, I am the supposed culprit; I am a man, you are a man also; by a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters; if I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice? If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear on the great day, at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors or—

LORD NORBURY. “Listen, sir, to the sentence of the law.”

My lord—shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away for a paltry con-

sideration the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me? or rather why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering! This no doubt may be dispensed with—and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle before your jury was impannelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit to the sacrifice; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

LORD NORBURY. “You may proceed, sir.”

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No, I am no emissary; my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? a change of masters? No! but for ambition! O, my country, was it personal ambition that influenced me, had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it, I now offer up my life. O God! No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering his country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in patricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendour and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of

my heart to extricate my country from this doubly rivetted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had destined her to fill.

Connection with France was indeed intended, but only so far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction; we sought aid, and we sought it as we had assurances we should obtain it; as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen! I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other; I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, rase every house, burn every blade of grass, the last spot on which the hope of freedom should desert me, there would I hold, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, in my fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life any more than death, is dishonourable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succours of France were to land. I looked indeed for the assistance of France. I wished to prove to France and to the world, that Irishmen deserve to be assisted! That they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country.

I wished to procure for my country the guarantee

which WASHINGTON procured for America. To procure an aid, which would by its example be as important as its valour; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and with experience; allies who could perceive the good, and, in our collision, polish the rough points of our character; they would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. My objects were not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only become Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

LORD NORBURY. "You are making an avowal of dreadful treasons, and of a determined purpose to have persevered in them, which I do believe has astonished your audience."

I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the *keystone* of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honour over much! You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior! There are men engaged in this *conspiracy*, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my lord; men, before the splendour of whose genius and virtues, I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonoured to be called your friends—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your bloodstained hands—

LORD NORBURY. "You have endeavored to establish a wicked and bloody provisional government."

What, my lord! shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold to which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been, and will be, shed in this



struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor, shall you tell me this—and must I be so *very* a slave as not to repel it?

LORD NORBURY. “A different conduct would have better become one who had endeavoured to overthrow the laws and liberties of his country.”

I who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

LORD NORBURY. “I exhort you not to depart this life with such sentiments of rooted hostility to your country as those which you have expressed.”

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government, speaks for my views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, or humiliation, or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it.—No, God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate

in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind; and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice—the blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; [Mr. Emmet was here referring to the soldiery by which the Sessions House was filled and surrounded] it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them; let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them, and me, repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then—and not till then—let my epitaph be written—I have done.

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LORD NORBURY immediately pronounced sentence of death in the usual form. Mr. EMMET was reconducted to prison, and the next day he was publicly executed in Thomas street.

Brave Russel\* fell, the bravest of the brave,  
 In trying his might to liquidate the slave,  
 The false hyena,† or ferocious beast,  
 Would much enlarge and solemnize his feast.  
 Whene'er he captur'd his unlucky prey,  
 By all such acts did consecrate the day;  
 That imp is now, for all his crimes and stains,  
 Where devils wrangle, and confusion reigns;  
 And his old friend,‡ that vile, detested fan,  
 A tool, a minion, and the meanest man.  
 To make things even, and bring up the rear,  
 And prove there dwell congenial spirits there;  
 As none could fill a niche if vacant be,  
 Than Captain Ryan for his great loyalty,  
 Ah! give a place to the unholy three.  
 For Pitt and 'Reagh could no distinction claim,  
 When once therein they were esteemed the same;  
 Since angels fell, thro' a rebellious pride,  
 A group, as such, did not in hell abide.  
 Ah! Castlereagh, ne'er made a noble act;—  
 I speak the truth, and certify the fact;  
 But only one, and that I sing by note,  
 When Satan urg'd the villain cut his throat.  
 O! mighty Thrasher do the fiend assail,  
 And do him justice with your iron flail.  
 Sisyphus is determin'd, strong and tall,  
 O keep him under where the stone will fall.  
 As Pitt and he, and all their saints will fit,  
 The loathsome dungeons of that hellish pit.

George IV. ascended the throne of England immediately after his father's death, which happened on the 29th of January, 1820. The old king lived eighty-two years and reigned sixty. When George the Fourth was placed as sovereign on the throne, both Catholics and Protestants expected better times, but such expectations turned out to be an abortion, and all pretensions a humbug. The king shortly after his coronation, landed

\* Russel of Pelfast.

† Major Sir.

‡ Major Swan.

in Ireland, and was decorated all over with beautiful Shamrocks and such like empty, fantastic arrangements to gain the applause and veneration of the Irish. All duplicity, his friend and tool in all political perversions, accompanied him. Castle-reagh, the celebrated barber, and vindictive self-murderer, the man who impoverished his country by his unjust and perverted legislation: still, he had the temerity of visiting that country in company with his sovereign.

The old king died, when feeble, old and gray,  
 And few tho' good, for him were found to pray;  
 Tho' long he liv'd, a longer still he'd fain,  
 Yet sixty years had lengthen'd out his reign;  
 During his reign, he sacrific'd more lives  
 Without compassion for their widowed wives,  
 Than any one that ever reign'd before;  
 Ah! Bess excepted, the infernal whore!  
 At his demise, his friends but lightly mourn'd;  
 He was but dust, and unto dust return'd.  
 As usual, then, the nobles did prepare,  
 To place the sovereign in the royal chair;  
 Great hopes were held, that he would soon restore  
 The things, neglected by the kings before.  
 The rich man, felt secure in all he had;  
 The poor, expected to be better clad;  
 He stopp'd at nothing to increase his pelf,  
 And car'd for none but for the king himself.  
 In manhood's sphere, he thought it prudent then,  
 To take a wife, the same as other men,  
 And had conceiv'd it a judicious plan,  
 As marriage often regulates the man.  
 For he had been, if I do not mistake,  
 A wild, unsettled and licentious rake.  
 The jolly prince espied a lady\* fair,  
 And view'd her charms with an assiduous care;

\* Lady Fitzherbert, the widow of Colonel Fitzherbert, an Irish Catholic, who had been then considered the Helen of her sex, and the Catholic Bishop who married them, was forced to fly to France after the consummation of the marriage.

He lov'd her dearly as he did his soul,  
 And love's a passion we cannot control ;  
 The law annull'd, and that he understood,  
 Unless the consort were of royal blood,  
 The marriage bonds and matrimonial rites,  
 A law concocted by the modern lights,  
 Tho' she had grace, and less of human stains,  
 And nobler blood than he had in his veins.  
 The Church of Rome had made them man and wife,  
 As each prefer'd it to a single life ;  
 The English laws the marriage bonds untied,  
 And said that Rome and our Redeemer lied.  
 The bands dissolved, the King at large had been,  
 Until his nobles did provide a queen,  
 Which they soon did, and tied him o'er again,  
 And gave him license for committing sin.  
 O ! what great feats the English Church can do,  
 And what a farce was her creation too ;  
 That royal marriage I need not define,  
 But say his queen had been Queen Caroline,  
 Whom he compell'd to fly the realm and state,  
 Which caus'd her woes and hurried on her fate ;  
 Perhaps his conscience had condemn'd the law,  
 As his last marriage was not worth a straw.  
 Who gave them power to untie or marry ?  
 It must be Luther, or old wicked Harry ;  
 For higher power left them in the lurch,  
 And gave no aid to sanctify their church.  
 That church must fall, it has no solid base,  
 As Kate and Anne,\* are chisel'd on its face.  
 The queen soon died, and he play'd well his game,  
 To ruin her conduct and destroy her fame.  
 She died of grief, unheeded and forlorn,  
 By foes tormented, and by anguish torn ;

\* Kate or Catherine De Borea, was a professed nun, whom Luther seduced from her state of innocence and made her violate her obligations to her God Anne Boylen, the daughter and wife of Henry the Eighth ; the seduction, or I should say, the prostitution of these two women, were the foundation of all heresy.



But one lone line identified her fate,  
 And that was written on a silver plate;  
 The man that wrote it cannot say he lied,  
 As he inscribed it without pomp or pride.  
 It read as thus, how simple, plain and brief,—  
 “The royal Queen of England died of grief.”  
 Such was the case, and England bears a stain,  
 That will forever on her face remain.  
 To calm the rage of all his subjects then,  
 Many of whom were conscientious men,  
 O! what a farce, the king went all the rounds,  
 And claim’d the sum of fifty thousand pounds  
 Per year, for her, that he before alleg’d  
 Had been unfaithful to his royal bed;  
 The sum he got, but now you will perceive,  
 But not a cent of it, did she receive.  
 Grim death was summon’d that amount to pay,  
 And when she died: O! what a glorious day!  
 Think now, my friends, but be ye not unkind,  
 Did that round sun assist the lords behind?  
 The king and nobles feasted without bounds,  
 And empty goblets seldom yielded sounds;  
 Grim death o’er joys oft cast a sable pall,  
 The queen’s caus’d nothing of the kind at all.  
 The king, however, was advanc’d in years—  
 His eyes were hard and had no room for tears,  
 Tho’ he, dear man, and his polluted court,  
 Had spent some months in some amusing sport;  
 Another debt of a stupendous weight—  
 Which sunk the crown and caus’d a dire debate;  
 No clue was left, the payment to evade,  
 No acts were pass’d, or to that purpose made.  
 O! what a happy and successful chance,  
 That paid the debt, and paid it all at once.  
 Napoleon died of some disease unknown,  
 And British statesmen made no grievous moan,  
 Some conjecture he received a dose  
 From his new keepers and vindictive foes.  
 Poor sinful man too oft betrays himself,  
 For the enjoyment of corrupting pelf.

The king was hurl'd from his earthly stage,  
 The wreck of folly and declining age.  
 Before his death, O'Connell shook the throne,  
 And put new life in every idle drone;  
 Convulsive fits disorganis'd the whole,  
 When Dan was foremost at the Irish pole.  
 The Irish will undoubtedly declare,  
 The brave, unflinching, gallant men of Clare,  
 Had hurl'd Dan into the lion's den,  
 The strongest, bravest, and the best of men.  
 When he stood up for his unerring creed,  
 'Gainst Harry's imps and Luther's branded breed.  
 And pass'd his bill in spite of lordly pranks,  
 As Peel and Wellington had join'd his ranks.  
 The noble patriot had enroll'd his name,  
 In spite of faction on the page of fame.

On the 29th of April, 1829, the Catholic Emancipation Bill was carried by Peel in the House of Commons, with a tremendous majority, and on the same day, the Duke of Wellington carried the bill in the House of Lords with alacrity and unbounded acclamation, and all that triumph was accomplished by the indefatigable zeal and exertions of Daniel O'Connell, and on the same day it received the royal assent; the dissolution of George the IV. took place shortly after the bill received the royal approbation; he had been confined previous to his death, during two years, in a perfect state of obscurity, as his approximation seemed offensive, even to his friends and admirers. In fact, his condition rendered him unapproachable, his officials excepted, and they approached only on certain occasions; and it is reported he became even disgusting to himself, corpulency, age, disease and infirmity, left him in that deplorable condition, a combination capable of prostrating pomp, royalty and power. The King died at the advanced age of sixty-eight years, after a short reign of ten ———. The Duke of Clarence, the third son of

George III., ascended the throne of England as William IV., in July, 1830. Historians say much to his advantage, and give him more credit for honor and veracity, than to his predecessor. He was head of the navy a long time before his elevation. His reign lasted only seven years, and, therefore, requires no elaborate investigation.

The illustrious chief\* of an illustrious race,  
 Who ably handled ev'ry knotty case,  
 Stood forth indeed, with animated zeal,  
 And call'd on all to agitate repeal.  
 Repeal! repeal! the vultures did confound,  
 And nobles trembl'd at the daring sound,  
 No threatening laws, or no official spy,  
 Could then defeat the bold repealer's cry.  
 The Iron Duke who held the reigns of state,  
 As being convinced of his approaching fate;  
 When in the shade and could not find his way,  
 He gave the reigns to the aspirant gray,  
 Who call'd a council to acquire applause,  
 And yield obedience to reforming laws.  
 The whigs then met to renovate the laws,  
 And prune with prudence each defective clause;  
 They rul'd the kingdom with judicious fear,  
 And left the tories to enjoy the rear.  
 The lords and commons caus'd a great alarm  
 About repeal, and otherwise reform,  
 And so continu'd the tumultuous spring  
 'Till life departed from the reigning King.

King William IV. died on the 20th of June, 1837, in the seventy-third year of his age, and the seventh of his reign; shortly after his death, Victoria, the daughter of the Duke of Kent, ascended the throne, in the eighteenth year of her age. Her elevation was sanctioned by the universal approbation of all her subjects. The pomp, the grandeur, the expenses and dignity that

\* O'Connell.

attended her coronation had been considered inimitable, and such as never attended the coronation of any of her predecessors; and the most celebrated pen would grovel in description, which leaves me without the least pretension to illustration. The whigs were still in possession of supremacy.

The Queen ascended England's lofty throne,  
 And proudly claimed it as by right her own;  
 Not like Queen Bess, that vile polluted case,  
 Whose wanton acts debauch'd the royal place.  
 Victoria sits, and nobly sits to shine,  
 A Royal sovereign and a whole divine,  
 Who'd guard her subjects with surpassing care,  
 If bad advisers did not interfere.  
 Men who'd curb with a malicious spleen,  
 The best intentions of the wisest queen,  
 The tories met, determin'd to oppose  
 Their rival friends, or otherwise their foes,  
 The whigish chief had left a vacant space,  
 And tory Peel had fill'd the noble place;  
 Yet, this had been of short duration, too,  
 As you will hear, but read the story through;  
 Peel had made all due arrangements then,  
 To call a council of the wisest men—  
 And that he did with a judicious skill,  
 To please himself and please his sovereign's will;  
 The whigs were all dislodg'd, and sent adrift,  
 Which made for tories a commodious shift,  
 Except two maids\* of honor and renown,  
 The queen's attendants since she wore the crown;  
 They, she said, could never be remov'd,  
 Because her person they revered and lov'd—  
 But Peel insisted he'd resign his care,  
 Unless his choice had been admitted there;  
 Still, all in vain, the queen had pledg'd her word,  
 And that indeed had touch'd the sacred chord—

\* Two maids, the Marchioness of Normandy and the Duchess Sutherland, her two favorites of all her maids of honor.

Then Peel suspected his immediate fall,  
 As she was sovereign and was queen of all;  
 When he conceiv'd they would control the most,  
 He thought it prudent to resign his post;  
 The whigs again with one elastic bound,  
 From the low valley reach'd the highest ground,  
 And then consulted in a close debate  
 Some mode unerring to protect the state—  
 To frame some measure that would interpose  
 Between themselves and avaricious foes,  
 Who work'd so hard for their immediate fall,  
 And their subversion if they could at all.  
 As old materials can't effect a change,  
 Or solve a problem that is mighty strange.  
 The whigs were strenuous to support the cause,  
 And tories labor'd to obscure their laws—  
 The strife continued for the loaves and fishes,  
 For flowing goblets and delicious dishes;  
 Yet, neither party, neither said nor spoke,  
 We'll free the Irish from their galling yoke—  
 But ev'ry act, the parties could command,  
 Was put in force to desolate the land.  
 Again the tories did ascend on high,—[1841.]  
 And made the whigs from Mount Olympus fly;  
 They prun'd the laws, without amendment there,  
 And rode Pegasus thro' the ether air—  
 They rul'd conspicuous on that lofty stage,  
 With Peel as guide—the venerable sage—  
 There Peel, a statesman of the highest grade,  
 Had prob'd their errors with the keenest blade,  
 And took at once a comprehensive view  
 Of all they did, and all he had to do—  
 Display'd a rich imagination then,  
 To all sound, thinking and unerring men,  
 While brave O'Connell did sustain the whigs,  
 They ably parried all the tory rigs—  
 But when deserted by the Irish chief,  
 Their reign was short and independence brief;  
 For ten long years they did possess the place,  
 'Till mere corruption brought them to disgrace;



Tho' active viles may last awhile unseen,  
 They'll be detected by sagacious men ;  
 Ah ! once detected, every vile retires,  
 And unlamented in the shade expires.  
 Sage Peel dissected every clause they made,  
 And had his own on strong foundation laid.  
 Tho' England yielded some concession, yet  
 She fell behind of the enormous debt  
 She ow'd to Ireland, and that pillag'd race  
 Whom God protected with his holy grace.  
 But, sure as he is holy, wise and true,  
 She'll pay the whole and pay the interest too.  
 'Tis not prophetic, I use the phrase—  
 Poor Ireland soon will see some happy days.  
 She'll tune her harp within each native bow'r,  
 Beyond the reach of an infernal pow'r—  
 And that ere long, tho' strange it may appear,  
 To those who read with an attentive ear.  
 Can wicked rulers long enjoy the sway ?  
 They are as chaff in the Almighty's way.  
 At earthly pleasures we would loudly hiss,  
 If we'd compare them to eternal bliss.  
 Peel tried his art to navigate or drown,  
 The boisterous surges that oppos'd the crown ;  
 His ship was strong, and had a splendid keel,  
 With which he thought to counteract repeal ;  
 Still all in vain, wherever he could steer,  
 The word repeal was ringing in his ear.  
 He lower'd his sail, as he then clearly saw,  
 That nought could do but an accursed law,  
 Which he could frame conclusively and brief,  
 And Satan's heirs would soon condemn the chief.  
 Nothing else could stop the fearful noise—  
 Of men, of women, and rebellious boys,  
 Who cry'd aloud in their excessive zeal,  
 Repeal ! Repeal ! and nothing but repeal !  
 Such frightful sounds would start old wicked Harry,  
 Or make perhaps our gracious Queen miscarry.  
 Such was the case, they put the law in force,  
 And such was always their relieving source.

The chief had been indicted with his friends,  
 By heartless, soulless, and audacious fiends,  
 Who pack'd a jury of Satanic stock,  
 Would swear a hole a-through a butcher's block ;  
 That they had trespass'd on the British laws,  
 And found them guilty for that very cause.  
 Not one of them, tho' men of some renown,  
 But damn'd himself to satisfy the crown.  
 No mercy found, no language could avail,  
 And doomed they were to lie in Richmond jail,  
 May 30th, 1845.

O'Connell then before a pompous crowd,  
 With due submission to the sentence bow'd,  
 And had declar'd with a determined tone,  
 That great injustice to himself was shown ;  
 And to his friends who unconnected were,  
 With that foul charge or any such affair.  
 But soulless men who panted for renown ;  
 And some remittance from the British crown,  
 That did set forth their artificial zeal,  
 In hopes to cancel or suppress repeal ;  
 And that they'll know, and to their own disgrace,  
 When honest men investigate the case.  
 The Irish chief then put himself in gears,  
 And tried the case before the house of Peers,  
 Who scan'd the whole and prob'd it inch by inch,  
 To weigh the candor of the Irish bench—  
 Which they condemn'd and did at once declare,  
 'Twas all a farce and a delusive snare.  
 The perjur'd judges trembl'd ev'ry soul,  
 When they got word to liberate the whole.  
 The patriots free, repealers rent the air,  
 And perjur'd judges justly felt their chair.  
 Repealers hurl'd with avengeful spleen,  
 Their imprecations on these wicked men ;  
 Denounc'd the bench and its unright'ous laws,  
 And pray'd for all who suffer'd in the cause.

A chief distinguished in repealing ranks,  
 To whom are due a million of our thanks—

A blazing comet\* of Milesian race,  
 Who has been banish'd from his native place,  
 Asserted thus to ev'ry English elf,  
 Who robb'd his country for the sake of pelf,  
 That Ireland futurly should rule herself—  
 And so she would, and ev'ry thing should fit,  
 But for a foolish and unlucky split  
 Among themselves on their adopted laws,  
 Which wholly blighted a devoted cause.  
 A scheme when pregnant with disunion falls,  
 And leaves nought standing but the naked walls.  
 The Whigs once more emerging from the shade,  
 With pinions spread some great gyrations made.  
 Their leader was a man† of selfish views,  
 Unfit for office or for honest use—  
 A man unfit, incapable and small,  
 Not lov'd by any, but accurs'd by all.  
 Nor would he stop to propagate a lie,  
 Could he obtain a benefit thereby.  
 Nor could you make him hesitate or halt,  
 By pointing out his most egregious fault.  
 He would not stop to meditate or weigh—  
 How acts atrocious would obscure his sway.  
 'Twas by the present that he did abide,  
 And let the future for itself provide—  
 As truth was never his established shield,  
 It is no wonder he was forc'd to yield.  
 In the contention to his own surprise,  
 Doom'd he fell, and doom'd no more to rise ;  
 A million died whose graves are fresh and red,  
 Who would have liv'd if Russell gave them bread.  
 O ! Lord of hosts, who gave us every rood,  
 Chastise the tiger who refus'd them food ;  
 Upset a throne, left crape at ev'ry door,  
 And had no pity on the suffering poor—  
 Reverse their laws that are existing still,  
 And all oppos'd to the Almighty's will.  
 Stretch forth thy hand and give them ample meed,  
 And help thy servants in the time of need ;

\* Lord John Russell.

† William Smith O'Brien.

Give them a steward who'll unlock his door,  
 Unlike Lord John who held the keys before.  
 Can man survey that sad atrocious case,  
 And look unpitied on the Irish race ;  
 Or can he feel for the excessive pains,  
 The exile feels in irons and in chains ;  
 Or calmly think on the oppressive hand,  
 That drove the exile from his native land,  
 Without a crime or any other cause,  
 But freedom's champion wanting freedom's laws.  
 Think on the chief\* that moved in ev'ry sphere,  
 That men of honor and distinction were ;  
 A chief made noble by Milesian ties,  
 Hears the sad shriek and to its succour flies.  
 Inspires the brave to dissipate the gloom,  
 That now envelopes his paternal doom.  
 Disperse the mist, engender'd by his foes,  
 And clear the land of all exotic crows.  
 Some adverse wind directed to this Isle,  
 Full gorg'd with malice and satanic guile,  
 That stored your labour in their greedy maws,  
 And made it right by substituting laws.  
 The most unjust that satan could devise,  
 Tho' being the father of all wicked lies—  
 No moral force can make the vultures yield,  
 And self protection is their only shield.  
 As thus then spoke, determin'd cool and brave,  
 A chief descended from great Brian the Brave.  
 Who pines in exile from his native air,  
 To catch distemper, or contagion there,  
 And more† are plung'd in that disastrous gloom,  
 Since heartless judges did pronounce their doom.  
 Are link'd with felons of the darkest shade,  
 In loathsome dungeons for that purpose made.  
 Among the few in that unhealthy place,  
 The living Cicero of the Irish race—

\* William Smith O'Brien.

† John Mitchell, W. S. O'Brien, O'Doherty, Mc'Manns, Martin and the Irish Cicero, Meagher.

Is now in chains afar from Irish aid—  
 Altho' his fortune is already made—  
 And still a blessing in his favour flows,  
 Which can't but cure and mitigate his woes,  
 The only balm for an afflicted life,  
 Is a sweet, comely and a virtuous wife.  
 She soothes and softens all imbitter'd woes,  
 And milk and honey in her accent flows.  
 She bears the half of all her husband's care,  
 Relieves his mind and hides him from despair.  
 Tho' that brave man with all such bliss is blest,  
 There is a space still aching in his breast.  
 The thoughts of home, of Erin's Isle and air,  
 Will mar his pleasure while in bondage there.  
 And all the living will hereafter sigh,  
 If in that bondage Meagher's doom'd to die,  
 For his great talents, all with diamonds set,  
 Might be of use to all the living yet.

William S. O'Brien is lineally descended from Brian Boromhe King of Munster and monarch of all Ireland, and his forefathers reigned kings of north Munster, and with very little interruption appointed their own rulers during forty generations. No wonder with a strong current of Milesian blood flowing through his veins, that he should look with sorrow on the degraded condition of his countrymen, and of many of that illustrious race, who descended from the same source, that he descended himself, implicated in the meshes of an accursed government, and that tenderness and sympathy should impel him to make an effort to exonerate them from the scourge and animosity of their wicked rulers. After writing this, I heard of the escape of McManus.

A noble victim has escap'd from thence,  
 Without committing any great offence.  
 He left his shackles to repair his loss—  
 Tho' rolling stones will never gather moss.



Still off he mov'd determin'd, fearless, bold,  
 And took his passage for the land of gold.  
 There freemen met of ev'ry grade and art,  
 Who knew his fate and rais'd his drooping heart,  
 They'll all be here without a doubt or fear,  
 Before the closing of the present year.  
 As this great Union interfer'd for those,  
 With their unfeeling and undying foes.  
 Comply they will, they dare not answer no,  
 For John Bull knows how Uncle Sam can crow.  
 He flaps his wings to vindicate his right—  
 And finds no equal when he goes to fight.  
 And by this act he will acquire applause,  
 For his abhorrence of atrocious laws—  
 Brave Mitchell comes, the bravest of the brave,  
 Who has a heart, and has a soul to save.  
 In freedom's home he cannot feel no pains,  
 No throes, no anguish, or enormous chains.  
 And here he'll live distinguished and admir'd,  
 Thinking of foes and with resentment fir'd,  
 Forgive he might, forget he never can,  
 And yet the Christian interlinks the man;  
 They'll all be here without a long delay,  
 As saints commend them when they kneel to pray;  
 And here they'll live, upholding freedom's cause,  
 And act obedient to our glorious laws.  
 John Russell's laws are rotten on the shelf,  
 And are as powerless as the lord himself;  
 Not near a place where human graves would be,  
 But in the bottom of the boundless sea,  
 Or a deep bog, or some deserted cave,  
 Should be selected for the vulture's grave.  
 Those lines will tell whene'er the monster dies,  
 His burying place, and where the serpent lies,  
 Affix a stone whene'er the lord is dead,  
 It makes no matter to his heels or head;  
 And on that stone be sure as thus to write,  
 'Tis all his due, and neither spleen or spite.

## LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S EPITAPH.

Here lies a man beneath this heap of clay,  
 For whom its useless for his friends to pray,  
 He kill'd two millions with the sword of state,  
 And died exulting o'er the tragic fate:  
 Beneath he sleeps, and has no more to say,  
 Dead, dumb, defeated, and in sad decay,  
 Here revelling worms rendezvous to feast,  
 Nor think his lordship but a putrid beast;  
 You'll know his doom, and as the case is so,  
 Since fate consign'd him to the place below,  
 Bound hand and feet, where awful Pluto reigns,  
 His lordship's bound in everlasting chains;  
 And for that mansion he received his card,  
 Where devils dwell to agonize the lord,  
 And if the saints for his release would pray,  
 'Twould not avail, for there he'll have to stay;  
 Let not the orphans read the dreadful doom,  
 That he left wretched without house or home;  
 Altho' the creatures be with patience tried,  
 They'd soon remember that their parents died;  
 Then tears would flow, tremendous to relate,  
 Tho' not affected by his lordship's fate,  
 And hard to check a full spontaneous flow,  
 That comes from fountains of excessive woe;  
 How hard indeed had been his final doom,  
 For being at variance with the church of Rome,  
 And as his acts were wicked in this world,  
 His lordship headlong into hell was hurl'd.



## TO LOUIS NAPOLEON,

PRINCE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

PRINCE,—As the contemplation of human events has occupied the serious attention and consideration of theologians, historians, philosophers, statesmen, and all other sound thinking men, since time immemorial, and that that combination of learned men, with the exception of those whose conceptions and understanding are clogged, or defiled by religious animosity, or altogether deprived of any belief of Christian principles, came to the conclusion that there is an invisible hand, agent, or power, that governs the action of men, and all acknowledge that government as the special and unerring arrangement of Divine Providence. Prince, that providence raises some of his creatures to dignity and circumstance, and secures to them the full estimation and universal approbation of their cotemporaries for some special purpose beyond the reach of human comprehension, and if those men will not claim that elevation to be peculiarly due to their own actions and qualifications,, but will consider it an undeserved blessing bestowed upon them by the hand of Providence, the author of all goodness, the giver of all gifts, and the architect of the universe, such men will continue in the administration of justice, and their names will be transmitted to posterity; the prayers of millions yet unborn will follow them to their graves; their memories will be religiously observed and commemorated by the good, the wise, and the virtuous of all Christian denominations throughout the Christian world. Prince, there can be no reasonable man but will acknowledge, and believe in the goodness of Divine Providence, if we only look to the liberation of St. Peter the apostle,

from confinement, we must believe it had been effected by Divine Providence; and if we look back to your own former predicament, when implicated in the meshes of a ferocious and unapproachable tyranny, confined within the limits of an impregnable fortress, we must acknowledge emphatically, that some invisible Divine interposition effected your escape, and placed you on a throne more grand and glorious than those of kings and emperors, a throne created in the hearts of seven millions of Frenchmen; a throne more substantial and exalted than any acquired by hereditary humbug or any other stratagem. Prince, as Divine Providence has placed you on the pinnacle of fame, power, and dignity, basking in the brilliancy of a meridian blaze, your position will only be rendered permanent by the wisdom of your government.

A president of a great republic should know his dignity, and should also divest himself of ambition, intolerance, and all unjust severity incompatible with justice. By ambition, I mean a desire for a higher and more flourishing appellation, or title, than that of president. By intolerance, I mean, restrictions placed on the religious observance of those who religiously differ with us in religious opinion; for men, or any body of Christians, that sincerely and solemnly love the Lord, can hate no individual, or will do no harm, and are incapable, with divine assistance, of injuring a fellow-creature, with outrageous severity. By severity, I mean, those who have offended the State, by the dissemination of vice, and the corruption of virtue, as well as all other political transgressions, should not be tortured with excessive punishment, or excessive incarceration. Prince, I do not accuse you of either ambition, intolerance or severity, and the way to fortify yourself against such misfortunes, is to adhere to the admonition of that church, in which you were baptized, in which you believe, in which you live, and in which you hope to die, as



she will point out to you, the vanity of earthly and temporary distinctions and declarations, the shortness of time, and the length of eternity. Prince, I am happy to think, that the discretion of your government, so far, is marked with prudential consideration, and merits great applause, and that your actions indicate fortitude, faith and fidelity, and that the political stretch of your imagination, is considered unequalled and impregnable, as you dispelled, and I may say annihilated forever, the framework of a fearful combination, that enveloped, not only France, but all Christendom, in the clouds of death and eternity, an illegitimate and unhallowed scheme, hatched by the vilest combination of organised corruption, the most dreadful, and the most wicked, that ever polluted or infringed on the laws of humanity. A dangerous faction leagued together, to destroy peace, severity, and morality, and to sap the foundation of religion, under the hypocritical and assumed title of socialism, that body has been disorganized with one blow by your assiduity, and the altars of the most high protected from sacrilegious hands, Europe saved from convulsions and unheard of atrocities. Prince, as you are chosen the successful candidate, or rather, an instrument in the hands of Heaven I hope; there is another intervention I would suggest to your consideration, and that is, the emancipation of my unfortunate country. I am an Irishman, thank God, and proud of my native land, tho' being in chains, and enslaved by the unjust tyranny of unhallowed rulers, yet a devoted citizen of the United States of America, my adopted country, and I know, Prince, you know the history of my native country to perfection, and any further investigation is unnecessary, and that by her emancipation, she would be restored to an elevated position to which she is entitled, and her position then would be, as it had been before her cancellation by British misrule, great, glorious and free. Prince, Ireland

has for a long time groaned under the oppression and intolerance of strangers. The most cruel, the most sanguinary, and the most desperate government that ever existed in any part of the civilized, or uncivilized part of the world, has crushed and impoverished my native country for centuries, and Prince, if you adhere to my admonition, the freedom of that country will be obtained without the effusion of much blood, losing much time, or expending much treasure. Harvest would be the best time for the invasion of Ireland, when provision would be most abundant and within the reach of the inhabitants, and by landing fifty thousand men, and five hundred thousand stand of arms in any two places in Munster, that is, twenty-five thousand at the mouth of the Shannon, and the same force in any point in the county Cork, the forces that would land at the mouth of the Shannon, to push with impetuosity thro' the province of Connaught, and reach Ulster as soon as possible, to save the inhabitants of that province from the fury of their remorseless enemies, and the army that would land in the county of Cork to make a vigorous push for the capital, and confident I am, that that division of the force would be reinforced by five hundred thousand fighting men, before it would reach Dublin. After the subjugation of Ulster, it would be necessary to leave fifteen thousand effective men there to maintain the independence of the place, and render it impossible for the Scotch, England's vassals, to interfere, and the other ten thousand to march to the capital to join the rest of the army. Prince, there is another scheme I would suggest to your consideration, in connection with the invasion of Ireland, and that is, the invasion of England, make a simultaneous attack on the kingdom, send across to England three hundred thousand men, well disciplined, and under skilful commanders, and let them land in three different points; one-third

the number would do, yet to do the business with dispatch, as you have men in abundance, and then, each division to push with intrepidity to the capital of the kingdom, and in one week after the landing of the troops, the independence of England will be within the limits of your grasp. One hundred pieces of heavy cannon will be necessary for the invasion of England, and fifty of the same calibre for the invasion of Ireland. By making an attack on both England and Ireland simultaneously, England could receive no assistance from Ireland, neither could Ireland receive any from England.

Prince, after the restoration of the two kingdoms to their freedom, or independence, let the government of the two kingdoms be liberal, solid and protective, somewhat similar to the established laws of this great and glorious republic. Let there be no restriction of religion, except in those imitations that would be dangerous to social order, and christianity. Let every sect support the ministers pertaining to that sect, such liberality will secure individual happiness and universal esteem; peace order and harmony will triumphantly reign in both kingdoms, and nothing will mar the perpetuity of that happiness—particularly when sanctioned by man, and blessed by Divine Providence. Prince, if you consider that I, as an individual, would be of any assistance in that enterprise, I am at your service, although advanced in years I think I would. My ambition and fortitude are as yet undiminished. I know my native language and can speak it with force and rapidity, and tactics are not beyond my comprehension, and to crown all, I am an honest, faithful, incorruptible patriot, who would not violate your confidence. I am willing, determined and venturesome though sometimes cautious, and prudentially restrained, and my age could be the only impediment; but mind you, Prince, that an old fox commits more depredation than all the cubs in his den. Prince, I am not actuated by pomposity or

any lucrative desire, or motive, when I offer myself, or my feeble assistance, for the achievement of the emancipation of my country. No, prince, I wish for no consideration, no office, no honors, all I will request is to put me in the front of the battle along with my countrymen, and if I fall the sacrifice is nothing. I am willing at any moment to shed my heart's blood to gain the independence of my native land, which has been polluted, oppressed, impoverished, and persecuted for centuries, by an ambitious, tyrannical, unscrupulous, sanguinary and inexorable government, whose atrocities for centuries are beyond the power of my feeble and grovelling investigation. Prince, although there can be no man more devoted to the welfare of his family than I, or more attached to my adopted country, yet I would commend all to the protection of Providence, this instant to join the invasion for the redemption of the Emerald Isle. Prince, were I to fall in the attempt, in that unfortunate country, I would be sure of one thing which would give me unspeakable consolation, expecting, when the last trumpet would sound, I would arise in the association of a million of saints, who suffered martyrdom for the faith originally believed by Saint Patrick, and has been ever since unerringly preserved, and taught in all parts of the Christian world. Prince, I am paternally descended from the ancient family of the O'Donovan's, and maternally descended from the illustrious house of McCarthy, though living conveniently in my native country, to the vast estates and inheritance of both families. The day I left my native land, which has been twenty-eight years ago, I could not openly declare, without implicating myself in the meshes of official spies, who had inundated that unfortunate country at the time, and each more venomous and subtle than the seven-headed monster destroyed by the matchless strength of Hercules, that one rood of those extensive possessions had been originally in the hands of my an-

cestors, or should be mine by inheritance. Prince, if you act in conformity with my suggestions your memory will be embalmed in the affections of posterity, and when the memory of Alexander, of Cæsar, and even the memory of the late and great Napoleon, your uncle, who suffered persecution and premature death in the impregnable prison at St. Helena by the treachery of the English government, will be buried in oblivion, or withering in obscurity. Yours will be green, unblemished, and undiminished, in the hearts of all good men and commemorated by the lovers of peace, order, freedom and religion, throughout the Christian world. Prince, with profound respect and veneration for your wisdom, justice, judgment, unerring sagacity and incomparable abilities, I subscribe myself, your humble, submissive and obedient servant.

JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN.





## A SONG

Written impromptu at the request of a friend in Albany for the Montgomery Guards, and for the purpose of singing it occasionally at their place of rendezvous.

You brave sons of Erin, whose nature and notion  
 Are bent on promotion, come hear to my strains,  
 And think of that island, the gem of the ocean,  
 That sighs with emotion in bondage and chains;  
 And think of the heroes that slumber in glory,  
 With heads white and hoary who marshal'd in  
     glee,  
 And told the bold tyrants this beautiful story,  
 Come, clear in a hurry, we want to be free.  
     And think of that island,  
     That green little island,  
 That dear little island the gem of the sea.

As fortune divorced us from British oppression,  
 We'll kneel with discretion on liberty's shrine,  
 And take a fine view which will leave an impression  
 Of the bright stars of freedom that brilliantly  
     shine.  
 Here tyrants can't trample on any devotion,  
 Inspired by that notion we cross'd the wide sea;  
 And here we can breathe without fear or emotion,  
 On the land that is glorious,—because it is free:  
     O! think of that island,  
     That green cover'd island,  
 That sweet little island the gem of the sea.

If Vulcan's huge cannon should cross the wide ocean,  
 And Mars take a notion to manage the fleet;  
 How soon we wo'd rally with zeal and devotion,  
 And stain his promotion wherever we'd meet.  
 Each tyrant existing in grandeur and glory,  
 Like all other cronies should forfeit his fee;  
 And chains and dark dungeons could live but in  
 story,  
 And venomous tories should certainly flee.  
 O! think of that island,  
 Our own little island,  
 Our dear little island, the gem of the sea.

O! think of the hero who fell in December,  
 And ever remember Montgomery Guards,  
 If fortune had favoured the town should surrender,  
 Tho' all its defenders were nobles and lords.  
 And think of our sires, with an iron-bound bondage,  
 How often they struggled for their liberty,  
 And steer for that nation in chains and in bandage,  
 And angels will aid you to set them all free.  
 O! steer for that island,  
 That beautiful island,  
 That down trodden island, the gem of the sea..

O'DONOVON.









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